modern screen

JULY
20¢

JUN

exclusive:
BING WILL WED!

DEBBIE
and
EDDIE

why Eddie walked out on Debbie

see page 42

YOUR SKIN WILL LOVE

Camay's Caressing Care!



"There's nothing like it," says Mrs. Charles J. Gossner, a radiant Camay Bride. "Cold cream Camay is the perfect beauty soap as far as I'm concerned. It's so mild and gentle on my skin. And so delightfully fragrant!"

THERE'S FINE

COLD CREAM

IN

CAMAY

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

Let it help you to a softer, fresher, more radiant complexion!

It's a great day for your beauty when you discover the Caressing Care of cold cream Camay with its exclusive fragrance, luxurious lather, and skin-pampering mildness. It's no wonder gentle Camay is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let its tender touch caress *your* skin to new loveliness, too. Change to regular care . . . use Camay alone. You'll be delighted with the way your skin will become softer . . . smoother. And remember, you get the added luxury of fine cold cream in Camay at no extra cost. For your beauty *and* your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world!



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

JUN -9 1955 B 538863

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Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

EVEN IF YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH ONLY ONCE A DAY

Colgate Dental Cream Gives The Surest Protection All Day Long!



Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate's—Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains Gardol*

To Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer—Stop Bad Breath Instantly!

ASK YOUR DENTIST HOW OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH! But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth that won't rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! Clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in decay in toothpaste history!



*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

July, 1955

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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* On the cover: color portrait of MGM's Debbie Reynolds with Eddie Fisher by Wallace Seawell of Hesse Studios. Other photographers' credits on page 63.

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editor

DURBIN HORNER
executive editor

CARL SCHROEDER
western manager

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BARBARA J. MAYER, associate editor
MARILYN REISS, production editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
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BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
BERT PARRY, staff photographer
RUTH RAKOW, research editor

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FROM DIME-A-DANCE TO ZIEGFELD FOLLIES!

THE STRANGEST LOVE STORY EVER LIVED FLARES OUT OF LURID CHICAGO IN THE MOB-RULE DAYS!



...IN COLOR AND CINEMASCOPE

SPOTLIGHT ON DORIS as she sings 15 hit songs including...

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"It All Depends On You"
"You Made Me Love You"
"Mean To Me"
"Everybody Loves My Baby"
"Love Me Or Leave Me"



The man who gave her everything but couldn't win her love!

M-G-M's LIFE-INSPIRED DRAMATIC MUSICAL!

DORIS DAY · JAMES CAGNEY

AS RUTH ETTING — AS "THE GIMP"

"Love Me Or Leave Me"

CO-STARRING CAMERON MITCHELL · WITH ROBERT KEITH · TOM TULLY · SCREEN PLAY BY DANIEL FUCHS and ISOBEL LENNART · Story by Daniel Fuchs · Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR · DIRECTED BY CHARLES VIDOR · PRODUCED BY JOE PASTERNAK

AN M-G-M PICTURE

Harsh shampoos "dry" your hair!

Halo Glorifies it!





No other leading shampoo leaves your hair so sparkling clean—so shining bright—yet is so mild as Halo!

YES, tests in hardest water prove no other leading shampoo leaves your hair so sparkling clean—so shining bright—yet is so mild as Halo!

No wonder you'll see a beautiful difference in your hair . . . when you change to milder, gentler Halo!

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So change from harsh shampoos to Halo—and see the shining difference! Try the 29¢ size—or get an average three months supply 89¢.



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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Halo

glorifies dry, oily or normal hair



Arthur Godfrey and some of his friends celebrating in happier days before the wholesale firings.

TV TALK

Carl Reiner prepares to direct . . . Godfrey skidding? . . . James Dean shifts style

Wally Cox and his wife Marilyn are apartment-hunting. What with all of Wally's stuff—his carpenter's tools, his metal lathe and all the rest of his equipment for his many projects—his old place is just too small. They're both getting pretty tired of eating out all the time, and Marilyn just can't get up the steam to cook very much in their tiny kitchen. It's one of those Pullman jobs that opens out right into the living room, and it's just not much fun to cook in. If you're a fan of *Mr. Peepers,* by the way, don't be too sad about the news that the show probably will not return in the fall. (You shouldn't be too surprised either; don't forget, we've told you that three years is often quoted by TV bosses as being the expected life span of a show.) If Wally's advisers are smart—and they are—and if our guess is right—and we'll bet on it—he will be doing a great variety of stuff that will surprise his fans who think of him only as the Jefferson Junior High science teacher. He has been playing that part so long that some people have forgotten that he spent years being a monologist in nightclubs—and one of the funniest ones in the business. He could make a fortune by just getting a few new routines to add to his old ones—and not getting anywhere near a television camera. But Wally likes TV, so you can expect to see him, doing monologues and acting, on a lot of programs. Knowing that *Peepers* was not too long for this world, he started this last season doing more guesting on other shows—acquitting himself beautifully in all cases. Wally was being careful to see that everyone didn't think he was Mr. Peepers, period. That's why he likes to guest on panel shows and chat with **Steve Allen** on *Tonight*. It's just possible that he may make as big a splash next year as he did when he first became *Peepers* . . . **Carl Reiner** is a man with an eye on the future, too. **Howard Morris,** his fellow second banana on the Sid Caesar show, is perfectly satisfied to hitch his career wagon to Sid's star and not do anything but work for Sid, but not Carl. He is a careful man, and he didn't even move his family out of their four-room Bronx apartment until recently—although he had been earning good money for years on *Show Of Shows*. Now that he has a new $35,000 home in Westchester, he intends to keep it, too. So Carl is preparing himself to be a director—just in case something should happen to his job on the Caesar show. He may even direct a variety show this summer . . . Not many people are aware of **Susan Strassberg's** background, although many TV and movie fans are beginning to be aware of Susan. (She played Juliet on the Kraft show, and is cast as **John Kerr's** girl friend in his first movie, *The Cobweb*.) And Susan's father, Lee, is the teacher at Actor's Studio and has taught such prominent thespians as Eva Maria Saint (who swears by Mr. Strassberg), James Dean, Julie Harris, Jo Van Fleet, Karl Malden—you name 'em, he's taught 'em. Susan surely has a head start on other young actresses! . . . Don't, incidentally, believe the printed rumor that **James Dean** acts all the same way all the time. He was *not* the same person in the play *See The Jaguar* that he was in Broadway's *The Immoralist;* and neither of those performances was similar to his magnificent job in *East Of Eden*. One thing he undoubtedly has in common with Marlon Brando is that he can act—which means his performance changes with each part . . . Everyone seems to know about **Liberace's** famous piano-shaped swimming pool, and everyone has (*Continued on page* 6)



Imogene Coca, husband Robert Burton (now seriously ill) at "East of Eden" preem.

SPECIAL ACADEMY AWARD WINNING PROCESS

VISTAVISION

MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

puts you right in the heart of the family . . . right in the middle of the fun!

Bob Hope

as Eddie Foy in

The SEVEN LITTLE FOYS

Color by TECHNICOLOR



Co-starring

MILLY VITALE

with

GEORGE TOBIAS
ANGELA CLARKE

Produced by
JACK ROSE

Directed by
MELVILLE SHAVELSON

Written for the Screen by
MELVILLE SHAVELSON
and JACK ROSE

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

SONGS: Nobody • I'm Tired
The Greatest Father Of Them All
Row, Row, Row • Smiles • Mary
Chinatown, My Chinatown



THE STORY OF

A Husband Who Never Had Time To Come Home!

Here's the wonderfully funny, richly human story of the most famous pop in show business . . . EDDIE FOY . . . who vowed he'd do a *single* all the way . . . on stage and off but wound up mothering his seven wild hooligans the only way he knew . . . by putting them in the act!

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extra special offer

Helene Curtis spray net* BRAND



America's most popular hair spray with a bonus bottle of Shampoo Plus Egg



No other hair spray holds a wave in place so softly yet so surely . . . no other hair spray manages your hair so naturally. And now laboratory tests show that Helene Curtis SPRAY NET is *one* hair spray that's never, never sticky. No wonder so many millions of women insist on genuine Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.

Now when you need SPRAY NET most (remember summer's wilting weather is all but here) Helene Curtis brings you a SPRAY NET Special that takes care of *all* your hair care problems. Both hair spray *and* shampoo for only $1.25, plus tax. Don't wait another minute for your Bonus Package.

NOW IN TWO FABULOUS FORMULAS

NEW SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET without lacquer, for gentle control. Created especially for baby-fine hair, casual hair-dos.

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CHOOSE THE ONE THAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU DURING THIS

Special Offer

BUT DO IT NOW... STOCKS ARE LIMITED!

*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

tv talk *(Continued from page 4)*



Sammy Davis, Jr. and Red Buttons strike Red's familiar "ho ho" pose while attending preem.

taken it for granted that his is the only one. It's not. Guess who built one years ago, in Palm Springs, when Palm Springs was just beginning to attract Hollywood stars as a vacation spot! None other than **Frank Sinatra!** . . . Nearly everything you read about **Sonja Henie** mentions her many magnificent diamonds, but she also creates quite a stir with her clothes. Her most eye-filling number: a skin-tight, floor-length evening dress completely covered with bright blue sequins, with a skirt split as high as a skirt can be split. Nobody who's seen that outfit knows whether Sonja is wearing her diamonds with it or not! . . . 'Tis said that the relationship between **Paul Newman** and **Robert Montgomery** is not too close. Although Montgomery, who staged *The Desperate Hours,* gave Paul his first big break on Broadway, the two of them had entirely different opinions on how the part of the gang leader should be played. Montgomery won, and two or three days before the show opened on Broadway, Paul had to change his characterization entirely. He is *not* happy . . . **Kaye Ballard** has moved from her little Greenwich Village apartment—but not to a fancy east side one, even though she is now an established hit at the fancy east side supper clubs. Her new place is in the Village, too—and not on one of the "better streets." It does boast an elevator, but it's a freight elevator, not a passenger one. And it does have a view, from a small balcony off the living room. Another advantage over her old place is the fact that the bedroom is separate from the living room. But in spite of the elevator, the view and the extra room, it is still an unassuming place. The kitchen—although it consists of a spanking new sink, refrigerator and stove—is in the front hall. And, even with the wood-burning fireplace going full blast and New York City spread out below the terrace, it is just as unassuming as any place a star ever lived in . . . With **Arthur Godfrey's** shows skidding down the rating lists, someone had to go; and, knowing Godfrey, we weren't surprised when it turned out to be not one but six singers and three writers. And, no matter what people say about *how* Arthur fired them, they have to admit that his shows needed a change of cast. You just can't keep on with the same show and the same people year after year—not and stay on top of the rating heap. The puzzle, of course, is why those six were fired rather than any of the others. One good guess: **Haleloke** had been a Godfrey regular for a long, long time; and neither she nor the **Mariners** ever got the fan mail that some of the others did. As for **Marion Marlowe,** well, maybe Godfrey never has gotten over being mad about her engagement to **Larry Puck.** He certainly didn't fire her for lack of talent; he has said that she was the only one with a really good voice. We wonder, however, if Godfrey can ever get back up in popularity where he once was. But he's sparing no one trying.

SEARCH THE SEVEN SEAS—YOU WON'T FIND EXCITEMENT LIKE THIS!

JOHN WAYNE · LANA TURNER

A skipper sworn never to be taken! *The fuse of his floating time-bomb!*

"The Sea Chase"

CINEMASCOPE

WARNERCOLOR · STEREOPHONIC SOUND



Across 26,000 miles of terror-swept ocean from Pom Pom Galli to the North Sea he ran and hit, and ran again! The mighty sea hunt for the man turned renegade by a girl whose tempting lips half-the-world wanted to keep shut!

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. ALSO STARRING

DAVID FARRAR · LYLE BETTGER · TAB HUNTER



Another great role for that 'Battle Cry' guy!

WITH JAMES ARNESS · RICHARD DAVALOS

Screen Play by JAMES WARNER BELLAH and JOHN TWIST DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW

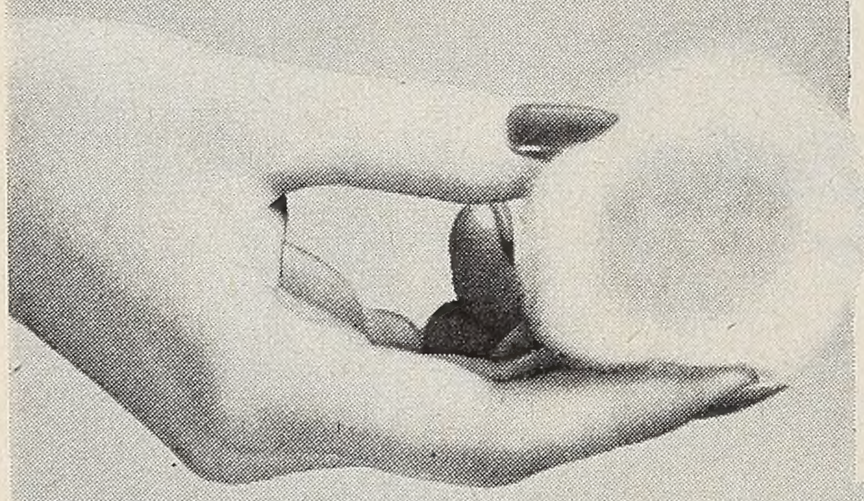
DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

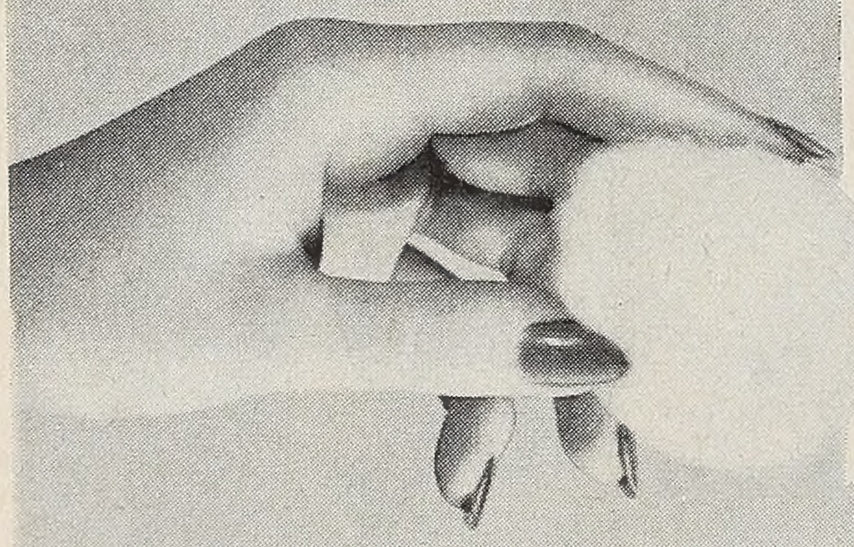
1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!



Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!



2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!



Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is *deep-down* clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.





Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute *without irritation*.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

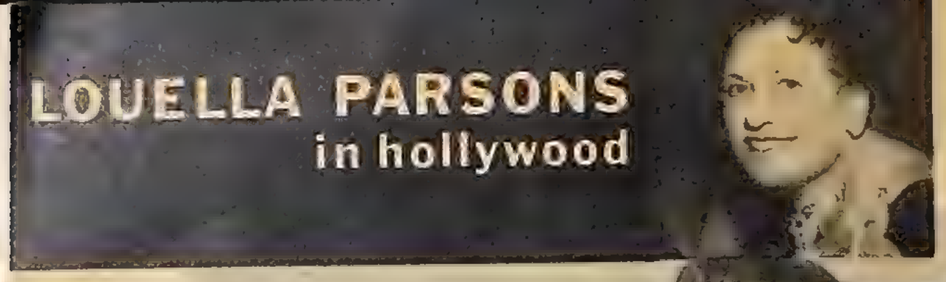
LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



Pier is better and Vic has her back!

IN THIS SECTION

Good News
Grace goes to Las Vegas
Wedding in France
Jack Webb at work
I nominate Carol Ohmart



It's springtime in Hollywood with new babies, new marriages



Christopher Edward Wilding posed for his first photo with Liz and Mike. Liz has completely recovered from her illness after his birth and is going down to Texas for Giant. *Mike will join her with the children.*



Janet Leigh took her attractive mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Morrison, out to dinner. They didn't seem to be worried about Janet, but a lot of other people are; she has been losing a lot of weight again.



Rosemarie Bowe and Robert Stack are constantly together these days, and of course everyone is saying it's a big romance. They do make a handsome couple and they seem to have a lot of fun together.



We're beginning to see Kim Novak with Kerwin Matthews, the boy who was to play Joseph in Joseph And His Brethren. *But Kim is really very serious with Mack Krim—talking marriage in fact.*

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

RITA HAYWORTH IS DOMINATED completely by the men she loves. There is no longer any doubt in anyone's mind about that. It started with husband No. 1, Ed Judson, then Orson Welles, No. 2, Aly Khan and now Dick Haymes.

A very telling scene took place at the home of Jerry Wald, production executive of Columbia, just two days before Rita announced she would not appear in *Joseph And His Brethren* because the picture was too long in getting started.

Wald had invited Rita to his home to go over the script of the $4,000,000 picture. When she arrived, she was not alone. Dick Haymes was with her.

Slightly irritated, Mr. Wald explained to Dick that this was a business meeting involving only Miss Hayworth. Would he please leave until they had completed their talk?

Haymes said, "I have no intention of leaving. Any business involving my wife is *my* business!"

Apparently unsatisfied with the way the picture was moving and perhaps with the script, Dick advised Rita to ankle the entire production.

What is this girl, a truly *big* star, doing to her career?

I'LL NEVER BELIEVE Susan Hayward ever meant to take her own life, no matter what is written officially on the police blotter about "attempted suicide." I can only believe that distraught and beside herself over troubles with Jess Barker, she took too many sleeping pills trying to gain peace of mind before shooting her new picture, *I'll Cry*

and a whole spray of budding new romances



Corinne Calvet and Jeffrey Stone had more trouble just getting married! Portugal refused them a license because Corinne's visa wasn't in order. But they finally made it in the U. S. Consulate in Tangiers.



Jeff Hunter has been dating pretty little Peggy King, the girl who sings on George Gobel's show—and looks and sounds so much like Judy Garland. Jeff seems happier now than he's seemed since his divorce.



This may be your first look at Joan Collins, but you can bet it won't be your last. She's becoming just as much of a hit here as she was in England, and Land Of The Pharaohs *should make her a big star.*

Tomorrow, about Lillian Roth.

I've had many shocks in my years of reporting, but when I was told that Susan was in the hospital from an overdose of sleeping pills, my heart almost stopped.

Susan, the redhaired youngster, went out on a personal appearance tour with me in 1939 along with Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan when they were all just promising young actors. She was the gayest and happiest girl in the whole company.

"I'll be a big star, Ma," she used to tell me happily.

But success and marriage failed to bring happiness to Susan. Only in her twin sons and in the closeness of her devoted mother has she found strength to carry on her fight with Jess.

I sincerely believe that her high courage failed only that fateful night when the police found her unconscious on the floor of her home.

Knowing Susan as I do, I can only believe this was a tragic accident in her attempt to find much-needed sleep.

A LETTER ABOUT DEBBIE AND EDdie comes from a highly incensed Beatrice Farraday of London who writes:

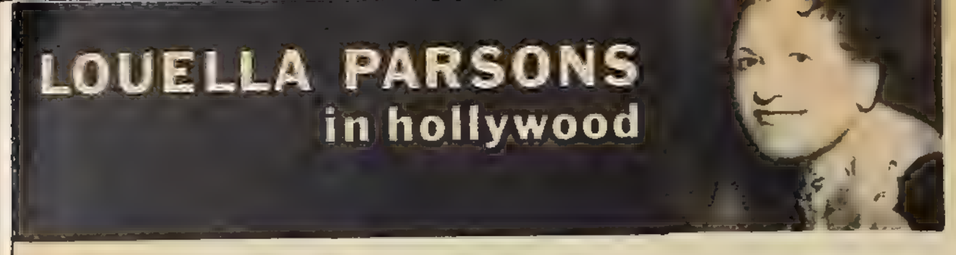
"I couldn't be angrier after reading a clipping forwarded to me from a friend in New York about the way a London critic panned Eddie Fisher while he was appearing at the Palladium here. You see, at this time, our London newspapers were on strike.

"But this self-appointed reviewer sent a story to the American papers which presents a truly false impression of wonderful Eddie Fisher who completely delighted all of us, including our beautiful Queen and the Duke.

"This person wrote that Eddie 'has lost all his humility' (shades of Arthur Godfrey!) and that he 'prodded' the audience with jibes when they didn't applaud him. Didn't *applaud!* We tore the house down every time he concluded a number. I *know*. I was in the audience opening night and later.

"I also waited backstage for Eddie to come out of the theatre with his pretty fiancée, Debbie Reynolds, and they were so wonderful to the fans, signing autographs and even chatting about their marriage plans.

"I would certainly appreciate it if you can print my letter in detail so the American fans will know that we London fans are just as crazy about Eddie and Debbie as they are. Thank you." Thank you, Beatrice.



Grace Kelly helped to make the evening I received my Variety

I'M ON MY SOAPBOX to say I want to hear no more about Grace Kelly's being cold, aloof and lacking in a sense of humor.

Grace is responsible for one of the nicest things that ever happened to me, or perhaps I should say she made a memorable evening in my life an even brighter occasion.

The Variety Club of Las Vegas, Tent 39, (an international group of show people devoted to charities for children) were honoring me at a dinner and presenting me with an "Award of Appreciation."

One of the boys got the bright idea that it would be very nice if Grace, who won the Academy Award, and who was vacationing in Las Vegas with the Cary Grants, made the presentation.

"Oh, I doubt if she can do it," I said. "She and the Grants are here only until Sunday night and the dinner isn't until Monday."

But my friend decided to ask Grace anyway. "Oh, I'll be delighted to stay over," said the "chilly" Miss Kelly. "I know what a wonderful thrill it is to win an award and I'm so happy for Louella."

Not only did Grace stay over, but so did the Grants. And I've never seen anyone laugh harder than Miss Kelly at the great show Las Vegas entertainers put on for us. And she was a perfect doll, posing patiently for all the photographers, who posed us for what seemed like a hundred different shots.

But Grace really won my heart when she went into near hysterics after we had returned to our table and Betsy (Mrs. Cary) Grant failed to hear her name called as the master of ceremonies introduced her and applauded long and loud for *herself!*

With tears running down her face and actually rocking with laughter at her girl friend, Grace said, "I've never had so much fun in my life!"

And I've seldom had anyone so charming make such a delightful gesture to me, Grace.



Grace was staying at the Hotel Sahara, and gave more autographs than I could count to all the fans who clustered around her. Even on windy days, she looked smart and lovely.



Practically every star working at a Las Vegas hotel took the spotlight to entertain at the Variety Club Presentation Dinner. It was a great honor for me—and a wonderful show.

WEDDING IN FRANCE!

Olivia de Havilland married French journalist Pierre Galante in a tiny French village after a two-year romance.



Olivia wore a grey flannel suit in Dior's A-line style and a white oval toque with a veil.



Kissing the bride at the end is not a French custom—but Pierre did it anyway.

Club Award an unforgettable occasion



Cary and Betsy Grant were her constant companions. Ray Bolger came by to say hello and take photos.



Those print pedalpushers looked cute on Grace, who has exquisite taste in sportswear. She spent much of her time near the pool—but never went in the water.



I was more than thrilled with the "Award of Appreciation." Grace stayed on in Vegas just to present it.



So many of my favorite people were there. Jimmy McHugh, Joe E. Lewis behind him, and Sonja Henie over to the right. It was one of the happiest evenings of my life.



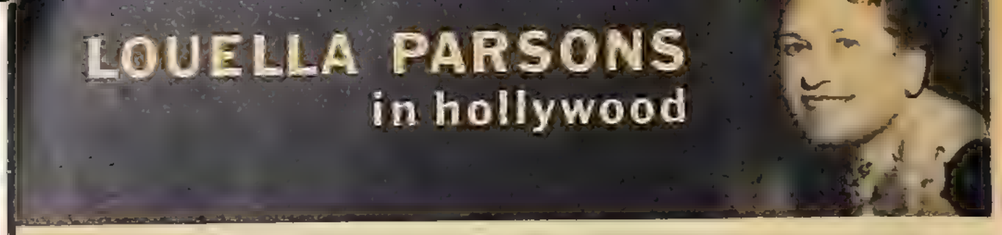
At the banquet afterwards she spoke twice. "Women," she said, "always want the last word."



A band from Orleans serenaded them, to the delight of Livvy's little boy, Benjamin Goodrich.



Then they had an Italian honeymoon. Livvy, I'm told, cried for happiness at the wedding.



DONALD O'CONNOR SEEMS TO BE A Lost Cause. Girls, I guess you're just going to have to give up on him as a matrimonial catch. He told me, "I doubt if I'll ever marry again. The chance for success is so slim in show business. Meanwhile, there are all the pretty little girls to take to dinner and go dancing with."

Don told me this after I had called him to check on whether or not he had actually given pretty Gloria Noble a big ring.

"Yep," Don said, "I did. She's a nice girl and I like her. It's a friendship ring. That's all."

"You sound cynical, Don," I put in.

"Not cynical," he denied. "Just getting older and wiser."

Ha!

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: Every year agent Ray Stark and his Fran throw a big party attended by the Who's Who of Hollywood, but this year's was the biggest and best yet.

The garden of their big Holmby Hills estate was completely covered by the largest tent I've ever seen, the whole place abloom with gorgeous roses and plants, and each table set around the large dance floor adorned with the most beautiful spring flowers.

And the lovely gowns the girls wore made this truly a dreamboat setting.

First guests I ran into were Dorothy and Bob Mitchum, Dorothy looking so pretty in white. And surprise! surprise! Old man Mitchum was groomed to the teeth in a new dinner jacket, shiny dance pumps, a clean shave, the works!

"We're off soon on a trip to Europe," Dorothy said happily. "If we waited for a good time to go we'd never make it because one good script after another is offered to Bob —and he's a weak man for a strong story. But you promised me, didn't you?" Mrs. M. asked her spic 'n' span spouse.

"I promised," Bob agreed, "and we're going."

When I first glimpsed Jennifer Jones I didn't recognize her. For one thing, she doesn't attend many parties ("This is my first in ages," she whispered) and then she is much plumper than I remembered. Her gown was of red lace and she wore her hair in a long bun on the nape of her neck.

Jennifer and David Selznick sat with the Joseph Cottens most of the evening.

Our hostess, who is the daughter of the late, great Fannie Brice, was stunning in a green, sequinned gown, and the beautiful diamond and pearl necklace which had belonged to her mother.

Green, I noted as the evening wore on, seemed to be the most popular color of the evening. Both Zsa Zsa and her sister Eva were in green, very appropriate for Zsa Zsa, as it turned out.

When her boy friend, Porfirio Rubirosa, walked in late and was obviously sulking with Zsa Zsa, making no effort to speak to her, I asked what was the matter.

"Jealous!" she laughed. "Just terribly jealous."

Here are the first shots of Jack Webb, hard at work on his greatest never seen anything like Jack in action—he works like ten people



The whole cast—including the kids—like Jack very much. He's a perfectionist, and will spend hours getting a detail just right, but he's patient and fun to work with.



Jack was so happy to get Ella Fitzgerald for his movie. She's not only a great singer but a wonderful person. The whole picture is about jazzmen with lots of famous names in it.



Singer Peggy Lee is in it, too. Jack has wanted to make this picture for ten years and as soon as Dragnet's *success made it possible for him to choose his own films, he started.*

movie, *Pete Kelly's Blues.* I've —and loves every minute of it!



He has personal charge of everything concerned with the production—including photography.



Teddy Buckner and Matty Matlock were amazed at how much he knew about jazz



Jack is pretty tired at day's end, so Dorothy went to Mexico while he finished shooting



I nominate for stardom: CAROL OHMART

■ You'll understand the "Oh" in beautiful Carol Ohmart's name when she makes her screen debut in the top femme role in Paramount's *Too Late, My Love.*

It's not often that I am present, actually on the set, to watch the birth of a brand new star, but I was visiting my good friend, director Mike Curtiz, on the set when he was putting Carol through one of the most dramatic moments I've ever seen. And, believe me, she is *good!*

Ever since she was one year old, the grey-eyed brunette Carol has been winning beauty contests. Entered in a Salt Lake City contest for the "most beautiful and healthy baby" in her native town, Carol won hands down and her picture appeared in all the papers and most of the newsreels.

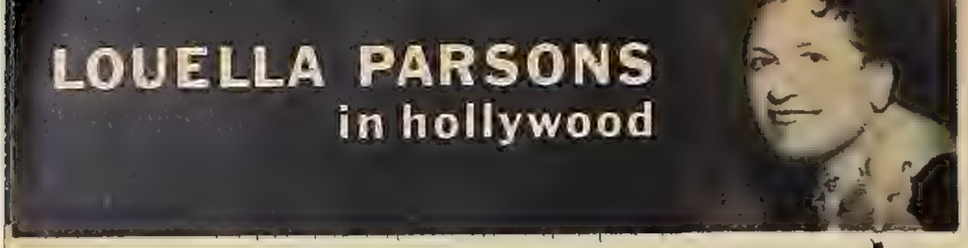
But she had many discouraging moments between the perambulator and her new Paramount contract. She nearly starved to death trying to support herself between modeling jobs.

As long as she lives, Carol will be grateful to her vocal coach, Ruth Cleary, and to Carmel Myers, former star turned agent, for helping her when the going was very rough.

Her brief marriage to radio writer Ken Grayson was annulled in March, 1951.

Carol's most important Broadway role was in *Kismet* just before she came to Hollywood.

Right now she is living in an apartment in Westwood with her mother and her good friend, Anne Francis.



the letter box

"I want Sue and Alan Ladd to know that their fans love them none the less because they had a battle, parted briefly and made up. My husband and I, both ardent fans, had parted—and when we heard that the Ladds were together again, he called and said, 'If Alan and Sue can try again, why can't we?' And we did!" writes ELVIRA, FROM MILWAUKEE.

LORETTA JAHNKE, BROOKLYN, resents my saying that Russ Tamblyn isn't as handsome as Tony Curtis or Rock Hudson. "He's better looking," she insists. "He looks more like a typical American date than any other young actor in Hollywood."

BLANCO RAMIREZ, FROM SEVILLE, SPAIN, sends a suggestion to Hollywood producers which he says will make more money in Spain than any other movie coming up. "Just co-star Bing Crosby and Leslie Caron in a musical!" *Good idea, Blanco, but bad news for you: Bing's making* Anything Goes *with another French ballerina, Jeanmaire.*

MRS. ALMEDA MC MILLAN, PERU, KANSAS, says, "For years I've been waiting to see an item in your *Good News* department or a feature story in MODERN SCREEN about that fine actor, Dan Duryea. So far, *nothing!" Are you listening, Chuck Saxon?*

"I'm disgusted with the Academy Awards," says CHARLEEN WILSON OF MEMPHIS. "My favorite picture of '54, *A Star Is Born*, got nothing!" *You aren't the only fan complaining about this, Charleen. I've had many similar complaints from fans who loved Judy's picture.*

INEZ BOHN, W. COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, sends a challenge: "Give the three most important causes for all the disillusioning divorces in Hollywood." *I take your dare, Inez, and in the order named. I believe 1. lack of religious ties, 2. lack of discipline of oneself, 3. lack of good common sense!*

MUFFY, SAN DIEGO, gives me another tough one: "I dare you to print a list of women stars who are under thirty years of age!" *Not on your life, Muffy. Not on your life!*

"Well, you have on the right color for jealousy," I couldn't help cracking. I don't know whether she was amused or not.

Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman arrived very late as Jeanne worked on her new picture, *The Second Greatest Sex*, way past party time.

But the latest and most surprising guest to arrive was Aly Khan. He had planed in at midnight and had come directly to the home of the Starks, his hosts during his entire visit.

WHAT A CHANGE IN GENE TIERNEY! This girl who was formerly so gay, slipped quietly into Hollywood to make *The Left Hand Of God* and slipped out just as quietly when it was finished without seeing a single old friend!

Can it be that Gene is really shattered over the ending of her romance with Aly Khan? Something has hit this girl very hard and very deep.

Gene didn't even call her former close, close friend Peggy McNaulty, who was her companion on that much publicized trip to Mexico where she kept her last romantic rendezvous with the irresistible Aly.

RANDOM NOTES ON HOLLYWOOD Bob Wagner is a disappointed boy about his career. Feels he isn't moving fast enough. It has been eight months between his last picture and his new one, *Girl On The Red Velvet Swing.*

Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell were really brokenhearted after Jeff lost their expected baby. She kept the secret to herself for three sad weeks because she didn't want to worry Aldo, who was working on location in Honolulu.

Anne Baxter is *not* the pride and joy of the Universal-International lot.

Once again, Janet Leigh is too painfully thin, this time suffering from mysterious pains in her face.

I believe in my heart that Mario Lanza will not find peace of mind until he turns back to his religion and his God instead of making his voice his God.

I just couldn't help sending Judy Garland the following wire: I BET GRACE KELLY WOULD GLADLY SWAP HER OSCAR FOR YOUR LITTLE JOE.

Wait until you see wonderful Shirley Jones in *Oklahoma!* And never in his life has Gordon MacRae looked and sung like this.

We ain't gonna be seein' Ingrid Bergman in *Anastasia* because Ingrid won't make it in Hollywood and Darryl Zanuck won't make it in Rome.

THE KIRK DOUGLASES had one of the nicest parties of the season in the beautiful penthouse at Romanoff's. This probably is Anne Douglas' last social activity before she has her baby.

Barbara Rush, who recently obtained her freedom from Jeff Hunter, came with handsome Richard Gully, eligible bachelor who is much sought after for parties.

Although just days before the party Edmund Purdom and his wife Tita had promised a judge to sincerely try to patch up their marriage over a period of ninety days, Purdom came with Linda Christian—as usual.

Aly Khan, who was in Hollywood to see his and Rita Hayworth's daughter, Princess Yasmin, brought Jacqueline Beers, pretty starlet who lives at the Studio Club.

Just before time to sit down to dinner, Zsa Zsa Gabor telephoned Mrs. Douglas in tears to say she had had such a fight with Porfirio Rubirosa that she wasn't up to attending the party. Rubirosa planed out for Paris and the marriage, as of today, is definitely off.

Romanoff's penthouse lends itself beautifully to parties, and the lilacs and roses were a lovely combination on the pink tablecloths. A three-piece musical group played the tunes from Freddie Brisson's *Damn Yankee*, another feather in Freddie's cap as a producer of successful musicals on Broadway. Rosalind Russell, of course, was there to applaud.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

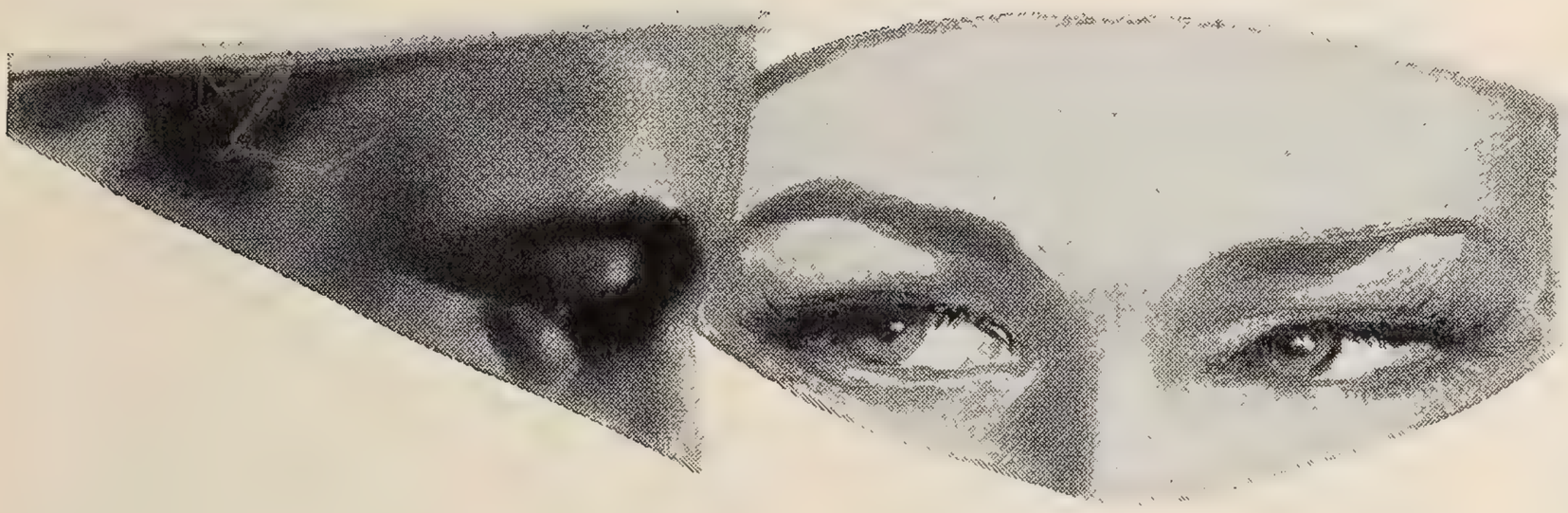


Doris Day made all her London fans jealous by posing with a hunk of ice cream cake to prove she can eat anything without showing it!



Gary Cooper is certainly living dangerously these days. He took a helicopter from Amsterdam to Rotterdam without blinking an eye!

Seldom has
the screen captured
such passion and
emotion...fierce
human hungers that
probe deep into
the very heart
of life itself!





stands alone!
first as a book...
now as a
motion picture!



Olivia
de HAVILLAND



Robert
MITCHUM



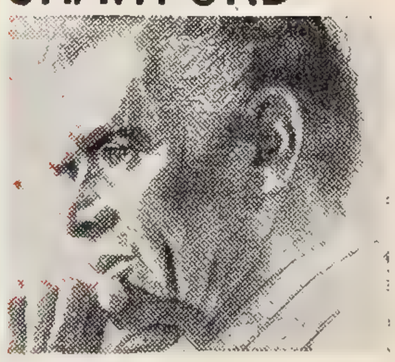
Frank
SINATRA



Gloria
GRAHAME



Broderick
CRAWFORD



Charles
BICKFORD

STANLEY KRAMER Presents

NOT AS A STRANGER

with MYRON McCORMICK • LON CHANEY • JESSE WHITE • Written for the Screen by Edna and Edward Anhalt
Based on the Novel by MORTON THOMPSON • Music by George Antheil • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Produced and Directed by
• STANLEY KRAMER

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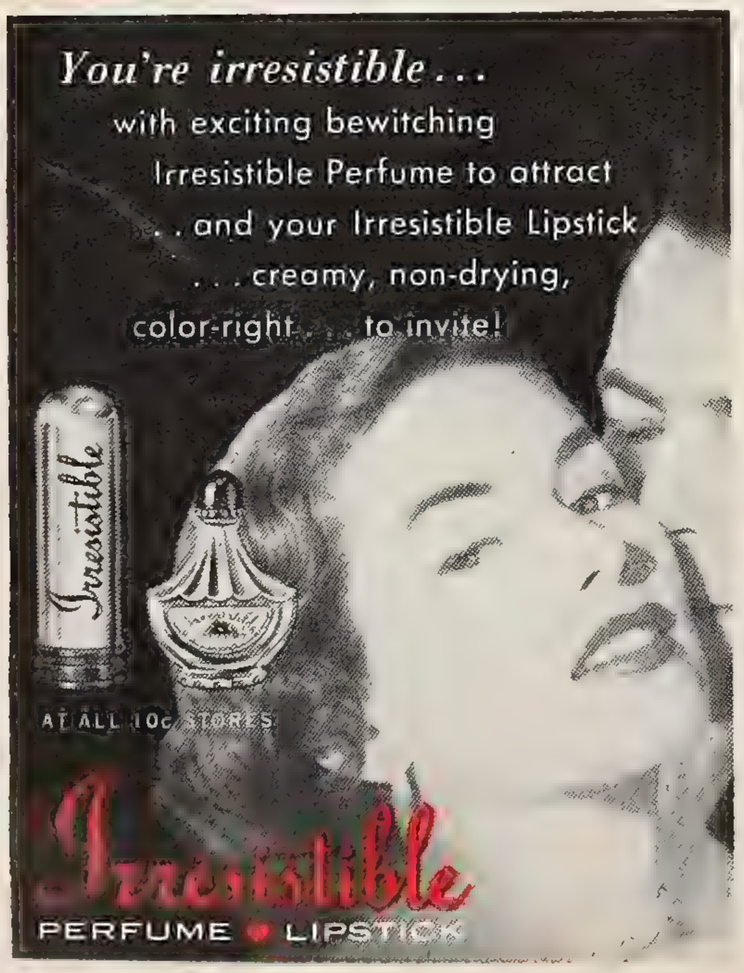
A touch of Mavis . . . on bare
shoulders, lovely throat . . .
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This velvety imported talc,
exquisitely perfumed,
absorbs moisture, helps
prevent chafing . . . keeps you
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You're irresistible . . .
with exciting bewitching
Irresistible Perfume to attract
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. . . creamy, non-drying,
color-right . . . to invite!



NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Unhappy in his marriage, intense young doctor Mitchum falls for pretty widow Gloria Grahame.



Pal Frank Sinatra finds Mitchum brilliant but not sensitive, too involved with his profession.



Mitchum's wife Olivia de Havilland longs for a family, but Mitchum wants her to remain a nurse.

Picture of the Month: NOT AS A STRANGER

■ Still a best seller on the newsstands, *Not As A Stranger,* becomes a powerful film in the hands of producer-director Stanley Kramer. It's the story of a young doctor (Robert Mitchum) whose drunken father blows Mitchum's small inheritance on liquor. Mitchum, who's dying to be a doctor and will go to any lengths to achieve that aim, thinks it's perfectly okay to marry nurse Olivia de Havilland for her neat little bank account. She adores him. Mitchum isn't a bad guy. As a student he's brilliant and as a doctor he's inspired. But as a man, it seems that someone put a stone where his heart is. He starts practicing in a small town where Doctor Charles Bickford—a great if unknown practitioner—trains him; and Gloria Grahame, a rich widow, toys with him and Olivia de Havilland tries everything in her power to make him happy. But she can't reach him. There are many dramatic scenes which capture the heroic aspects of the medical profession: there is an endearing performance by Frank Sinatra, who is Mitchum's buddy at school and is instrumental in slitting the ice-pack he's been living in. Henry Morgan and Broderick Crawford give fine characterizations in smaller parts. It's a movie that will move you extremely, even though it seemed to me that Olivia de Havilland was just too pretty for the part.—U.A.

The naked truth about the girl in the locker room!

She's the belle of the beach . . . even the waves seem to snuggle closer. She's the girl with the eye-stopping figure, slim waist, smooth hips, flat tummy. She's the girl *you* think it's impossible to be . . . (you're wrong!) She's the girl who *never* slips into a bathing suit or summer dress, pair of slacks or shorts, without first slipping into a Playtex Panty Brief!



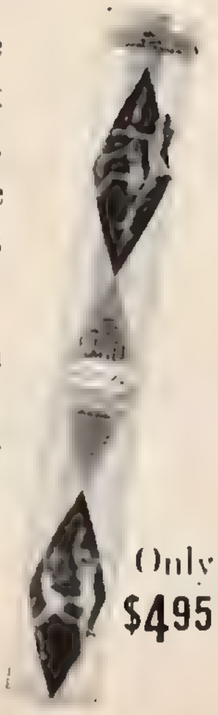
Introducing the New Playtex *High Style* Panty Brief



And now, newer than new, and waiting for you is the Playtex *High Style* Panty Brief! Magically slimming latex outside, cloud-soft fabric inside, and a lovely non-roll top. Comfortable, flexible . . . and not a seam, stitch or bone to show through—*anywhere!* Washes in seconds, dries quickly, and works miracles—*no matter what your size.*

Look for Playtex® *High Style* Panty Brief in the slim tube in department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

And for *extra* control, the famous Playtex *Magic-Controller** Panty Brief with hidden "finger" panels. Only $6.95. The bra on the wall is the new Playtex† Living† Bra*..."custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon. $3.95 †Trademark



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Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

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TIP-OFF TO READERS OF MODERN SCREEN



FOR YOUR DATE BOOK!

The picture that you must see with your sweetheart because it's a wonderful story of love-at-first-sight!

M-G-M presents with SONGS, COLOR and

CINEMASCOPE

"INTERRUPTED MELODY"

starring



GLENN FORD
ELEANOR PARKER



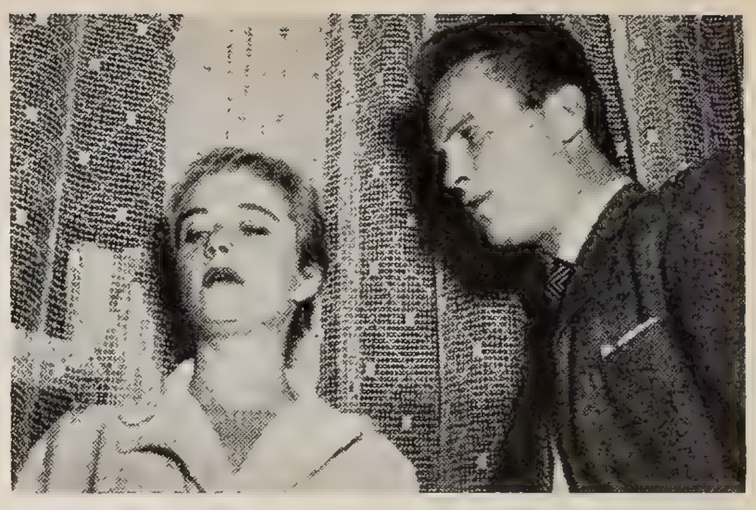
with ROGER MOORE · CECIL KELLAWAY
Written by WILLIAM LUDWIG and SONYA LEVIEN
Based On Her Life Story by MARJORIE LAWRENCE • Photographed in
EASTMAN COLOR · Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS · AN M-G-M PICTURE

★

"Picture of the Month!
One of the screen's great movies!"
—LOUELLA PARSONS

"A wonderful love story!"
—HEDDA HOPPER

"A great picture!"
—SHEILAH GRAHAM



KISS ME DEADLY The people who get sore about what certain comic books are doing to our young had better lock their kids in the closet when this movie shows up—and stay in there with 'em. Never have I seen such a collection of brutal, sadistic, sick and revolting characters. And when a Government man (representing our Government, I presume) turns on a private eye and sneers, "Let him go to hell," well, then I've had it. Mike Hammer (Ralph Meeker) picks up a desperate girl on the road; then they're picked up by a faceless mob who tortures her, sends them both over a cliff. Mike lives, figures this girl was mixed up in something big, and for about an hour and a half there is nothing but senseless murders and acts of violence. Finally, Mike's part-time girl friend asks, what's it all for? She should ask! (With Cloris Leachman, Gaby Rodgers, Paul Stewart, Albert Dekker)—U.A.



A PRIZE OF GOLD Richard Widmark is just another happy-go-lucky G.I. in present-day Germany when he runs across Mai Zetterling, who is more than beautiful; she's got a mission—a whole schoolful of war orphans whom she wishes to transplant to Brazil. But to obtain the wherewithal she must withstand the passionate embraces of a fat, rich German who is very jealous. Widmark figures the least he can do for his love is steal some of the pure gold that has lately been found in an old canal and is being flown to London. Since he is not a crook by nature he gets a little nervous about the whole thing, especially when the going gets rough and the plane he has highjacked with the aid of a pro (Nigel Patrick) catches fire, and a few of his former friends are getting very hot inside. Widmark comes through, however, but as you might expect, not without a few permanent scars on his soul.—Technicolor, Col.

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT!

You've got another chance to see six great films now in re-release. Run, don't walk to your local theatres playing these super-specials.

CAMILLE There will never be another Garbo, and this was one of her best—the story of a tragic Paris courtesan and her loves—with Robert Taylor.

THE INFORMER Victor McLaglen's Academy Award best as the Irish underground stool pigeon who sold out his gang. A classic suspense chiller.

GOING MY WAY with Oscar winners Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as the two famous priests. Remember Bing singing "Would You Like to Swing On a Star?"

THE WIZARD OF OZ Judy Garland in her top role, with Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, and a host of stars as the famous citizens of the land "Over The Rainbow."

WUTHERING HEIGHTS Did you hear the haunting cry "Heathcliff, Heathcliff" before it became a byword? Merle Oberon was calling Laurence Olivier in this all-time honored film.

I REMEMBER MAMA This is the original, the story on which the familiar TV series was based. And it's still the greatest—with Irene Dunne and Barbara Bel Geddes.



BEDEVILLED Steve Forrest arrives in Paris to study for the priesthood, but that beautiful man just isn't sure he's spiritual enough. And when Anne Baxter crosses his path, nay, hops right into his taxicab, in a red net gown gleaming with sequins, he is soon put to the test. Anne is somewhat hysterical, seems she just witnessed the murder of her boy friend and if she doesn't skip town in two seconds she will be carried out in a box. All the time she is acting like an innocent victim, but believe you me, this nightclub singer doesn't know where her next passport is coming from. Well, Forrest's good looks are exceeded only by his compassion and he practically gets himself killed chasing after this girl so that he can save her. Meanwhile, Father Victor Francen and student Robert Christopher wonder if their boy chose the wrong vocation. He didn't, no sir.—CinemaScope, MGM

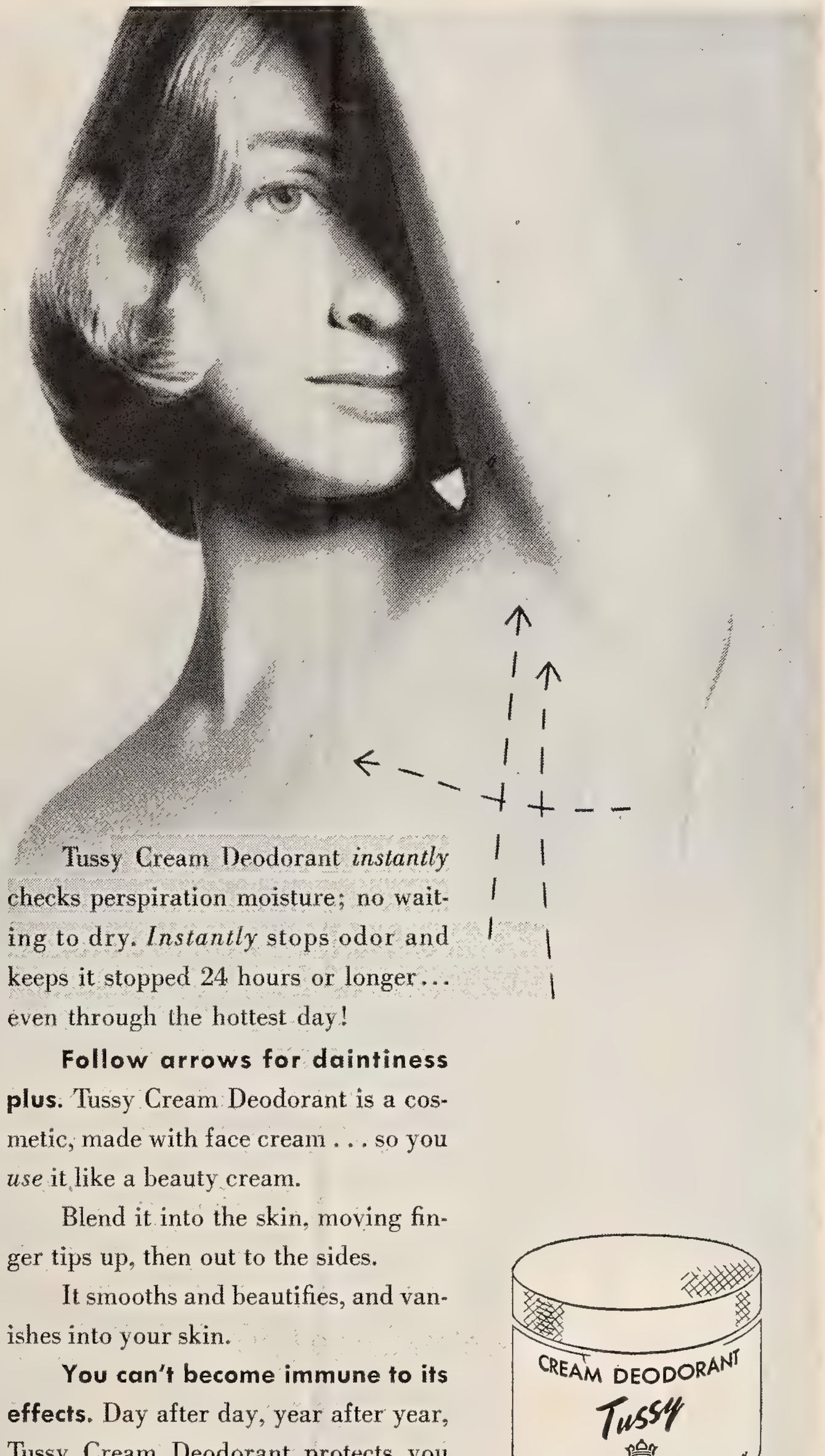


FOXFIRE Jeff Chandler is half Apache, but in this late day he doesn't go around whooping it up. Fact is, every time somebody reminds him of his illustrious ancestry he's like to take a flying leap into a cement mixer. Rich paleface Jane Russell comes out to Arizona for a spell (Jeff's an engineer there in the mines) and before Geronimo can turn in his grave she's Mrs. C. They're in love, all right, but he can't believe it. Thinks Jane's carrying on with Doctor Dan Duryea, who's usually too drunk to carry more than a light headache. Jeff wants to find a gold mine for Jane; she keeps telling him she don't need no gold, she's loaded. But a man has his pride. Wife has her pride, too. She doesn't mind she married half an Apache, but she just burns when the minute she wants to talk about Life he clams up like a cigar-store Indian. And when Jane burns, watch out! With Mara Corday.—Technicolor, U.I.



VIOLENT SATURDAY It's just a nice small town where nothing much happens—except that young copper scion Richard Egan is a drunkard, his wife Margaret Hayes is a playgirl, librarian Sylvia Sydney is an incipient purse-snatcher, bank officer Tommy Noonan is a Peeping Tom confining his activities to the activities of nurse Virginia Leith, and nurse Virginia Leith would steal a husband (Richard Egan) if she could. Well, anyway there's mine foreman Victor Mature, a real family man whose son (Billy Chapin) hotly defends him against charges of not being a war hero. Into this placidity come bigtime operators Stephen McNally, J. Carrol Naish and Lee Marvin lugging plans to rob the bank, which plans they set into action with deadly efficiency. But I tell you—they never get a chance to count that money!—CinemaScope, 20th-Fox.

How you can stop odor, check moisture, with Tussy ...the instant Deodorant



Tussy Cream Deodorant *instantly* checks perspiration moisture; no waiting to dry. *Instantly* stops odor and keeps it stopped 24 hours or longer... even through the hottest day!

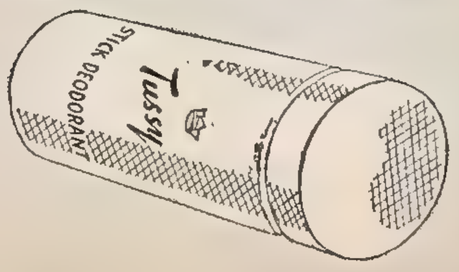
Follow arrows for daintiness plus. Tussy Cream Deodorant is a cosmetic, made with face cream . . . so you *use* it like a beauty cream.

Blend it into the skin, moving finger tips up, then out to the sides.

It smooths and beautifies, and vanishes into your skin.

You can't become immune to its effects. Day after day, year after year, Tussy Cream Deodorant protects you against offending, when you use it daily. Safe for normal skin or any fabric. $1.

When you travel, always carry a Tussy Stick Deodorant. So easy to use anytime, anywhere. Only $1.



prices plus tax



Universal-International presents

JANE RUSSELL

JEFF CHANDLER

FOXFIRE

COLOR BY Technicolor

CO-STARRING

DAN DURYEA

WITH MARA CORDAY • BARTON MacLANE • FRIEDA INESCORT

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG



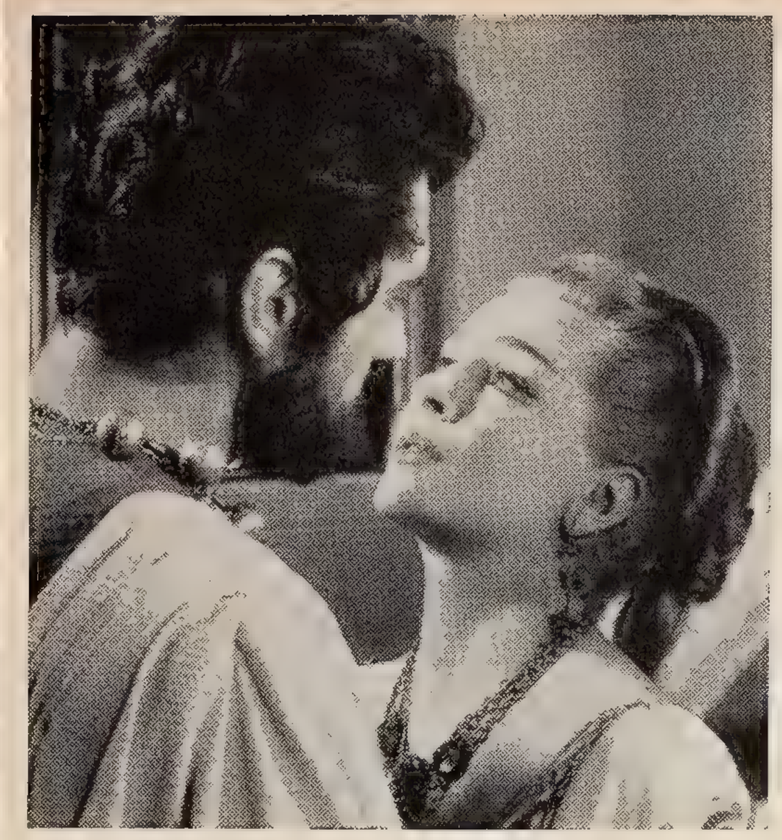
AN ANNAPOLIS STORY Diana Lynn has a problem which would lead most other girls to bigamy. That is, she has just about given all her heart to Midshipman Kevin McCarthy—a leader if ever there was one—who racks up A's in all his courses at Annapolis without hardly trying, when she meets John Derek (Kevin's brother) who nearly flunks all his courses at Annapolis without hardly trying, but is a whiz on the football field and in the swimming pool and wherever there hangs a piece of athletic equipment. So what's she gonna do? While she's thinking everything through, the boys won't talk to each other. To make up for the prolonged silence there is a good deal of interesting footage about naval training. And the boys *do* break down to save each other's lives when, a. John falls out of a helicopter at sea and, b. Kevin blacks out in his plane above Korea. It's a nice story.—Technicolor, Allied Artists



THIS ISLAND EARTH Here is science fiction to top all science fiction, and if you don't like it you're just a square and will probably be an earthman all your life. Rex Reason is a brilliant nuclear scientist who thinks he's working on very secret stuff till someone sends him a mysterious do-it-yourself kit and, following enclosed instructions, he builds a monstrous machine which looks like a television set. But did you ever see a television set with an atomic ray gun inside? Well, Jeff Morrow appears on the screen and invites Rex to come to *his* abode, wherever that is, and he will see things to make his eyes pop. And I am not talking about Faith Domergue, but about the other magnificent scenery that Universal-International has dreamed up to represent outer space and a planet so far away it's out of our cosmos entirely. Of course, there's a reason Morrow extends his invitation to Reason, and it's dangerous!—Technicolor, U.I.



STRANGE LADY IN TOWN All Greer Garson wants to do is practice medicine, but those old-fashioned folk in Boston don't want her to practice on *them*. So off she trots to Santa Fe territory where her younger brother, Cameron Mitchell, is stealing cattle from the U. S. Government (in whose Army he's a lieutenant) and cheating at poker. Then there's Dana Andrews practicing medicine, breeding horses and rearing a teen-age daughter (Lois Smith)—and if you thought the folks in Boston were old-fashioned, wait till you get a load of him! Woman's place is in the h-o-m-e he keeps spelling out to Greer, who meanwhile is curing all the patients he has spent years cultivating. Greer keeps handing out pills with one hand and slapping Dana's face with the other, and before you know it they're in love. Lois is in love, too—with Cameron. But Cameron is headed headlong for hell.—CinemaScope, Warners



THE PRODIGAL Wait till you dig Lana in those bugle beads! She is a real-life goddess for whom young men willingly dive into a pit of fire. And when Edmund Purdom spots her he says goodbye Poppa (Walter Hampden) farewell Ruth (Audrey Dalton) hail Samarra (that's Lana) I'm your slave. Trouble is, he is. Louis Calhern who runs Damascus with a mercenary hand, doesn't like the independent spirit of this young Hebrew. With the help of Lana and a wealthy landowner (Francis L. Sullivan) he soon divests same of all his worldly goods. Purdom is thrown into a dungeon (stinging from the whiplash of Neville Brand) and there he has time to repent his sins. return to the Lord whom he has forsaken and plot his escape. He acts dead, gets himself thrown to the vultures, rises in savage wrath to destroy Louis and his followers. The tragedy is, Lana loved him all the while but she just couldn't stop being a goddess. Of course, Purdom then goes home to eat the fatted calf. It's beautifully done, sets are superb. —CinemaScope, MGM



THE PURPLE MASK It's 1803 in Paris and danged if Tony Curtis don't turn up in pink satin pants. But don't let that outfit fool you. He is the highly admired, greatly feared Purple Mask who keeps snatching away the heads of the nobility just before they're about to roll under the guillotine (it's that Napoleon working overtime at this exotic contraption). Napoleon calls on the one man extant (Dan O'Herlihy) who is wily enough to trap the Purple Mask. But not so wily as a fox, which is how wily Tony is. Even other members of the aristocracy furiously plotting in the underground against Napoleon take Tony for a charming fop; they even ask him to masquerade as the Purple Mask so that the *real* one will be free to save the Duc de Chateaulatour (Paul Cavanaugh) who is even now halfway up the steps of the guillotine. Need I say more about the fantastic exploits of this boy, who *naturellement* wins the heart of the Duc's daughter, Colleen Miller. It's plenty of fun. With Gene Barry, Angela Lansbury. —CinemaScope, U.I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME *(MGM):* Doris Day stars as Ruth Etting, the showgirl who wanted success at any price. James Cagney and Cameron Mitchell are among the men she meets on her way up. Off-beat musical.

END OF THE AFFAIR *(Col.):* Hollywood's version of Grahame Greene's beautiful story of a love affair between a man and a married woman. Deborah Kerr is the woman torn between love and her desire for redemption, Van Johnson her lover.

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE *(MGM):* Glenn Ford plays the young teacher assigned to the "garbage can" of city schools, with the most violent youngsters you ever saw as his students. With Anne Francis, Louis Calhern.

A MAN CALLED PETER *(20th-Fox):* This is Fox' tribute to Peter Marshall, the young Scotch immigrant who became Chaplain of the Senate. The movie includes many of Marshall's exciting and very modern sermons, delivered by Richard Todd. With Jean Peters.

EAST OF EDEN *(Warners):* One of the best films ever made in Hollywood, this is a violently dramatic tale of a boy (James Dean) who longs for love. Richard Davalos, Jo Van Fleet, Raymond Massey give excellent performances as his family, Julie Harris is splendid as the girl who understands him. Dean is nothing short of marvelous. Don't miss this latest Elia Kazan production.

MARTY *(U.A.):* Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair turn this simple story into a beautiful little movie. Adapted from the TV play, it tells of the love between two ordinary people leading ordinary lives. There's comedy as well as tenderness.

THE GLASS SLIPPER *(MGM):* Leslie Caron and Michael Wilding do a charming job in MGM's idea of the Cinderella tradition. Not as good as *Lili,* but fun.





...any time of the month

Dive right in. Splash around to your heart's content. You can go swimming —*even on "those days"*—when you're wearing Tampax.

Remember!—Tampax was invented by a doctor! He realized that if "time-of-the-month" was handled by *internal absorption*, women could indulge in normal activities without any of the chafing, irritation and other discomforts associated with external pads. So far as swimming is concerned, Tampax is not only invisible when properly inserted . . . it doesn't absorb any water! Users even wear Tampax in their bathtubs with complete security and comfort.

However, if you spend the Summer in a hammock, Tampax would still be a blessing. It prevents odor from forming by preventing exposure to the air. It's easy to dispose of, even with the unruly plumbing that sometimes exists at vacation resorts. (Both the Tampax and the applicator flush away.) And it's by far the daintiest kind of protection . . . why, your hands needn't even touch the Tampax during insertion or removal.

Make *this* the Summer you'll enjoy from first to last. Get your supply of Tampax at any drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse; economy size gives more than an average Summer's supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that before Cecil B. De Mille gave Yvonne de Carlo a job in *The Ten Commandments* he asked her to avoid headline romances for two years? —M.L., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Bob Hope's home is so tastefully done, I'd like to know who decorated it for him. —B.K., Boston, Mass.

A. *Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Carmel, California.*

Q. Can you tell me why Marlon Brando's picture, *The Wild One,* was banned in England? —V.F., New York, N. Y.

A. *It was considered too cruel.*

Q. I understand that Marlon Brando, Jimmy Dean and Tony Curtis all play the bongo drums. Who plays best?
—H.J., Fall River, Mass.

A. *Brando, according to musicians.*

Q. Janet Leigh has been losing weight rapidly for months. Is it true that she's suffering from an unnamed illness?
—R.D., Portland, Ore.

A. *Doctors claim she's overworked, needs a lengthy vacation.*

Q. I've been told that actor Robert Newton's third wife, Natalie Newhouse Newton, was a drug addict who died of a drug overdose. True or false?
—B.L.S., London

A. *True.*

Q. What is Jimmy Dean's salary?

A. *$1200 per week.*

Q. Is Aly Khan the other man in the Rhonda Fleming split-up?
—N.H., Deming, N. M.

A. *No.*

Q. Can you name Frank Sinatra's close friends? —F.I., Newark, N. J.

A. *His manager Hank Sanicola.*

Q. Is it true that Humphrey Bogart's savings are tied up in oil and uranium investments? —F.H., Miami, Fla.

A. *They are tied up in banks, in cash.*

Q. If Ray Milland's real name is Reginald Truscott-Jones, why do his friends call him Jack?
—K.G., Kansas City, Cal.

A. *Milland once called himself Jack Millane.*

Q. What is Judy Garland's next picture? Or has she definitely retired from the screen? —C.K., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Judy is not retiring, has no picture scheduled, is planning stage appearances in several cities.*

Q. Can you tell who really discovered Kim Novak and how much money she earns? —C.N., Urbana, Ill.

A. *Kim was discovered by agent Wilt Melnick; her current salary is $200 per week.*

Q. Why do the rumors persist that all is not well with the Lana Turner - Lex Barker marriage?
—P.K.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *There have been quarrels.*

Q. After getting a divorce what made the Jeff Chandlers reconcile?
—S.T.,
New York, N. Y.

A. *Their children.*



ANITA EKBERG

Q. They are saying that Anita Ekberg, who is under personal contract to John Wayne, has a much better build than Marilyn Monroe. Can this be possible?
—H.T., Helena, Mont.

A. *Miss Ekberg is not under personal contract to Wayne. She is under contract to Batjac Productions, a Wayne company. She is taller and more bosomy than Monroe.*

Q. Is the Bing Crosby-Kathryn Grant romance on the level?
—B.L., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Yes.*



Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Bewitching" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.

Only softly feminine hairstyles here

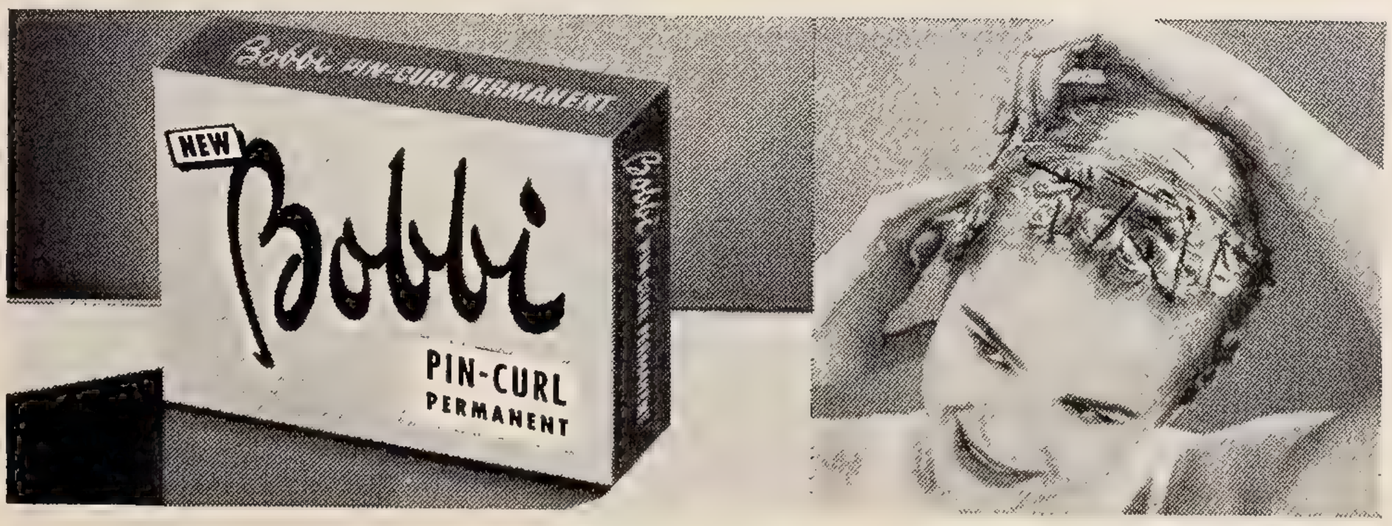
because these hairdos were made with Bobbi, the special pin-curl permanent—never tight, never fussy

These pictures show—better than we can tell—the softly feminine curls and waves you get with a Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. A Bobbi is specially designed to look soft and natural from the very first day.

A Bobbi gives your hair the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves are exactly where you want them. And they stay there week after week after week. Just put your hair in pin-curls. Apply Bobbi's Special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later, rinse with water. Let dry, brush out...that's all.

If you love softly feminine hairdos, then Bobbi is the pin-curl permanent for you.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet. **Easy-to-follow setting instructions for new softly feminine hairstyles. Hints! Tips! Send your name, address with 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois.**



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobbi pins. $1.50 plus tax.



With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this new "Sunrise" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Rosebud" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.



Soft, Natural right from the start...that's the "Sea Breeze" hairstyle after an easy Bobbi. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy, no help is needed.



Both of Mrs. Louis Sturtevant's hands were soaked in detergents. Only the right hand was treated with Jergens Lotion. Compare the two! ***This photograph is unretouched.***

Exciting Proof: Jergens Lotion stops "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Your hardworking hands can be beautiful hands. If you're having the old, familiar trouble with everyday detergents (rough, red hands), listen to this!

Under supervision, 447 women soaked both hands in detergents. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand. Left hands were untreated.

In 3 or 4 days untreated hands were roughened and reddened. The Jergens Lotion hands were soft, smooth and lovely.

Of all the lotions tested this way, not *one* proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. In addition, Jergens was *never* sticky or greasy.

Jergens Lotion has been steadily perfected for 50 years. You'll find it's just as good for wind and weather chapping as for "Detergent Hands," and it takes just seconds to use.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today. Notice how much heavier and creamier it is — with a delightful new fragrance. And still only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



*Notice *to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.*

Jergens Lotion ***positively stops "Detergent Hands"***

WHY, SUSAN, WHY?

On the surface, everything looked so bright. The grueling courtroom scenes were over, the glare of publicity on the sordid details of Susan's fights with Jess had been turned off. In so far as such battles are ever won, Susan was the victor. She had custody of her twin sons, and she was devoting herself to them. Socially, her life was full. She dated a lot, with an especial interest in Jeff Chandler, an old friend from her Brooklyn days. Career-wise, her life was even fuller—almost overflowing. She was completing *Soldier Of Fortune* opposite Clark Gable. She was in rehearsal for the role she had wanted above all others, that of Lillian Roth in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. Emotionally, she seemed happier than she had been in years; from a moody, withdrawn girl she had become a sociable, cheerful one.

And then the police found her on her living room floor, with two sleeping pill bottles empty beside her.

Why, Susan, why?

The strange thing is that the reason—or the reasons—should be so apparent.

The divorce was over—but not the fighting. There was no more publicity, but the battles continued. "Miss Hayward," her physician said, "has been despondent for some time because of marital problems." Only hours before she swallowed the sedatives, Susan had had a violent telephone battle with Jess—and that was only the most recent argument. Jess was permitted to see the boys every Wednesday and on alternate week ends. Every time he picked them up there were scenes. "Because the servants wouldn't talk to me and neither would Susan, and this was not good for the children," he explained. It wasn't good for Susan either, who preferred not to discuss the tortured relationship with her ex-husband. Yet Jess, when he heard of her suicide attempt, broke down, crying, "Oh, my God, I love her." Then he sent her a telegram, "I'm coming home as fast as I can. Love, Daddy." and flew to her bedside. Perhaps he does love her. But can his presence help her now?

Her social life was full—but her only serious date was Jeff Chandler. He must have been a great help to her, remembering, as (*Continued on page 69*)



EVERYWHERE THAT AVA GOES...

She's one of the world's most beautiful, exciting—and startling women. Where she is, reporters swarm. After all, if Ava comes, can trouble be far behind?

BY KEVIN BURKE



Above: the only known picture of Ava with the Earl of Granville was taken in London, where his influence keeps the romance quiet. But in Pakistan (below) Ava was mobbed by newsmen and fans though Paul Mills and Stewart Granger tried to protect her.



■ Wherever Ava Gardner goes—and Ava goes everywhere—there's sure to be a collection of admiring men. And in each collection one turns out to be strangely important.

In Madrid it was bullfighter Luis Dominguin. In Asia there was Ram Gopal, the Indian dancer. In England before Ava left for Pakistan she suddenly appeared in the company of the Earl of Granville, a desirable bachelor of Princess Margaret's set. Characteristically, Miss Gardner is not discreet about her personal life. And often her escorts are delighted to be recognized as such, some of them clearly basking in the limelight that Ava cannot escape.

But Ava's friendship with Lord Granville has been top secret. It was soft-pedaled into obscurity by the British press and Ava herself tossed a concealing cloak of mystery about it.

The Earl is a distinguished young (mid-thirties) bachelor, member of one of England's first families, related to the Queen Mother.

He escorted Ava to the première of *The Colditz Story* (he has escorted her on many other occasions), but he beat a hasty retreat when he saw the cameramen descend upon the star. Result: there are many pictures of Ava at the première, but none of her with Lord Granville. Yet they were there together.

When queried about the pleasure he takes in her company, Lord Granville is very polite, adroitly uncommunicative, and manages to convey, without once losing his temper or his courteous Old World manner, that it's all none of anybody's business. British photographers, seeing them together, would never violate the Earl's protests and take a picture of them. It just isn't done.

Now that Ava's back in London from Pakistan, will she continue to see Lord Granville? Will he risk the notoriety associated with Ava's escorts?

No matter how much a man likes a woman who is a movie star as important as Ava is, he must find the crowds very trying indeed. Because there's not only a group of admiring gentlemen wherever Ava goes, there's likely to be an unruly admiring mob, as well. In her well-publicized travels, these uninhibited fans have been making headlines. And Ava seems (*Continued on page* 87)



we say:

BING WILL WED!

by WILLIAM BARBOUR



This photo, never seen before, was taken at Bing's ranch, where Kathryn Grant visited him last fall—proof of the length of their secret romance!



Look at those photographers come—first time they've seen us together.



And the columnists moving in . . . let's face the music and dance.



Howdy, haven't seen you in ages. Who, us? Oh, we've been around . . .



Questions, questions, they all ask questions. Well, what can you do?

MODERN SCREEN STICKS ITS NECK OUT WITH THE YEAR'S MOST SURPRISING PREDICTION.

There is no one in Hollywood more deserving of a little happiness than Bing Crosby.

It now looks as if Bing has found that happiness, found it in the form of a lovely, vibrant starlet, Kathryn Grant. Rumor says that he is going to confirm that happiness by marrying Kathryn—and even goes so far as to predict that it will be in July. Maybe that's the date, maybe it isn't. But MODERN SCREEN's information says that Bing *will* marry—within the next two years. And more than likely, more than maybe, the girl will be Kathryn Grant. Here are the facts.

Kathryn was Bing's date at the Academy Awards—and has been dating him secretly for more than a year. She has seen him at his ranch in Elko, Nevado, at his desert retreat in Palm Springs, at various secluded places in Hollywood. Possibly because she is only twenty-one, thirty years younger than Bing, they have preferred to keep the entire romance to themselves. Then Bing marched jauntily into the Academy Awards with Kathryn on his arm. The lid was off.

"Who's the girl with Crosby? . . . I thought he was supposed to take Grace Kelly . . . Where did Bing find that cutie? . . . Gosh, she's young!"

The interest is completely understandable when you realize that ever since Dixie Crosby's death, Hollywood has been wondering about and discussing the possibility of Bing's remarriage.

Following the Academy (*Continued on page* 74)





NO TANTRUMS

NO "DAHLINGS"

NO CLEAVAGE

Can Grace teach Hollywood some manners?

BY MARVA PETERSON

■ Alone, single-handed and quite unintentionally, a bright new screen star is changing the tastes of Hollywood.

By the quiet force of her ladylike personality, Grace Kelly, for the moment, at least, has stolen the spotlight from Marilyn Monroe, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner and others of a sexy stripe.

Grace has caused the pendulum of popularity to swing away from the pin-up girls. She has set a new standard of beauty and manner that everyone in the movie capital suddenly wants to acquire.

Overnight, producers have stopped searching for busty beauties. They're trying instead to find girls with the "Grace Kelly quality."

Fashion experts find themselves promoting styles that de-emphasize the bosom and the tight skirt. They're designing clothes that look more pretty than provocative. Following the Grace Kelly trend, the starlets are making the change from the sultry look to the well-scrubbed look. Their tousled, careless, Italian hairstyles are giving way to soft, loose hairdos. And as a badge of success the cashmere sweater is replacing the mink stole.

And not the least of the causes is the popularity of a lovely young actress from Philadelphia.

How has Grace Kelly been able to inspire such an about-face?

Those who study Hollywood trends maintain that the town has long been ready for a change. The swing toward genteel charm, they say, really started with Deborah Kerr and Audrey Hepburn. It was Grace Kelly's phenomenal success, however, combined with her genuine refinement, that really wrought the mild revolution.

Grace, of course, is totally unaware of her pace-setting. "I'm merely being myself," she says. By being herself, she has brought a whole new set of values to the Hollywood scene.

One of the wardrobe girls at Paramount who has worked with Grace on four pictures, says, "She's so nice she doesn't seem like a star. By that I mean that she's undemanding. Most movie actresses get so accustomed to having things done for them—their hair combed, a chair reserved, a wrap delivered—that they expect people to jump at their slightest (*Continued on page 88*)



To meet New Jersey's Governor Meyner, she wore conservative satin outfit, long gloves.



With Oleg Cassini, still her steady date, she was not embarrassed to appear in same coat, dress, gloves.



And for the Academy Awards, biggest night of her life, she wore the same, much-photographed clothes.

Fess Parker:

THE LIVIN' IMAGE OF DAVY



Fess has been riding since grammar school, when he straddled work horses on his grandfather's farm. The freedom to roam at will out of doors is still his big love, all discipline still his pet hate.



He cooks for himself in his tiny one-room apartment, but will be moving into a new house, soon. He steady-dates, would like to marry, but not until "it'll be for keeps, and a big family, Lord willing."

WITH THE GUTS, THE LOVES, THE RAMBUNCTIOUS, FIGHTING SPIRIT OF DAVY CROCKETT, FESS PARKER

■ During his thirty-odd years around Hollywood Walt Disney has collected such a flock of prizes that when Bob Hope handed him his last two Oscars at the recent Academy Awards, he had to stifle a yawn. But it's beginning to look as if the biggest prize Walt ever captured is a tree-tall, trap-lipped, steely-eyed Texan named Fess Elisha Parker.

"Big" is a moderate word for Fess. Physically, he rears six feet, five inches from his number fourteen boots to his wild mane of brown hair, with 210 pounds of lean, lively muscle in between. In personality, Fess seems to combine the virility of Gary Cooper, the rocky force of John Wayne, the gentleness of Jimmy Stewart and the quiet dignity of Gregory Peck—with the homespun saltiness of Will Rogers thrown in for good measure.

But even more heroic than Fess Parker's physique or manner is the living legend this amazing young giant has forged in a few short months. Since last December, when Fess first loomed on TV's *Disneyland* clad in buckskins and a coontail cap, an estimated 52,000,000 Americans have refused to accept him as a Hollywood actor at all. To them, he's the reincarnation of the b'ar killing, Indian fighting frontier hero, Davy Crockett.

When Fess traveled to the national capital a few weeks ago to hand out National Rifle Association trophies, newspapers announced, "Davy Crockett Comes Back to Washington"—just as if the backwoods congressman of 100-plus years ago had actually risen from his martyr's grave. (*Cont'd on page 78*)



LIKE THE REAL DAVY BEFORE HIM.



HAS INVADED HOLLYWOOD—AND IS LIVING UP A LEGEND ALL HIS OWN! ■ BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



FESS WENT TO WASHINGTON IN BUCKSKINS, TOTING A GUN—AND WAS GREETED—AND TREATED—AS IF HE WERE CROCKETT HIMSELF.

More pictures on the following pages



Family album shows Fess' first picture, taken with Uncle Lester Allen, Grandmother Mary Ann Allen.



At a very early age, Fess showed interest in women —even older ones. By this time his mother, over his father's protests, was addressing her son as "Junior."



Almost as soon as he could sit, Fess could sit a horse, though he stuck mostly to gentle ones like Uncle Lester's old cow pony, Rosabel.

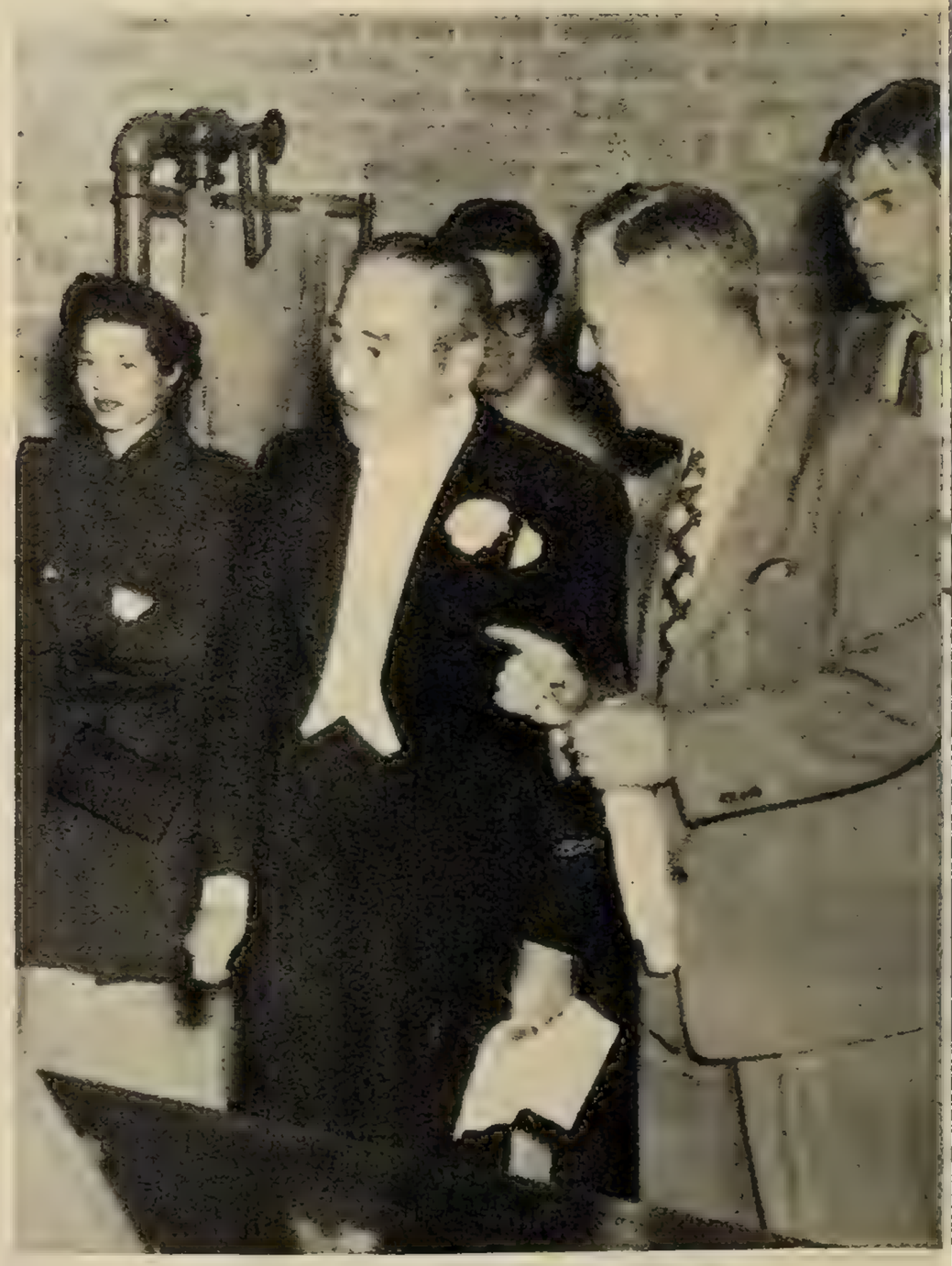
Like Davy, he came from pioneer stock and rode a horse before he was three but—



▲ Playing end for San Angelo High, Fess (six feet tall at fourteen) made one major, memorable goof, tackling the right man at the wrong time.

▼ Fess' first project after graduation in 1942 was to buy a Model T; his second to find a pretty girl to ride in it. Joy Flint obliged—and others.



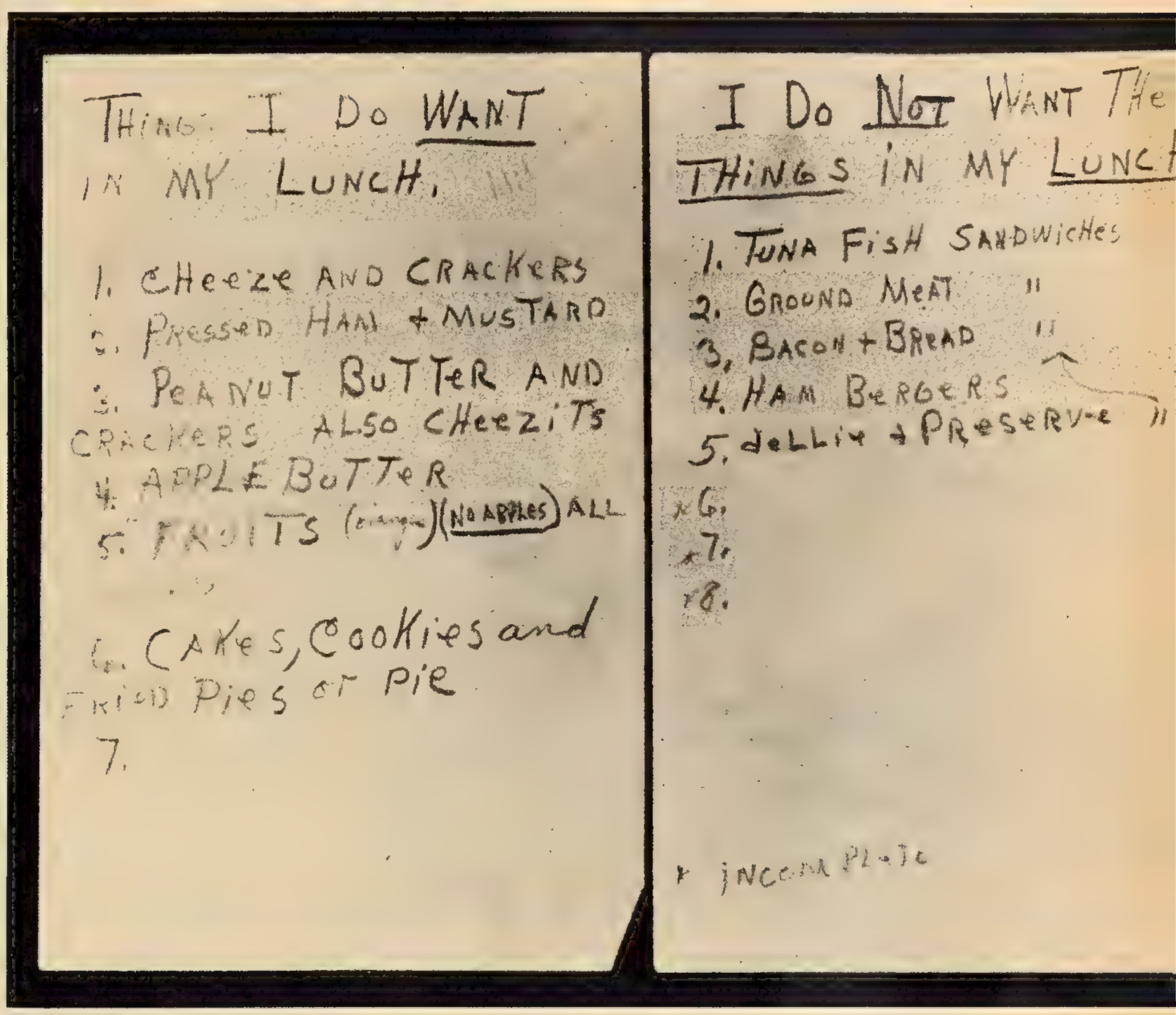


At Texas University Fess met Adolphe Menjou, who changed his life by advising the six-foot, five-inch Business Administration student to come to Hollywood for a crack at westerns.

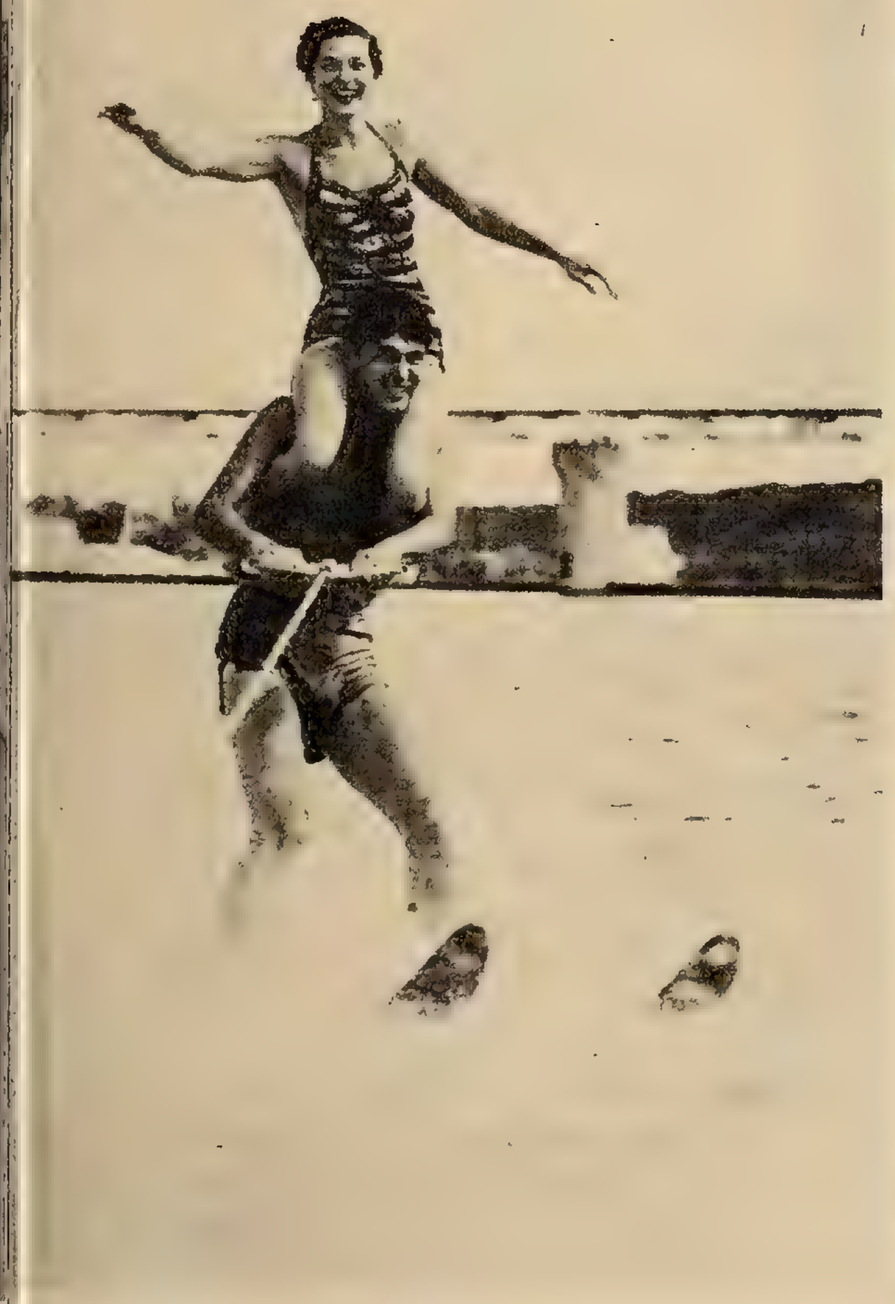


At eleven Fess was "not really bad, but just ornery." His mother posed with him between trips to the principal's office at Austin Grammar School.

Although he rebelled early against any sort of discipline, broke rules just because they were rules, Fess brooked no nonsense from others, especially where food was concerned. The only creature who stood up to him successfully was his equally stubborn donkey.



graduated to a Model T.



A fraternity boy, sorority sweetheart and campus athlete, Fess took up water skiing in his senior year at Texas U—aided by company like Prisilla Kern.



A graduate student—this time in theatre—at U.S.C., he found time for formals and co-eds, but left school before getting his Master's Degree.



Too tall for Annapolis or the Naval Air Corps, Fess went into boot camp at San Diego, ended up on a mine sweeper.

At sixteen Lana was too sexy

for comfort, at twenty too troubled

for happiness. But—being Lana—

SHE'D DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN

"ONE OF THE BEST THINGS ABOUT LEX AND ME— WE HAVE FUN."



"I even get out mornings— sometimes."

"Independence can be a mixed blessing."



"We have disagreements—but we don't sulk."



"Sometimes I get to play the little woman for Leo!"

"Our best daydream is more children."



by Ida Zeitlin

■ Time: X years ago. Place: A soda fountain near Hollywood High School. Girl: A delectable redhead with a wolf-whistle figure. Name: Julia Jean. Enter Billy Wilkerson, messenger of fate.

Dissolve to Now. The Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel. A delectable honey blonde with a wolf-whistle figure, named Lana. Enter reporter with question.

Lana looked back at Julia Jean. Her face, sparkling a moment ago above the butter-yellow twin sweaters, turned thoughtful. But decision came promptly. "The answer is yes. I believe too strongly in kismet not to feel it was planned for me this way. Why else was I sitting there that day? Why else did Billy Wilkerson walk in? If I had married John Smith and gone to live in Podunk, how can I tell whether I'd have liked it or not? I never tried it. I *like* the movie business. It's not the sky-blue heaven kids build up in their dreams, including myself at sixteen. You get special rewards, and you get special headaches, not to mention heartaches. But given the chance and with my eyes wide open, the answer is yes, I'd do it all over again."

Headaches, heartaches and all, she's still the golden girl, alive with that indefinable magic which hoisted her to the top and kept her there for over ten years. "Heaven knows," she went on, "that I wasn't an actress, to begin with. I've tried to learn. I've always tried to do the best job in my power. But I'm not the kind to chase after glory and Oscars, and I'm not one who'll perish-if-she-can't-act. For me, the biggest reward is financial security. You have to be honest. Where else could this happen to you? Only if you married a prince, and that's for fairy tales. The work is hard; don't let anyone tell you different. There are times when you're so beat up, body and nerves, that something (*Continued on page 82*)

MARLON IS WILLING



BUT IS HE READY?



Basically Marlon has not changed much. He still loves art, music, travel, his work, his freedom and, of course, his cat.

■ "I love Josie," Marlon Brando said, "and we're going to get married sometime this summer. It's going to be for keeps and that's all I want to say about it."

This declaration, forceful and positive, was made a few weeks ago on the set of *Guys And Dolls*, when Marlon was asked, "Is it true that you and your fiancée have changed your minds about marriage?"

The question had been prompted by the persistent Hollywood rumor that Brando and Josanne Mariani-Berenger, the twenty-one-year-old stepdaughter of a French fisherman, would never get married.

Despite Brando's protests, this rumor still thrives. It is founded, as usual, on Marlon's unique behavior. All through the preparation and filming of *Guys And Dolls*, for example, he dated many of the cutest girls in movieland.

One of them confided, "He surely didn't act love smitten to me. I asked him if it were true—you know, that he was tying the knot—and he just gave me that big, broad grin of his as if to say, 'Are you kidding?' "

Another of Marlon's recent dates claims, "This boy acts on impulse. He himself doesn't know what he's going to do next. When I was with him he never mentioned his fiancée once. He was wondering how his singing voice would sound in the picture. I don't know. Maybe he was just being gallant."

Steadfastly and fiercely Marlon refuses to discuss his love life. But his charm, his animal magnetism, his talent, his unpredictable and nonconforming ways have appealed to many women: Shelley Winters, Susan Cabot, Rita Moreno, Jean Peters, Joan Collins, Francesca Scaffa, Movita Castaneda—the list goes on and on.

How many of these beauties would have married Marlon is anyone's guess.

The prevailing opinion at one time was that only Movita was strong and tolerant and understanding (*Continued on page* 62)

To marry or not to marry: that is just one of the questions. Marlon says he'll wed Josanne—but why has he been dating other women? What kind of husband and father will he make?

BY RICHARD MOORE



Although unrecognized by police at Academy Awards (he almost didn't get in!) Marlon faces a very public marriage.



Their first date was heralded in every column, the news that they were "engaged to be engaged" hit the front pages, and their official engagement was covered like a Coronation. Debbie and Eddie have been the most publicized pair of lovers in a decade. But the marriage plans were veiled in mystery. Why the secrecy? What forced postponement after postponement? Here, for the first time, MODERN SCREEN brings you the real story of of the June Wedding that didn't happen.



An open letter to Debbie and Eddie

Dear Debbie and Eddie:

This was to have been the time for congratulations and great joy. It didn't come out that way. A lot of people are saying I Told You So. Not us. We believed in you both from the start and we still do. We have been watching the plans alter, rumors grow, statements change with growing sadness.

This wasn't the way it had to be—it should have been the month of happy endings. Well, you won't be a June bride, Debbie, but you can have your happy ending. All you both have to do is take a deep breath and try to remember the simple clarity of your plans for the future—not as other people have pictured it, but the way you wanted it to be.

Get us—adding even more advice when what you want most right now is to be left alone. But if you'll bear with us for just a little while, we promise not to muddy the water any further. When you fell in love you became the kind of human interest story editors cry for. Some 20 years ago a couple of American kids were born, miles apart. Any connection between fame and you two youngsters of the depression age would have sounded like a pipe-dream. Yet you found fame and more than fame—you became an entire nation's dream of love come true. We have no wish to probe or rush in where angels fear to tread. We have fully shared the floods of good will and affection poured at your feet. But, as we said, for months now we have been observing the danger signs—perhaps watching them a bit more carefully than you have done. And our very real affection for you makes us point them out.

We could never understand, for example, all the mystery about your wedding day. You said from the start that it would be in June, and picked the 17th for its sentimental significance. Then suddenly you didn't know and couldn't, or wouldn't, tell. And from England rumors came sifting through that you planned to marry there, avoiding the fuss and feathers. Yet fuss and feathers were exactly what Debbie wanted—the bridal procession, the music, the flowers, the works. All that takes time and planning. The date should be set as early—not as late—as possible. Under the circumstances, can you blame us for wondering why a boy and girl, deeply in love, officially betrothed, should for so long refuse to name their wedding day?

You've been unhappy over publicity that you say was without taste. Forgive us for asking whether some

(*Continued on page* 69)



The way it all started

WHEN TWO KIDS FALL IN LOVE, MOTHERS ARE THE FIRST TO SEE THE LITTLE THINGS, THE SECRETS IN THEIR EYES.

Millions of friends, Debbie's and Eddie's, followed every step of their romance from the start. Was it just too hot not to cool down?



by Debbie's Mom

■ Debbie always wanted to be a June bride. By the way, if I switch between Debbie and Franny, don't let me confuse you. As you may have read elsewhere, she was christened Mary Frances, and to us she's Franny. Also to herself, to her close friends and to the man she's marrying. My daughter likes the habits of home. When she comes over that hill and into the valley where we live, her movie name stays behind. She won't even let the neighborhood kids use it. If they yell, "Hi, Debbie!" she'll stop them. "*What* did you call me?" And I'll hear some youngster chirp, "I mean, 'Hi, Fran!'"

By either name she wanted to be a June bride. Until last year, it was just every girl's vision of an event in the unforseeable future—the bridesmaids and flowers, the candles and music, and herself drifting down the aisle in misty white toward some wonderful guy whose face was a blank. Well, he's real now and so is the traditional wedding she dreamed of. As far as Eddie is concerned, I don't think most men care much one way or the other. Whatever Franny wanted was great with him. When they were planning the trip for his (*Continued on page* 66)



by Eddie's Mom

■ My Sonny Boy (that's what I always call Eddie) taught me once not to believe any rumors unless I heard from him that they were true. So last summer when people started coming up to me and saying they'd seen by the newspapers that Sonny was getting very romantically interested in a certain Miss Debbie Reynolds of Hollywood, I just shrugged and brushed them off with remarks like "That's nice, isn't it?" or "Very interesting, I'm sure!" or "It's healthy for young fellows to go out with girls, I hear!"

Then I got the phone call. Sonny was in California at the time. He used to call me about twice a week when he was away, and always he would kid and tease me and make me laugh. But this time—I could tell right away—this time he was feeling serious about something.

"What's the matter?" I asked him. "You got a stomach ache from all those oranges or something?"

"No, Mama," he said. "Don't worry, I've been eating good." Then, all of a sudden, that smile of his came traveling 3000 miles across country. I could see it in the next words he said. "I've met a girl, Mama," he told me. "I've met a girl—and she's really something!"

I asked him," "Is it this Debbie Reynolds everybody in Philadelphia has been telling me about these last (*Continued on page* 59)



Back in Hollywood, Debbie met Eddie's real father. Eddie had met the Reynolds family on his first date with Debbie, was liked by them from the start.



First storm warning—Debbie couldn't tell MGM designer Helen Rose what time of day she'd set for the wedding. Later even the date itself was changed.



Chaperoned by Louella Parsons, Jimmy McHugh, Debbie joined Eddie in Las Vegas. "We're not engaged," Eddie said. "I don't know if Debbie wants me."



Debbie did. She flew east to met Eddie's family, spent time in their Philadelphia home. Left to right are Eddie's sisters, Janet, Eileen (the youngest one of Debbie's bridesmaids), Nettie and Miriam. Seated are his stepfather, Max Stupp, and his mother, Kate.



The much-rumored engagement was announced at the huge party given by Eddie and Ida Cantor, who had discovered and befriended Eddie F. in his borscht-circuit days. The party gave Debbie a chance to display her seven-carat ring to hundreds of friends.



Then came the separations: Debbie in Hollywood, Eddie in New York. He gave her a puppy to keep her company; there were phone calls and flights east and west.



In April Debbie was busy packing for her trip to England with Eddie; equally busy denying that she was already married.



London loved the lovers, packed the Palladium to hear Eddie and see Debbie. But Eddie's "mystery voice" (D.R.) record flopped. Did that hurt Eddie?



Back in New York, they were met by Eddie's mother—then came news of a tiff and Debbie went to California alone. They've stayed apart. For reasons, turn page.

THE JUNE WEDDING THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN

Debbie could tell you why

Doubts began to sift through the golden clouds early this year. While everybody was busy speculating whether or not Debbie and Eddie were secretly married—or if not already married, on the verge of elopement—Debbie was slowly taking a whole new look at the picture. That she loved Eddie, she hadn't a doubt. She'd told her mother and father that the night Eddie had proposed. She'd told the world the next day and you would have thought the smog would vanish from Southern California forever, she was so happy. That was last summer. But by this spring she began to wonder slowly, hurt: "Does Eddie love me?" Or rather, did Eddie love her enough to stand up to the army of friends, managers, self-appointed advisers and bystanders and announce that he and his girl were going to make their own decisions about their own future? The indications were that Eddie was not going to stand up. They had set the wedding for June 17, a sentimental anniversary of their first date. They had picked the place for the re-

Eddie could tell you why

How could any boy show his girl how much he loved her more than Eddie Fisher did? Long before he actually met Debbie, Eddie told reporters she was his dream girl. When he did meet her, sparks began to fly and kept flying from that day forward. He began commuting to the coast with the regularity of a guy catching his nightly local. He even moved his entire TV crew to Hollywood for extended periods. When he sang a love song, he sang to Debbie. When he spoke of the weather, there was Debbie in his eyes. Did the publicity men make too much of it? How could you blame them? Two of the most famous and beloved youngsters in the world had fallen in love and the world wanted to know everything about it. First, they announced that they were "engaged to be engaged." It was front page stuff across the country. When Eddie Cantor gave them a party to make the official engagement announcement, every wire service and photo agency was on hand to cover the event. If they had gotten married right away, it would have gone

ception, Hollywood's Ambassador Hotel. Then they were to take a three-month honeymoon tour of Europe. "I've always dreamed of going to Paris and Italy," Debbie had told a friend. "And now to be able to go with Eddie, as a bride!" She went to the bosses at MGM, arranged her shooting schedule to give her the time off. She went to Helen Rose, the studio's top designer, and asked her if she would design her wedding dress and trousseau. Helen said she'd be only too happy to. Debbie's mom said she would personally make the trousseau. But in March the golden clouds began to fade. Eddie's people told him he would have to do some pre-recording work through the end of June. This cancelled out the 17th as the wedding day, but Debbie gladly postponed it to June 30. "She was going to be married in June if it killed her," a good friend has said. "This was her wish, her fondest wish." Then they left for London—Eddie's Palladium date—accompanied by Mrs. Reynolds. When they got back to New York in late April, things blew sky-high. Eddie's people told him that he'd have to forget about broadcasting his future TV shows from New York or *Hollywood. Eddie's new schedule called for traveling around from city to city playing a TV version of one-night stands. Debbie thought of the dream house in Hollywood she and Eddie had spent all those hours planning. No, she said, she didn't like the idea at all. Eddie didn't like it, either—but Eddie said nothing. Then they told him he might have to postpone his wedding to July or even later. Eddie gulped—but still he said nothing. Debbie left New York for Hollywood, while the gossip lines buzzed at maximum voltage. "What's happened to the wedding," everybody asked. Debbie answered simply. As far as she was concerned, she said, the wedding was still on. There were no changes in her plans, she said. The words all sounded all right but the usually-bubbly Debbie looked near tears when she said them—and the way it looked to all the insiders was that Eddie had walked out.*

down in the books as one of history's brightest love affairs. But they didn't get married right away. Eddie sent wonderful gifts—a little poodle, a fiery red convertible. And the publicity mills kept right on churning out the hearts and flowers. Is it any wonder that Eddie's people began to consider the effect all this was having on his career? Eddie's record of "I'm Always Hearing Wedding Bells" and "A Boy Chases A Girl" was the first Fisher disc to miss being a top seller. They blamed it on bad timing—it was released within two weeks of Eddie's "Near To You." But the doubts were still there. How were his fans taking the prospect of Eddie the husband, settled down to married life in Beverly Hills? They decided Eddie should get around the country more, meet the people. There would be plenty of time later on for settling down. The wedding? It had waited this long—it could wait a little longer. But the orders to move Eddie's business headquarters to Los Angeles were permanently cancelled. The July and August vacation he had scheduled was cancelled. Eddie was absolutely bewildered by the sudden turn of events. When a radio interviewer asked him what the plans were, Eddie paused to search for words—paused so long that the interviewer finally said "take your time—we're on the air for an hour and a half more." Finally Eddie said "I want to keep my private life to myself." His manager, Milton Blackstone, answered similar questions with "I don't discuss Fisher's personal life." The most publicized romance since the Duke and Duchess of Windsor had suddenly become a private affair. It was reported that Eddie was upset because Debbie had accepted a club date in Las Vegas only weeks before the June wedding date. But Eddie refused to comment on his own inability to get to Hollywood for the wedding day. "We still love each other," he told friends, "but I don't think this is the time to get married." He glanced at his manager before continuing. "I don't know when—I just don't know when."

HOW TO KEEP GLAMOR ALIVE

Mitzi Gaynor's miracle diet required self-control—and the assistance of Jack Bean, now her husband, who stuck to it with her.



Terry Moore keeps down to 100 pounds by living at a furious pace, dieting briefly every six months under doctor's care.

→ Four times a mother, **Jeanne Crain** keeps her figure without fuss, diets when necessary as sensibly as she lives. Exercise is a big help, too; she gets it at a gym.



NINE OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN TELL JUST HOW THEY GOT—AND STAY—THAT WAY. BY SALLY SIMMS

■ There is only one thing a movie actress guards more jealously than her reputation. That's her figure.

In Hollywood, as in any community, losing one's reputation can be ruinous. But losing one's figure is professional suicide. The movies have been harshly criticized from time to time, for putting too much emphasis on beautiful bodies. The cult of slimness has been attacked as the first step toward tuberculosis. But the American public likes slender stars. Even the beauteous Gina Lollobrigida and exquisite Jean Simmons found that they had to trim off weight to please audiences on this side of the Atlantic.

American men are particularly vocal about the shape and size of the women they admire. They say Venus de Milo is too plump. They like streamlined fashions, lissome girls and sylph-like screen beauties. In the final count it's for some man that every woman takes the trouble to be extra beautiful.

Doctors agree that it's far healthier to be thin than to be fat. Being overweight is a strain on the heart and lungs and hard on the blood pressure. A heavy person ages faster. Psychologically, obesity is a handicap. And danger of illness from inadequate food can (*Continued on page 51*)



Debra Paget measures her figure by the fit of her clothes; when they stretch, she shrinks. She does it the lazy way, via professional massage and steam baths, as well as by regular swims, bike-riding.

more pictures on next page

HOW TO KEEP GLAMOR ALIVE

FOR EVERY FIGURE THERE'S A DIFFERENT SECRET OF SUCCESS. ONE



New star **Anita Ekberg** insists on hiking, even in Hollywood where there's no place to walk. She doesn't do anything special for her figure except to feed it with Swedish food, treat it to a lot of outdoor activity, including swimming.



Esther Williams attributes her excellent figure as much to Ben as athletics. Falling for Ben made her lose her appetite entirely; marriage to him keeps her slim in hope of compliments.



Elaine Stewart relies on dancing. She frankly doesn't like sports, considers herself more the indoor type. Dancing she loves. "It makes you graceful, but not muscular—and it's fun."

be avoided by taking supplementary vitamins and minerals under a doctor's care.

Hollywood stars know all this, so they watch their figures with the same interest that they eye their bank balances. The gain of two or three pounds is a matter of vital concern because a star looks about ten pounds heavier on the screen than she does in person. Even girls with the most perfect measurements give some thought to keeping their curves in balance.

Some of the best kept figures in Hollywood are pictured on these pages. Each has her own tricks for keeping thin. Many of these beauty secrets are being revealed for the first time to MODERN SCREEN readers.

According to Esther Williams the simplest way to get thin and stay thin is to fall in love and have it requited. Esther says that she always had a swimmer's figure of no hips and long legs but she also had an athlete's appetite. She loves to eat Mexican food, cream cheese and caviar, sirloin tidbits in a rich sauce and such gourmet snacks. To counterbalance her regular lunches and dinners she practically had to swim all day. That is, until she met Ben. A certain evening (*Continued on page 64*)

Anne Francis is just plain lucky. She doesn't like what isn't good for her—desserts, for example—and she's mad for milk. Besides, she's led an active life since the age of three.



Liz Taylor had weight trouble once—but never again. Though she loves lazy living, she works so hard when making films that she "hasn't time to be fat," doesn't need to diet.



Miss Saint regrets...

BUT SHE'S NOT LEAVING HOME AND HUSBAND FOR HOLLYWOOD. SO SORRY.

Friend to Mr.

Brando and wife to Mr. Hayden, Eva Marie is the one actress on record who has no use for fame!

BY JAY ROLLA

■ On the non-historic occasion when Marlon Brando was introduced to Eva Marie Saint for the first time, he very rapidly made up his mind what he thought of her. "Prudish," he said, "and stuck-up." Eva Marie didn't know this at the time, but if she had, it would hardly have disturbed her. Marlon had made quite a strong first impression, too. According to Eva Marie, putting delicately what was then the general conclusion, Mr. Brando was "kind of a slob."

The meeting took place at the Actors Studio, where both were studying under the direction of Elia Kazan. Saint and sinner attended numerous classes together, but all they had in common was acting and their admiration for Kazan.

Some time later, they had *On The Waterfront* in common, too. Having become co-workers, they gradually also became friends. They lunched together, chatted idly, discussed their roles thoroughly. Before the picture was concluded, Eva had reversed her opinion. Marlon, she said, was "a sensitive human being as well as a great actor." Brando's opinion of his co-star had altered just as much. They even compared notes on their first impressions of each other, and laughed at them.

But despite the amount of time they spent together, despite their immensely tender, immensely realistic love scenes, despite their obvious enjoyment of each other's company, no one printed, hinted or even thought of a romance between the two.

The reason for this amazing reticence was not the reformation of Mr. Brando, who, by behaving more conservatively these days, has lost none of his appeal for women. The reason was not even Eva Marie's innocent, girlish aura. It was simply that no one, not even a gossip columnist, could conceive of Eva's ever looking at Another Man. She has one of her own; his name is Jeffrey Hayden; he is six feet tall, dark and handsome; he is a television director; and he is probably the best-loved husband ever to belong to an actress.

It might be said, however, that Jeffrey's gain is Hollywood's loss.

Eva Marie Saint is a fine actress and a beautiful young woman. She has an Academy Award for her first effort in moving pictures, and a slew of invitations from various studios to come out and try for another. But Mrs. Hayden politely declines. She isn't leaving home—not for no one nor nothing. (*Continued on page 89*)



1.



2.



3.



4.

1. Three days before her baby was born, Eva went to Academy Awards dinner with Jeffrey.

2. Like Red Buttons and Maureen Stapleton, Eva Marie is well known for television work.

3. Eva and Jeff, like many theatre people, have a small apartment in Greenwich Village.

4. Sad dog pasted on door by Jeffrey means that he didn't like Eva's show that day.



SURE, I'M SENSITIVE . . .

WHY FRANKIE CAN'T STOP SLUGGING



I DON'T LIKE BEING KIDDED AND I'LL STICK UP FOR MY FRIENDS ALL THE WAY!

When you're born

an underdog and fight

your way to the top

you can't relax and

forget the past, you never

believe you're safe.

by LANCE ELLIOT

■ The kid was skin and bones. He was lying half on the sidewalk and half in the gutter. Blood trickled from one nostril and a corner of his small, thin mouth. One eye was beginning to puff.

That's how the three big kids had left him after they beat him up.

But the kid with the blood on his face just lay there breathing hard; afraid to move because he was hurting. His bony chest rose and fell. Inside his head a ten-year-old brain was trying to figure it out.

Minutes ago there had only been thoughts of candy, running, jumping, dogs, God and watching out for automobiles. No one had warned him to watch out for big kids.

Now there was nothing but the thoughts of pain streaking through his body. Not at all like the little hurts when his mother kissed his finger. But awful, frightening, new hurts in his mouth, his eye and his nose.

And between the hurts he was trying to remember what had happened.

The three big kids had been his friends until they learned his name was Francis. For some reason he couldn't understand, that made them laugh at him. And they called him, "Francy, Nancy, silken pantsy!" and said he was a sissy.

Again for some reason he couldn't understand, he ground his teeth and struck the nearest big kid with his fists.

The next thing he knew he was being punched and pummeled, frightened and hurt by the crack of six fists hitting his head and body. After they had beaten him they had run off and left him half in the gutter.

All this, the kid thought, as he looked at the blood on the back of his hand, because his name was Francis. Francis Albert Sinatra.

It has been a long time, twenty-seven years, since the kid from Hoboken, New Jersey, suffered that spontaneous slugging at the hands of a trio of small-fry muscle men.

But Francis Albert Sinatra has not forgotten. He never will. And he'll still hand out a faceful of knuckles to any man foolish enough to risk the "Francy, Nancy" business.

Yet Sinatra has said that he doesn't want to hit anybody. "I learned one very important lesson from those Hoboken hassles when I was a kid. If you take a poke at somebody—somebody will slug back."

A boyhood chum of Sinatra, however, claims that Frank will always be quick to settle things, "if you'll step outside."

"One thing you never did with Francis Albert unless you knew him well, and that was kid him. Boy, was he sensitive! I can remember when he was about sixteen or seventeen.

"He wasn't tall, but he didn't look short, either. There was a kind of slightness about him.

"He had high, pointed cheekbones, like an Indian. And he was tough. Not wise-guy tough, but that surprising kind of steel-wire toughness some men have.

"But the incongruous thing about him was his eyes. Big, wide, long-lashed and cool blue. They trapped you. The girls loved him.

"His father taught him how to box pretty well. Frank never picked a fight and he didn't carry a chip on his shoulder, but—well, let me put it this way—it was awful easy to start a battle with him. He was a born battler.

"He was most sensitive about being small and skinny. He wanted to be a big, tall man awful bad.

"But I remember once somebody needled him about his singing. He was always singing. Anyhow, somebody said he sang like a girl. Then whop! Frank and the guy are clouting each other around a fire hydrant.

"When I read that Frank has conked somebody, it's no news to me."

These and other stories told about Sinatra, by his friends and enemies, make one point on the singer-actor very clear.

He has (*Continued on page 71*)

HE WAS THE WAR'S BIGGEST HERO—BUT THE ARMY'S LITTLEST G.I. WHAT DID HE DO? MOSTLY, HE LAUGHED.

Memoirs of a SMALL TEXAN

BY JANE WILKIE

■ Audie Murphy is a very funny young fellow. People don't ordinarily think of him as amusing, probably because his incredible bravery during the second World War stands uppermost in their minds and they regard him with a kind of grim awe. Growing to know him, however, is a delightful experience, for Audie's humor is quiet and gentle and particularly tickling because it is so unexpected.

To anyone who has read his book, *To Hell And Back,* the fact should come as no surprise, for all through the story the tautness of battle in the front lines is relieved by the singular humor of the American G.I. The banter of Audie's buddies is unique in that it is not, like that in most war books, obscene. His outfit was no different from any other, but Audie chose to record only the conversation that struck him funny. The humor in the book is Audie's own humor, and it is therefore typical that the reader, drawn with the story into fierce and bloody battle, should suddenly surprise himself by laughing out loud at a chance remark of one of the soldiers.

It is the same way when you talk with Audie himself. He can be telling you of a collision he had with a truck the other day and you find yourself most concerned with the state of the fenders involved, and then Audie suddenly launches a sneak attack on your funnybone by drawling, "There we were, the (*Continued on page 85*)

To older son Terry, Audie is a strict father, but fun—always making with the jokes.





Slip into one of these sleek and trim sun-sets for relaxation or relief from summer's heat! Barbara Rush, soon to be seen in U.-I.'s *Captain Lightfoot,* selects two Lovable sun-sets, wears them with jewelry for leisurely but glamorous home wear. *Left,* a cotton twill sun-set—the halter with contrasting piping and new wide-apart straps (cushioned undercup wiring for strapless wear). Matching cuffed little-boy shorts with zippered back, two deep pockets. White with red or navy trim; red or navy with white trim. About $3. *Right,* a poplin sun-set—the top with gay contrasting cuff that can be lifted or lowered (padded undercups, cushioned undercup wiring). Matching little-boy shorts with zippered back, side pockets. Tangerine with tangerine plaid, turquoise with turquoise plaid; pink or white with pink check, black with black check. About $4. Halters, A and B cups only. Shorts, 10 to 16. Both sun-sets by Lovable.

MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE

LOVABLE SUN-SETS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES.



MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE

■ Be in style and in form all summer long with the new Playtex *High Style* Bra and the new Playtex *High Style* Panty-Brief Girdle. Wear these Paris-inspired designs under all your summer finery and under all your play fashions. Wear the girdle under your swimsuits while splashing through the waves, too! The bra is made of the finest embroidered combed cotton, sheerest nylon mesh and batiste elastic. It combines the Paris uplift, which gently molds and lifts the bosom as nature intended with an upstretch elastic diaphragm band and elastic back for freedom of movement. Nylon mesh separates the cups sharply and controls invisibly under deep necklines. Adjustable straps. White only. A, B and C cups. About $3. The panty-brief girdle with Paris lines is made of baby-smooth, slimming latex with soft fabric lining that fits like a second skin. It features a low-cut back and perforations to let you breathe in ease. No stays, bones or seams. Dries in seconds. White only. Sold according to measurements. About $5.

PLAYTEX BRAS AND GIRDLES ARE AVAILABLE AT MACY'S, NEW YORK AND ALL OTHER LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES.

eddie's mom

(*Continued from page 44*) few weeks?"

Sonny said it was. Then he said: "I love her, Mama. I plan to marry her."

At that point my heart, like they say, jumped with joy—all over the living room and into the foyer and up and down the stairs and out of every window in the house. *My Sonny Boy—getting married—All my wishes, all the blessings, come true.* But I tried to keep my voice calm. Somehow I managed. "Well, Sonny," I said, very serious. "If you think this is the right girl for you, then I *know* she is." Then the calmness started to give way a little, and I said: "I wish I could meet her, Sonny."

"You will, Mama," he said. "Just as soon as possible, you will."

After we hung up, I went into the kitchen. My fifteen-year-old daughter, Eileen, was sitting having lunch. I told her what Sonny had said. I was a little sorry I'd told her the news while she was eating, she got so excited. When I saw that it was no use trying to get her back to her lunch, that she and her sandwich had terminated being friends, I said to her, "Eileen, do you know what she looks like, this Debbie Reynolds?"

Eileen, of course, couldn't realize how her mother could be so ignorant of such matters. "Mama," she asked me, "don't you ever look through any of the magazines I bring home?"

I informed her no.

"Honest to pickles," Eileen said, shocked. She rushed out of the room and came back carrying about ten magazines. She went through one of them, frantic. Then she stopped on a page and pointed. "This, Mama," she said, "is Debbie Reynolds!"

That was the first time I ever really saw Debbie—that pretty, smiling face of hers. I liked it very much. I thought of some excuse to send Eileen out. Then I picked up the magazine and I said, "Hello."

WITH SONNY'S schedule so busy and with me having a big house to run and other children to take care of and everything, it was a few months before I finally got to meet the next Mrs. Fisher.

Once, around Thanksgiving time, there was a phone call from Sonny and he put Debbie on to talk to me. I think she was as nervous about it as I was. "Hi," I heard this soft little voice say. "This is Debbie, Mom . . . I've heard so much about you . . . Eddie has such a lovely place out here in California. . . . He's so anxious for you to come and see it."

I forget exactly what *I* said that afternoon. But I remember thinking to myself, "The voice I like. Now I want to get to know the girl behind the voice!"

The getting-to-know came a few weeks later in New York City. Sonny was up there making records and doing his television show. He phoned me one night and said Debbie was flying in from Hollywood with her mother. He told me I was to be sure to be at Idlewild Airport out in Long Island, New York, early the next morning to meet them.

I and my daughter, Janet (Janet is married and her full name is Mrs. Janet Wernovski) were at the airport about fifteen minutes early. Sonny was already there. We're usually a pretty gabby group when we get together. But that morning everybody was so quiet, a person would have thought we were on our way to one of those yogi conventions or something.

Finally, the plane was announced. Sonny let out with a very nice, not-too-loud "Yippee!" and I knew that at least one of us had our voice back and would be able to do the honors.

As soon as we got to the plane and



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through all the photographers and reporters, as soon as the door of the plane opened, a very little young lady with the face and the eyes and the smile of a happy angel stepped out and took one look at Sonny and came rushing down the steps into his arms and then turned to me and hugged me and said, "Hi, Mom!" Then, all of a sudden, what nervousness I'd had was gone and I knew that this Debbie was really a treasure, someone who appealed to me and appealed to the part of the heart a mother keeps reserved for the girl her son has chosen as his wife.

I knew it even more later that morning when Sonny, Janet, Debbie and Debbie's lovely mother and I were sitting in the living room of Debbie's hotel suite. The shouting from the airport and the hotel lobby was all over by this time and the five of us sat around now, enjoying a cup of tea and some fruit and cookies the management had sent up to the suite.

Sonny and Debbie took turns doing most of the talking at first.

Then, while Sonny was in the middle of telling some funny story, Debbie winked at me, tiptoed to a corner of the room and whispered for me to come on over.

IT WAS OUR FIRST personal talk together. It began with Debbie telling me how much she loved Sonny. And there were two things she told me about her love that I'll never forget.

One was when she said, "You know, Mom. It's strange in a way, me and Eddie getting married. Because a year ago if anyone had told me I was going to marry an entertainer, a fellow in the same business I'm in, I'd have told him he was crazy. You see, Mom, the only people I really knew before Eddie were kids I'd gone to high school with. These were the people I liked best, the people I felt the most comfortable and relaxed with. And then—then I met your Eddie, Mom, and something inside of me said 'love'—for the first time in my life—and things began to change."

The other thing Debbie said to me was: "I'm in love with Eddie for a lot of different reasons, Mom. But one of the reasons I love him most is— Well, let me put it this way. My family are plain, honest, *little* people—and I'm one of them. And your Eddie hasn't forgotten that he was one of the little people once, too, Mom. He hasn't forgotten."

I couldn't help kissing Debbie when she said this. And after I kissed her—after we were officially mother and daughter-in-law-to-be—Debbie led me over to a sofa, put her hands on mine and asked me to tell her some things about Sonny that she might have to know as his wife—"the kind of little things about him that only you could know," she said to me.

"Well," I said, thinking back. "Well, first of all," I said, "I knew that Sonny has one very strong habit. He likes to sleep late on Sunday mornings. And then, after he wakes up, he likes to sit in bed sipping a glass of pineapple juice and reading the papers. Sometimes this sipping and reading lasts so long, it's almost Monday morning before he finally gets out of bed," I told Debbie, remembering lots of Sunday mornings lots and lots of years ago.

Then I told about Sonny and the Jewish songs he likes to sit back and sing sometimes. "You're not a Jewish girl, Debbie," I said, "and you probably never heard these songs. But they're very beautiful, and every once in a while Sonny's liable to break out into singing them, just like that. I, personally, I love when he does this because it always seems that he's paying a tribute to my mother." I told Debbie how I'd had seven children in all, how Sonny was the fourth to come along, how by the time he was born, my hands were so busy with the others that my mother would come to the house practically every day and say, "Kate, I'm going to help you out by taking one of the children home with me for the day," how then she would rush right over to where Sonny Boy, her favorite, was playing, pick him up and take him with her. "I remember that night," I told Debbie. "Sonny was about three years old then. My mother brought him back home that night and we put him to bed and then my mother took hold of my arm and said, all excited: 'Kate, this afternoon I had him on my lap for a nap. I started to sing the *Auf Dem Pripichek* to him. I thought the little rascal was falling asleep while I was singing. His eyes were closed and his little forehead was all wrinkled up. And then, when I finished singing, all of a sudden, he opened those eyes of his and looked up at me and he began to sing back to me. The whole song he sang back to me! And Kate, such a voice on the boy. Like a little cantor he sang—only better!"

Debbie laughed when I told her this. Then she said: "Now, Mom. Now something very important. Eddie is always talking about a favorite dish of his you make for him when he comes home to visit you."

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"The lima beans?" I said surprised.

"The lima beans," Debbie said.

The recipe, like I explained to Debbie, is very simple.

While she was writing it down, she told me that she had asked Sonny once why I called him that—Sonny—and not Eddie. "He told me that was a story *you'd* have to tell me, Mom," Debbie said.

"Well, Debbie," I told her, "it all happened a little while after he was born. And what a birth that was! I'd gotten to the hospital at about midnight and it just so happened that there had been eleven other babies born in the hospital that day—and all of them had been girls. Well, Dr. Maser, very tired after a hard day, came up to me and said, 'I understand that you and your husband would like a boy this time around.' I said that was right. 'Well,' Dr. Maser said, 'I tell you what I'm going to do, Mrs. Fisher. If you have this baby of yours before eight o'clock this morning, and I can get home and have some breakfast, then I'll guarantee you a boy!' And so, at a quarter to eight in the morning, sure enough, I had the baby—a boy. Dr. Maser came in to tell me the news, then went home for his breakfast. And then the nurse came in with my son. She put him in my arms and while I was looking at him for that first time, the nurse looked down at him, too, and she began to sing. The song was 'Sonny Boy,' which was very popular at the time. She sang it so beautifully, she made me cry. And after she left with my baby, I found myself singing it—'Sonny Boy, Sonny Boy'—over and over again. And ever since then, Debbie, that's what I've called your Eddie. It doesn't seem as if I'm talking about him if I call him anything else."

When I'd finished telling the story, Debbie put her hands over mine and she said: "Mom, 'Sonny Boy' has suddenly become my favorite song, the most beautiful song ever written."

I think there were a couple of tears in her eyes when she said it.

THAT AFTERNOON, the five of us—Sonny, Debbie, Janet, Mrs. Reynolds and I—went out to lunch together at one of those delicious New York restaurants. And then began three of the most wonderful days I've ever spent.

I spent a lot of the time together with Mrs. Reynolds, sightseeing around New York, shopping for little things in the Fifth Avenue stores, having nice quiet lunches and cups of tea, and talking, always talking, about our two children and how happy we were for them.

We got to be good friends, Mrs. Reynolds and I. I liked her from the beginning. And I liked her especially when at one point she said to me, "Our two children, Kate. I don't care what they do after they're married, or how they do it. All I care about is that they're both as happy as they deserve to be."

I liked Mrs. Reynolds, too, when she said to me that one of the things she liked most about my Sonny was that he was so honest, so straightforward. I couldn't help telling her how right she was, how the finest thing about Sonny is that he *is* straight—that he doesn't like to tell a lie and doesn't like it when anybody tries to lie to him.

"He was the same at home when he was a little boy," I told her. "I remember how he would tell the truth about anything he'd done wrong, no matter how severe the punishment I gave him might be. And when there was punishment, did Sonny ever cry? Well, maybe once in a while he let out a tear or two.

"But, really," I told Mrs. Reynolds, thinking back, "the only time in my life I think I ever saw Sonny cry was nine years ago, when he was seventeen. It was after he'd opened at the Copacabana here in New York and played there a few weeks, after he'd decided to get an apartment and wait for the offers to start pouring in. Well, no offers ever came. And with no offers, there was no money. And after I don't know how many months of spending all day going from producer's office to producer's office and living off nothing but crackers and milk and a pastrami sandwich, when he was lucky, Sonny came back to Philadelphia.

"I'll never forget. It was about ten o'clock that morning when he came in. I remember, because I'd just begun my dusting. He walked in and said, 'Hello, Mama,' and I turned around, so surprised that he was home.

"Of course, I knew something was wrong, but I didn't say anything about it. All I said, instead, was: 'You must be hungry, Sonny Boy. You're getting so skinny-looking. You want something to eat?'

"Sonny shook his head and walked over to the couch. And as soon as he got on the couch, he buried his head in one of the pillows and he began to cry. So hard he cried that morning that I thought my heart was going to break. I walked over to where he was sitting. This time, I *did* ask him what was wrong.

"'I'm all through as a singer, Mama,' he said. 'I've tried. I've tried so hard. But nothing's happening and I have the feeling that I'm through—all washed up.'

"I let him cry a little more. Then I turned his head towards me and I said: 'Sonny, you remember when you were a little boy? How once you said to me: *Mama, when I get big I want to be a singer. And if I can't be a singer, then I might as well become a street cleaner?*

"'Well, Sonny,' I said to him now, 'what are you planning on doing after you finish crying? Going down to the Board of Sanitation to apply for a job?'

"Sonny couldn't help laughing a little bit when I said this. He took hold of my hand and I knew that I'd won the first round. But now, I knew even more, I had to win the whole fight.

"So I said to him something that had been in the back of my mind for a long time, something I was pretty sure he'd forgotten. I said: 'Sonny, you remember when you were at the Copacabana? How there was a man there, an agent, who said he liked you and who told you to call him any time you needed a job?'

"Sonny nodded. He tried to think of the name. For a few minutes, he tried to think. And then he remembered it. 'Milton Blackstone,' he said. He began to get all excited. 'That's right, Mama. Milton Blackstone. He's the one who said he liked me. He's the one who—'

"I tugged Sonny's arm. 'Hey,' I said to him, happy. 'Before you go through the roof, why don't you get up and phone this Mr. Blackstone and tell him you'd like a job?'

"The rest, like they say, is history. Sonny jumped up from the couch, went to the phone, called Mr. Blackstone—who, by the way, is Sonny's agent now, and who'll be best man at the wedding—and got an appointment to go up to Grossinger's, the big resort in the Catskills, for a tryout. Sonny got the job after only one song. And then, one night a few weeks later, Eddie Cantor was up there, heard Sonny sing, signed him up for a tour he was making and then, then everything started to work out all right."

The day after I had this talk with Mrs. Reynolds, the wonderful trip to New York ended and Debbie and her mother flew back to California and Janet and I came back to Philadelphia—and to my baby daughter, Eileen, of course, who had to hear all about every detail of the visit a couple of thousand times.

It was the same thing all over again a few weeks later, after I flew back from Hollywood and the engagement party Eddie Cantor and his Ida had given for Sonny Boy and Debbie—telling Eileen about the beautiful ring Debbie had got, about all the movie and television stars who were there at the party, about how Debbie had rushed up to me the minute she saw me and told me that she'd tried my recipe and how surprised Sonny had been and how much he'd enjoyed it and how they now referred to the dish as *Lima Beans à la Sonny Boy.*

"And," I told Eileen—saving this bit of news for the end, "and Debbie asked me to ask you if you'd like to be a bridesmaid at the wedding next June."

Eileen was so flustered, she couldn't talk. I took advantage of this rare occasion by adding: "Debbie told me she'd like to have you very much, that one of the big designers at her studio was going to design all the gowns, that if your answer was yes you should go phone right away and let her know."

Finally, Eileen was able to talk and move again. And as she rushed to the telephone she shouted, "Oh, Mama. Debbie's so terrific. So *terrific!*"

Well, "terrific" is a youngster's word I don't use very often. But I could certainly agree with my Eileen there.

Debbie *is* terrific—and I'd like her to know that I'm glad she is the girl my son has chosen for his wife, that deep from my heart comes a wish that she and my Sonny Boy may be blessed forever and ever. **END**

A-TISKET, A-TASKET



At the London première of The Robe *I was in the foyer of the cinema, looking for my ticket. Not having found it in my pocket, I began to look around on the crowded floor. While doing so I bumped into a tall gentleman who was also looking around on the floor.*

"I can't find my ticket," I said to him as he stooped down.

"Nor can I," he answered laughingly. Someone called out, "I have them, Vic," and as the man stood up I saw that he was Victor Mature.

As Victor Mature left the foyer, I found my ticket. I waved it at him when he turned and looked across at me and he gave me a great big smile before he went inside.

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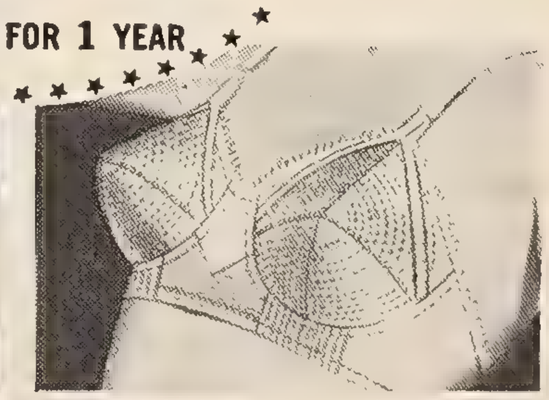
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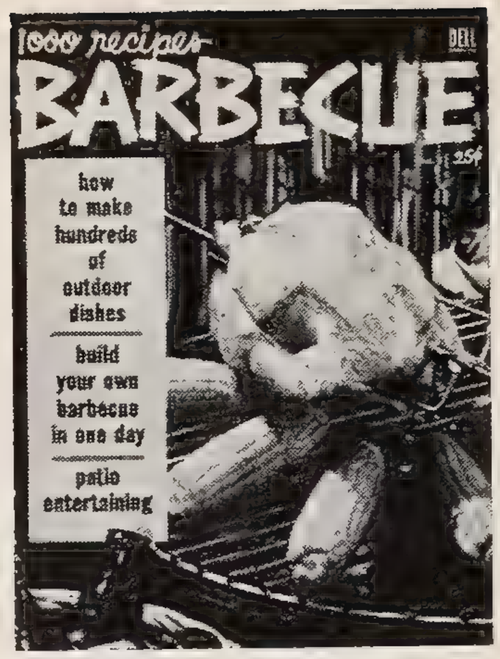
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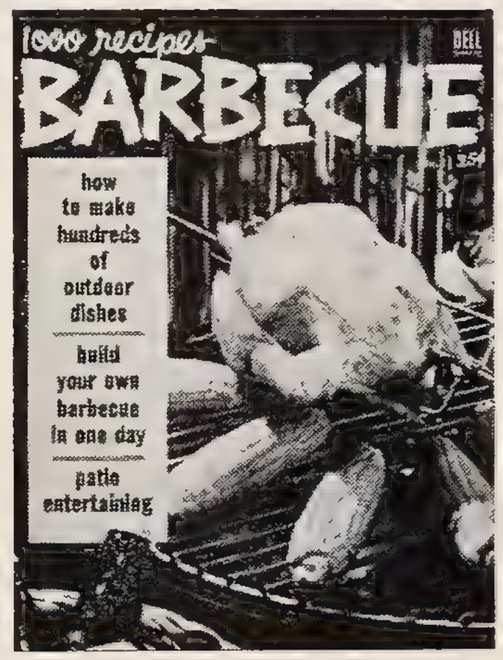


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marlon is willing

(*Continued from page 40*) enough to put up with his unconventional behavior. But he has seen little of Movita for a long time now.

IF MARLON is to be taken at his word, the only girl who counts is Josanne, the petite, dark-haired, fiery French-Corsican he met two Februaries ago in New York.

Perhaps Marlon's frequent dating these last few months (when he was in Hollywood and Josanne was in New York) may have been a prospective bridegroom's last fling. So putting that aside, what sort of husband will Marlon Brando make?

According to many marriage counselors, most actors make extremely poor husbands. They are vain, self-centered and egocentric. The record bears this out. Most of Hollywood's established leading men have been divorced at least once.

Will Marlon Brando be an exception?

Will he be kind, considerate, tractable, responsible and understanding?

Will he make a good father?

Will he permit Josie to have the acting career she reportedly wants so much?

If you ask Marlon any of these questions, he will flip his lid. He will accuse you of being "gaggingly distasteful," and he will walk away. "My private life is a very personal thing," he has always maintained, "and I have no tolerance of people who attempt to pry into it."

Many of his friends and colleagues, however, think they know the answers to these questions. In private they are saying that the chances for a successful Brando-Bergener marriage are very slim.

One actress who has played opposite Brando on the stage in New York said, "Marlon is too eccentric, too unsettled, too restless to make a good husband. Life with him will be exciting, but Josanne will have to live it on his terms. He has known freedom so long—unbridled, unconventional freedom—that no woman is going to train him. And it will be especially difficult for a young French girl who has been in this country only a few years."

An actor buddy of Marlon's feels much the same way. "Marlon," he points out, "is not what I'd call ideal husband material. Josanne is going to have her hands full, because Marlon is so attractive to women. If Josanne is at all human she's going to get jealous. The girl who marries an actor needs a sense of humor, a will of iron and the patience of a saint. I don't know whether or not Josanne has those qualities."

But a well-known motion-picture director who admires Brando's talent says, "Marlon is blessed with tremendous power of concentration. If he wants the marriage to succeed, it will. He is unusually intelligent, sensitive and adaptable. What is even more important, he has changed. He's not a kid any more, satisfying every whim he has. He's a man of accomplishment who recognizes his responsibility to society."

THAT MARLON BRANDO has changed radically in the last two years even he will admit.

"Sure," he says, "my behavior has been adolescent in the past. But I've never been a wrong guy. I went around in T-shirts and blue jeans, and because of that some of the writers labeled me a slob. But I've grown up. Things are different.

"I've rented a house. I own a tuxedo. I wear gabardine suits. I live like a normal human being. I'm doing my best to live down that slob tag.

"I've reversed my views on a lot of subjects. I used to feel that Hollywood producers weren't being artistic enough, that they were just a bunch of money-grabbing hucksters. Now I realize that they have a financial responsibility, that a picture has to make money."

In line with this, Brando has formed his own film production company, Pennypacker Productions.

"The truth is that up until a while ago I regarded acting not as my career, but as a way of making a living. I really didn't know what I wanted to do. Eventually, a man's got to channel his energy into something, and for me it's acting.

"I want to be a versatile, well-rounded actor. That's why I like the Sky Masterson role in *Guys And Dolls*. Heretofore I've always played heavy, lugubrious roles. This one gives me variety. It's light, and the light side is something I've neglected.

"Up until this picture," Brando continued, "I did most of my singing in bathtubs. I've got a voice that sounds like the mating call of a young yak. I guess it stinks. Maybe by the time the picture is finished it will be better. Part of an actor's trade is to be light and entertaining. Not serious all the time. Maybe an actor is a poet for a moment, then a roustabout. I want to be able to mix it up. I'm tired of 'screamer parts.'"

THIS IS THE Marlon Brando of 1955 talking. He is calm, polite, outgoing. He smiles when he tells you about his singing lessons. His eyes light up when you discuss his father—"my pop"—who still invests the Brando earnings in land and cattle. He's happy as he describes playing the drums with bongo expert Jack Constanza. Apparently, he is at peace with the world.

What a contrast to the sullen, moody, vitriolic Brando of, say, 1953!

Victor Borge, visiting the Country Antiques Show, said, "I like everything Early American but the mornings."

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

Who is responsible for the change, the change that may well make him a far better husband than anyone imagines?

Some say it is Josanne who has quieted him down, who has stilled the inner turmoil. Others attribute it to time and maturity, some to psychiatry. But the truth is that Marlon Brando's reformation, if such it is, should be dated from March 3, 1954, the day his mother passed away.

Those who knew Mrs. Dorothy Brando will tell you, "She was a wonderful woman, a talented amateur actress and a mother who imbued in her three children great self-reliance."

Marlon, or "Bud," as his family calls him, was her only son, and she seemed to recognize very early in his life that he was a spirited and intense child, imaginative and almost too sensitive.

Most of Marlon's youth was lived in Evanston and Libertyville, Illinois. The family occupied a remodeled farmhouse, and in Marlon's words, "I had a happy life as a kid."

The family was fairly well-to-do. Marlon's two sisters, Fran and Jocelyn, indulged him and his mother showed him great love.

He attended the Lincoln grade school in Evanston and spent four years at Libertyville High. "When I came out," Marlon says ironically, "I was still a sophomore." His father then enrolled him in Shattuck Military Academy at Faribault, Minnesota.

He was well-liked and respected by his fellow students. True, he was mischievous and later expelled, but not before the student body had written a letter of protest to the headmaster.

As a boy, Marlon Brando loved nature. He owned guns, for example, but he never could shoot any living creature. Today when he's on location, he will flop on a lawn, pull out a blade of grass, chew on it and just study the sky and landscape.

HE IS COMPLETELY unlike the Stanley Kowalski character most people imagine him to resemble. In the words of one relative, "He has much of his mother's warmth and love and spirit."

In Marlon's Laurel Canyon home a portrait of his mother hangs over the mantel. On the opposite side of the room, in the far corner, there is an easy chair and a hassock, and to the left of these, Marlon's collection of records and a portion of his library.

Sitting in his favorite easy chair, reading or listening to records, Brando will stop from time to time and gaze at the portrait of his mother. This seems to give him a feeling of serenity.

Before she died last March in Pasadena, Mrs. Brando's whole family was at her hospital bedside. To Marlon, who was then fighting with Twentie Century-Fox (he had turned down *The Egyptian* and the studio was suing him) she said, "Bud, I want you to promise me that you'll try and get along with people. You must love people." Marlon nodded.

Two days later, Mrs. Brando died. After the funeral Marlon returned to New York. He asked his agents to sign a peace treaty with Twentieth-Century. One of the terms of the treaty called for him to make *Désirée*.

Brando agreed. He came to Hollywood with Josanne, rented Lucille Ryman's house in Benedict Canyon, and starred in the picture. He hated doing it. Today he refers to it as "a serious retrogression and the most shaming experience of my life." But at the time of actual production, he gave the project his fullest cooperation. He never balked, never complained, never stalled.

As one publicity man recalls, "He behaved as if he were in love with the whole human race. He not only showered every attention on Josanne, who used to come on the set each day, but to Jean Simmons and Merle Oberon he was the most considerate actor I've ever seen. He was always getting them chairs, bringing them coffee. He was everything we've been told he wasn't—a thoughtful, well-bred gentleman."

Despite all the tales of his rough, crude behavior toward women, none of which happens to approximate the truth, the fact is that Marlon has always been solicitous of young women.

Take his relationship with Jessica Tandy who played the role of Blanche Du Bois opposite him in *Streetcar*. Jessica says, "He was kind, exuberant, thoughtful and very helpful. He has a delightful sense of humor which many people misinterpret."

One night, Marlon asked Jessica if he might drive her home after the show. He had just bought a new "jalopy." Jessica said, "I'd be delighted." When Marlon escorted her to the street curb, she discovered that the "jalopy" was a red motorcycle. Fortunately for her, a policeman was standing beside the motorcycle writing out a traffic ticket. Jessica caught a cab home. Marlon no longer owns a motorcycle.

When Brando was making *On The Waterfront* with Eva Marie Saint, he took her out to lunch each day, had conferences with her, saw her as much as possible. Eva is extremely happily married to Jeff Hayden, a young TV director, and the only reason Brando showed her so much attention was that he wanted to understand her personality. If he's going to play a love scene opposite an actress, he finds this sort of relationship necessary and helpful.

Karl Malden, who knows Marlon well, says, "When he gets married, I believe it will be for keeps. I've seen him date a lot of girls, and while many of them haven't had beauty, all of them have had either brains or talent. Marlon is a pretty good judge of character. He usually knows what he's doing."

As a father, Brando should be absolutely marvelous. His way with children is instinctively right. They seem to sense the love he generates for them.

The Maldens, for example, have two girls, Mila, seven, and Karla, two. When Marlon visits them, he plays ghost with Mila by wrapping himself in a white sheet and helping her to scare her parents. Karla, he just takes up in his arms and fondles.

SO CERTAIN conclusions can be reached about Brando, the husband-to-be.

He will be a good provider. His salary for *Guys And Dolls* is $200,000, and the earnings from his previous pictures have been wisely invested. He is only thirty-one years old, and by the time he's forty his Pennypacker Productions should have netted him a million or two. Moreover, he has no extravagant tastes. Josanne will be able to have pretty nearly anything she wants, but she is accustomed to very little by American women's standards.

Marriage certainly will not curb Brando's love of travel. He hates restrictions or compulsions of any sort. He wants very much to go to the Far East. In fact, he wants to cover the entire globe. His intellectual curiosity is boundless. He probably will try his hand at writing.

Because he is older than Josanne, more talented, better known and more experienced he probably will be more than titular head of his household. Strong attempts to domesticate Marlon will end in divorce or separation. Marriage is not going to change his basic character, and basically he is a free soul.

The keeping-up-with-the-Joneses is repulsive to him, and Marlon will have no truck with it. Much of life's trivia leaves him cold. He is not likely to become a member of the Chamber of Commerce.

He will always keep himself in good physical shape, and he and Josanne will undoubtedly commute between New York and Hollywood and have homes in both cities. Once children arrive, however, it is questionable whether Marlon would want them brought up in the heart of Manhattan where he currently keeps an apartment. He and his family may settle down on his midwestern cattle ranch.

In marrying Marlon Brando, Josanne Mariani is facing a great challenge. Whether this girl, at twenty-one, can meet and take it in stride, only time will tell. It has been said that French women have outstanding wifely talents. Josanne will certainly need hers. Marlon is no easy one to handle. Hardly any genius is. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

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9—Beerman, Parry; 12, 13—Gamma; 14-15—Warners, Paramount; 27—Ben Ross; 28, 29—MGM; 30, 31—Beerman, Parry; 32, 33—Paramount, The Harwyn Club, Graphic House, Beerman, Parry; 34, 35—Beerman, Parry; 38, 39—MGM; 40, 41—Graphic House, INP, Beerman, Parry; 42—Beerman, Parry; 46, 47—Kaufmann; 48—Beerman, Parry, Kahn; 49—Topix; 50, 51—Warners, MGM; 52, 53—Columbia, Hoshman, Globe; 54, 55—Beerman, Parry; 56—Beerman, Parry; 72—Beerman, Parry; 82—Globe.

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how to keep glamor alive

(*Continued from page 51*) in 1946 when Ben Gage came into Esther's life the problem of weight departed.

"What writers say about being in love and losing your appetite is true," says Esther. "When I fell head over heels for Ben I lost all interest in food. In fact, I could hardly swallow until after he proposed. The extra padding melted away and I've had no trouble keeping around 125 pounds ever since.

"Nine years later, I do enjoy eating," adds Esther, "but it's so nice to see his look of admiration when I put on a slinky dress that I don't mind keeping trim just to please him. And that goes for those other two boys of mine, who give an appreciative whistle for their mom now and again."

Of course, if you haven't a six-footer with wavy brown hair and the disposition of a St. Bernard in your home, there is always Esther's other figure molder. She swims a mile and a half every day, rain or shine, winter or summer.

DEBRA PAGET's yardstick for her curving figure is clothes. She has one of the largest custom-made wardrobes of all the glamour queens. She spends a small fortune on everything she wears from nightgowns to pedal-pushers. Each sweater, skirt or formal is fitted exactly to her contours. If anything is a fraction of an inch too tight, if a zipper is tough to close, Debra knows she must pare off a pound or two.

She does her reducing the lazy way. She goes to a gym and takes exercises, has massages and steam baths. She even has a steam cabinet at home. Most of the time it is a catch-all for wet bathing suits and her little sister's toys, but whenever Debra is determined to fit into a size eight sheath dress she goes on a slimming rampage. She takes steam baths at home, visits the gym regularly, and swims in her heated pool regardless of how chilly the weather may be. She soon fits the dress to a T.

A LITTLE OVER a year ago Mitzi Gaynor had a frightful time with her weight. It was the sort of thing that happens to a lot of girls. Her appendix was removed and practically overnight she developed a ravenous apptite. She was hungry six times a day and ate twice too many meals. Food combined with the post-operative inactivity filled her out like a boxer out of training.

"I've seen this happen to other people when they undergo a major operation," says Mitizi, the voice of experience. "It happens to girls who go away to school for the first time. It happens to some girls with their first babies.

"The doctor explained it to me this way," says Mitizi. "Your routine slows down and your meals become regular and all of a sudden you're gaining weight like crazy."

Mitzi's weight problem was complicated by the fact that she has dancer's muscles. All of the added avoirdupois turned to hard, knotty muscle tissue—not soft fat. When Mitzi reported back to the studio wardrobe before her next picture (several weeks before the start of every movie, wardrobe stills or shots are taken of the principal stars) she was shocked by the way she looked in front of the camera.

"Yipes!" gasped the irrepressible Mitzi. "I'm actually fat!"

Before the studio bosses had time to yell about her generous curves, Mitzi was off to see her family doctor about a diet. He gave her a complete check-up and then prescribed a low-calorie diet. He gave her a handy printed card showing caloric values. He told her to eat well but to stay within the limits of 1000 calories per day. He explained the importance of eating mineral and vitamin-rich foods and urged her to fill up on bulky foods that are low in calories but filling to the stomach so that she wouldn't feel hungry all the time.

"It wasn't easy," recalls Mitzi wryly. "At the time I called it the Big Starve, although actually I never felt hungry. It's just that the job of losing twenty pounds of firm muscle is no picnic. But I had help."

Mitzi was referring to her fiancé-turned-husband, Jack Bean, who went on the diet with her. They made a game of counting calories. They ate dinner at the same restaurant every night, where their favorite waiter, Peter Chassis, was in on the diet program. He helped to bolster Mitzi's will power whenever it slipped.

According to Mitzi, a strict, prolonged diet takes a lot of determination. Even when you're getting marvelous results it's an awful temptation to stop short of your goal. But once you hit your best weight, it's easy to maintain it by such healthful practices as eating a steamed vegetable dinner one night a week, drinking sugar-free beverages and, in general, keeping active.

For Mitzi Gaynor, activity is now a furious round of dance routines with Donald O'Connor for their Paramount picture, *Anything Goes.*

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, as every movie fan knows, was endowed at birth with beauty, talent, money, loving parents and good fortune. But even a fairy tale beginning can have its drawbacks. For one thing, Liz never learned to work at anything. She didn't have to cultivate her good looks. She acted in pictures because it was fun, not because she wanted a career. And for the first twenty years of her life she never gave her figure a thought. She didn't know the meaning of the word reduce.

Then she had her first baby, Michael Wilding, Jr. After the birth of her son she was on lay-off from MGM for six months. Liz is admittedly lazy. She likes to sleep late, eat a leisurely breakfast and loll around her house. Such a regime would put weight on an angel and it rounded out Elizabeth Taylor.

In the middle of her comfortable, carefree holiday from movie-making Liz was unexpectedly called in by Paramount to replace Vivien Leigh, who'd had a nervous collapse while making *Elephant Walk* in Ceylon. The only prerequisite for Liz to get the part was that she must slim down to Vivien Leigh's size so that she would fit the partly completed wardrobe. This meant a quick dropping of fifteen pounds. Everybody—her agent, the director, her husband—was dubious. But not Liz.

"I'll lose weight as soon as I go back to work," she predicted. "Just you wait and see."

She was right. For Liz Taylor, at least, the best figure restorer is hard work.

"When you have to get up early, eat a quick breakfast and drive to the studio before seven A.M.," explains Liz, "you haven't time to be fat. At the studio it's hurry to make-up, run to wardrobe and onto the sound stage. Lunch is short. Hurry back for the afternoon shooting. At six I rush home to see the children before they're put to bed. In the evening I'm too tired to want much dinner so I eat lightly and fall asleep early. This schedule is repeated each day and the pounds just disappear."

Liz learned her lesson with Mike, Jr., and with this last baby she gained only nine pounds. Right after his birth by Caesarean section she started negotiating for a role in Warner Brothers' *Giant.* Six weeks after the arrival of her baby, she reported to the studio looking like a dream walking. There's no question. Work and babies agree with lovely Liz.

JEANNE CRAIN is another star who hasn't let motherhood change her figure. It's a matter of pride with Jeannie to have a baby and then slip into one of her most form-fitting gowns within a couple of months. This accomplishment, which she has managed four times already, never fails to amaze her husband or arouse the envy of her women friends.

The secret of Jeanne's streamlined form is quiet determination. She never moans or groans over having to watch her weight. She never calls attention to herself by announcing that she ought to lose five pounds, as so many girls talk—but never act. When she wants to reduce a little she silently and systematically eats only high protein meals. If she thinks that she and Paul, her husband, are going to too many parties and eating too much rich food, she simply drops into Terry Hunt's reducing salon and takes massage and exercises to offset the delicious meals.

Jeanne Crain keeps the matter of weight

HERE ARE THE MEASUREMENTS OF THE NINE STARS WHO TELL HOW TO KEEP GLAMOR ALIVE!

ESTHER WILLIAMS

height	5'7"
weight	123
bust	36"
waist	26"
hips	36"

ANNE FRANCIS

height	5'7½"
weight	120
bust	36½"
waist	24½"
hips	36"

DEBRA PAGET

height	5'2"
weight	100
bust	34½"
waist	21"
hips	35"

TERRY MOORE

height	5'2"
weight	100
bust	35½"
waist	23"
hips	36"

MITZI GAYNOR

height	5'6"
weight	115
bust	36"
waist	21½"
hips	36"

ANITA EKBERG

height	5'7"
weight	132
bust	39"
waist	22"
hips	37"

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

height	5'4½"
weight	108
bust	36½"
waist	21"
hips	36"

ELAINE STEWART

height	5'6"
weight	118
bust	35"
waist	24"
hips	35½"

JEANNE CRAIN

height	5'5"
weight	105
bust	36"
waist	23"
hips	35"

You can have measurements like these with the proper care and exercise.

under control by balancing parties with exercises and babies with a sensible diet. Obviously it's a successful plan.

ANNE FRANCIS is one of the lucky ones. She doesn't like fattening foods. Desserts don't appeal to her. Fried foods and rich sauces make her sick and she rarely drinks anything stronger than milk. Her eye-catching figure is simply a result of no temptation.

In addition, Anne has always had the advantage of being a very busy actress. She was three years old when she started modeling in New York. As a mere youngster she had her own TV program. Right down to today when she's making *The Scarlet Coat* at Metro, Anne Francis has been too active to put on even one excess pound or inch.

PAEANS HAVE been printed to Terry Moore's delicate figure—with photographs to illustrate. Nobody but Terry would dare suggest that something could be done to improve it. But Terry is a perfectionist who takes all kinds of lessons to improve her talents as an actress. Normally she keeps at an optimum weight of 100 pounds, not by dieting but by living at her own furious pace. But about every six months Terry decides she'd look better if she lost five or ten pounds. Her mother protests these periodic spells of self-improvement but Mother's words fall on deaf ears.

"I feel better when I'm thin," says Terry, in line with what the medical profession preaches. "And I love it when my clothes feel a little bit loose."

Terry's recommendation for losing those few crucial pounds is to first consult your doctor or school nurse. They will check your heart, lungs and blood to determine your general health and they will tell you how many pounds it's safe for you to lose. After the examination a doctor can usually tell you what caloric count you can safely consume and still shed weight.

Once you get your own calorie budget, you just keep a running total of how much you eat in any given meal and make sure to use up all your necessary calories. Terry wholeheartedly endorses the Metropolitan Life Insurance booklet, *Overweight And Underweight,* as a marvelous guide to losing a small amount sensibly. You can get this pamphlet by writing to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

"Then," adds Terry, "it always helps to have the cooperation of your family because so much of dieting depends on how foods are cooked. For instance, fried or scrambled eggs have twice as many calories as boiled ones. Broiled fish and meats are less fattening than the same food fried. Lemon juice and herb seasoning is less fattening than salt.

"When I go on my semi-annual fast," says Terry with a smile, "the rest of the family diets, too. After a couple of weeks we all feel better for being a few pounds lighter."

ANITA EKBERG, the former Miss Sweden, who is currently working in *Artists And Models* with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, is the cause of the extra dining crowds of studio visitors to this Paramount set. She has a figure that moves even blasé actors and hardened studio crewmen to open admiration.

"There must be something about that cold climate that produces sensational women," commented one cameraman the other day.

"Actually," says Anita in her charming accent, "I don't do anything special to keep my figure. I swim. I cook Swedish foods and I walk."

At home in Sweden, Anita loved to hike

Says the girl without "deodorant doubt"



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in the rain or walk through the woods. She is one of nine children and all her brothers and sisters are tall, Viking types who love the out-of-doors. In Westwood Village where she now lives in a small garden apartment, Anita has difficulty finding good paths for hiking. She walks over the UCLA campus and some of the hilly roads in neighboring Bel Air but there is too much traffic, she complains. For a while she owned a dog so that she would have an excuse for walking, but she gave him away because city living seemed to be too hard on him, too. Now she strikes out alone, much to the surprise of her neighbors (hardly anyone walks in Hollywood) and much to the delight of the men she meets en route.

ELAINE STEWART first came into public prominence when she appeared on a flight of stairs in the MGM picture, *The Bad And The Beautiful.* She has been walking for beauty's sake ever since. She says that the only thing she does to maintain her best measurements is exercise and her only forms of exercise are walking and dancing.

Elaine loves to walk and window-shop at night along Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills. "I walk too easily and so far that I sometimes exhaust my dates," jokes Elaine.

Rather than wear out her escorts, Elaine has taken to dancing lately. "I never was much good at sports in school," she says, "and once I started modeling in New York I didn't have time to take up tennis or golf or any of the other social sports. If you can't play well, games aren't fun or much exercise, so when I hit upon the dance idea I took to it like a colt to pasture.

"Dancing—all kinds of dancing from ballet to ballroom—is wonderful for your body. It makes you graceful but not muscular. It keeps you slimmed down and at the same time you're having so much fun."

And that's Elaine Stewart's tip to those who want to have a good figure. What could be more pleasant?

Whereas each of the beauties has found the system that suits her best, they are all figure-perfect because they work at being beautiful, so can you.

END



A bullet sang through her sleeve

ON THAT DARK DAY at Antietam, when Blue and Gray fought to a bloody standstill, a bullet sang through her sleeve and killed the wounded soldier she was caring for.

And later, at Fredericksburg, where the dying lay frozen to the ground, a shell fragment tore her clothing but could not frighten her from working while the battle still raged on.

It is not surprising that after the war, this slender determined woman founded the American Red Cross almost single-handed. For Clara Barton had become an artist at meeting grim disaster.

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by debbie's mom

(*Continued from page 44*) Palladium engagement, I made a suggestion. "Why don't you get married now? Then you wouldn't need me tagging along as chaperone."

Fran knew I was more than half kidding. I guess Eddie did too, but he played it straight. "What, and spoil that June wedding? Uh-uh. You're hooked!"

It was a pleasant hook and I didn't struggle. Their only real problem was the date. We thought it was all set when something came up in Eddie's contract about doing a certain number of live shows, so it looked as though they couldn't get away when they planned. Both absolutely refused to mix work and honeymoon, both insisted on waiting till they'd be free to take a boat and travel through Europe together. At the same time, they wanted the wedding in June—always provided June would be long enough. At one point I offered Eddie another of my bright ideas. "Why don't you make it a year from June?" And I thought I was about to get pitched into the pool. Because of all the necessary preparations, I must say the uncertainty bothered me a bit. But not those two. Not so you could notice it, anyway. "It'll work out," they kept saying, and of course it did. Faith will move mountains.

WHEN DAUGHTERS MARRY, mothers tend to look back. I'm no exception. I see the toddler, the schoolchild, the tomboy teen-ager. I see a peppy little girl who had moods like the rest of us, and a temper she learned to control. In the early days, you had no trouble telling when Franny was mad, because she'd explode. Nowadays you have no trouble because she goes quiet. Whenever she goes quiet, I know something's wrong, major or minor. As a minor instance, she dislikes anyone's being late. She thinks it's rude. But to make her deep-down angry, just let her feel that either she or someone she likes is being used. Imposition is a form of injustice, and she can't stand it.

Our method of rearing children was never rigid; we sort of made up the rules as we went along. But one thing my husband and I decided from the start. When they asked a question, no matter how young or old they were, they'd get an answer—and an honest one. We believed in preparing them for the world they'd live in. We felt that, with self-reliance, they could manage the rest. As early as possible, we encouraged them to make their own decisions. If they made the wrong one, they suffered. If we suffered too, that was our own headache and we kept it to ourselves. The important thing was, they learned through experience. Not that we shoved them out. Not that we didn't give them advice. But we asked for advice too. We never held with the notion that, because you're a parent, you're suddenly all-wise. On the contrary. As an adult, you're likely to lose sight of your own youth and take a one-sided view. My big interest outside the home lay in scouting—and still does. When you work with a crosscut of temperaments, you soon find that younger people can correct your perspective. When a problem had me buffaloed, I'd consult Franny quicker than anyone else except my husband. She's a smart little gal with a level head on her shoulders, and she's helped me with many a problem.

SHE WAS ALSO the ringtail leader of orneriness. Any prank afoot, I knew where to put the blame for starting it—on Franny and her friends, Jeanette and Diane. I figured this was the natural growing-up process, and so long as nothing happened to hurt anyone, it never bothered me. I remember just one incident involving Franny that I didn't like a little bit. At school the history teacher they loved was dismissed, which got the kids all steamed up. Since they couldn't take any constructive steps, they put their heads together and hatched a little plot—the main point being to vent their wrath on the new teacher and make her life miserable. Ten of my Girl Scouts were in the class, and tensions finally reached such a head that the principal called me in, explained the situation and asked if I could help. That was once when I spoke my mind without let or hindrance and really sobered the youngsters down. Fran went to the teacher of her own accord and apologized. I didn't make a big deal of it then and I don't now. I'm just glad she went.

Both our children loved sports, and that was the beginning and the end of what they agreed on. When Bill played baseball, the coach had a special pass made up for Franny, and not out of favoritism. He simply wanted her there, rooting for the team, because noise they could always use, and my daughter made noise enough.

But she confined her enthusiasm for boys to the athletic field. Bill, who was two years older, thought she was completely

square and she thought he was completely nuts to run around with girls when he could have been improving his game. This divergence made life interesting. Through Bill's marriage, we gained a lovely new daughter and grandchild. As for Franny, there was always a gang around and, without giving it much thought, we hoped in her own good time she'd find someone. Some parents plan on these things. Our attitude was, let nature take its course.

I think her indifference to boys stemmed from dislike of what she called mush-and-slush. As a family, we're close but not the least bit demonstrative. The warmth is there and we know it and we feel no need to make a show of it. We express ourselves more through banter than endearment. My husband, for instance, is a railroad man. There's a word railroad men use among themselves—I don't even know what it means. All I know is, if my husband really likes some man, he'll call him Hoss, and from him it's a term of complete affection. He has other funny little names. He'll look at Franny and say, "You're a big palooka." That's the same as saying "I love you," which he couldn't say. Just as he couldn't tell her that he's proud of her. One day a friend of his let the cat out of the bag that his whole locker is plastered with pictures of her, and I couldn't help teasing him. "How did you find that out?" he growled, looking like a man who has been caught with his hand in the till.

Our boy is the same way. Not long ago, after working like a son-of-a-gun, he passed a very stiff course in electronics. Franny brought him home a watch as a graduation present. For once—I suppose every rule has its exception—she came right out with the way she felt. "Gee, I'm so proud of you, Bill." He went all red and squirmy, muttered something like, "I still don't know what I'm doing," and tried to pretend the whole thing hadn't happened. Brought up in this kind of atmosphere, you can understand why Franny didn't care much about casual hand-holding. In fact, I shouldn't wonder if that's what first drew her to Eddie, who is very shy and reserved. He doesn't gush, either.

ALL THROUGH SCHOOL she had no intention of being anything but a gym teacher. She couldn't think of a more ideal profession than one that combined earning power with sports. Then came the Queen of Burbank contest, with its prize of a six-month contract at Warners. Like lots of the other kids, she entered strictly for the sake of a blouse offered to every comer, win, lose or draw. She had picked up this pantomime stuff on her own. It amused the gang and she thought it might get her by. And here's where Mother stepped in, unaware of consequences. Because when the night came, she didn't want to go. I made her. I figured she'd enjoy the fun and, what you start, it's your job to follow through. Sometimes, when things get real frantic, I wish I'd kept my mouth shut. But those moments pass.

Well, the impossible happened. They picked her winner, and for the first time in her life I beheld my daughter with nothing to say. She was shocked speechless and stayed that way for the rest of the evening. Needless to add, it finally wore off. How did we feel? Tickled, of course, as any parents would be, which didn't prevent us from thinking secretly that the judges had lost their minds. But under all that ran a deep disturbance about the contract. You must remember that to us Hollywood represented an unknown world, strange and rather frightening. My family were Free Methodists. As children we weren't allowed to attend shows and the habit persisted, though we never forbade our own kids to go. Still, that was a little different from bearding the lion in his den, as it were. We were simple folk and all we knew about studios was what we read in the papers, which can sound pretty awful.

On the other hand, we trusted Franny's judgment. The studio offered her opportunities we'd never be able to afford—like singing and dancing lessons. We had no right, just arbitrarily, to put our parental feet down. Instead, we all three talked it over and left it up to her as to whether she'd like to try it or not. Her reaction was highly practical. "What can I lose? It'll be a change from working at the five-and-dime this summer."

I've got to admit that, in spite of our surface calmness, Dad and I still had a few tremors. Without telling Fran, we decided to march ourselves over to Warner Brothers and take a look at these so-called horrible people. They couldn't have been nicer. And right now I'd like to state for the record that in all these years I've yet to meet my first heel. It's true you run across some you admire less than others, but that applies in every walk of life, and in every walk of life it averages out. Completely reassured, we signed what we thought was a six-months contract, which was fine with Franny for the summer. By the time September rolled round, she'd had it. What started as a lark wound up as a nuisance. She wanted to go back to school. That's when I threw in all my ignorance, demanded out and learned the truth about options. They picked hers up and she had no choice but to stick. It made her pretty miserable for a while.

MGM snapped her out of it. Instead of letting her idle, they put her to work and convinced her she might have something to offer in the entertainment field. Their faith sparked her own and she tackled the job with a will. I'm not going to rehash the ins and outs of her career. Suffice it to say, she adjusted to the new life without giving up the old. Hollywood is supposed to change people. It changed Franny's name to Debbie, it changed her line of work, it changed her income bracket. I can't see that it has changed the girl or her values.

TAKE THE SINGLE question of where she lives. I suppose a hundred interviewers popped that question and she never failed to be taken aback by it. At first she was inclined to get mad, until she realized that no offense was intended. Even her dad and I talked to her seriously about renting an apartment—especially after she hit that eighteen-year mark. Our place is small. Any resemblance between it and glamour doesn't exist. Besides, the valley is a long way from MGM. But we never discussed it more than the once, seeing how strongly she felt on the subject. Glamour could go jump in the lake. She'd rather travel twice the distance than live by herself. This was her home and she wasn't about to leave it till she left it to marry. Her decision rather pleased us than otherwise, but if she'd decided differently, nobody's feelings would have been hurt. She coaxed her dad into letting her put in a pool and enlarge her wardrobe space. Apart from that, it's the same house we moved into.

Boys were just a necessary evil until Edwin Jack came along. I think she was a little more taken with R. J. Wagner than any of the rest of them, but that was more like a crush on the high school football captain. So far as really caring about fellows, no. When she had a preem, it was always the same story, with a kind of moan. "I've got to ask a guy; who'm I going to ask?" Once she roped her brother into taking her, but never a second time. Two or three times she asked her dad, who went as a favor to her. Once they double-dated with Lori Nelson and *her* father, which made it a little easier on both men.

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Eddie to Fran. Actually they'd met four years ago for a fast minute or two. She was doing the Capitol Theatre in Washington with Carleton Carpenter and went to the Walter Reed Hospital to entertain the soldiers. Eddie Fisher was there and I shouldn't wonder if he made more of an impression on me than on my daughter—he looked about sixteen, skinny as a reed, and I remember wondering what that little old boy was doing in uniform.

But their real introduction came through Mr. Pasternak on the studio set. Next thing I knew, Eddie was calling from New York, wanting a date with Fran for June 17. He never said a word about its being his opening night at the Cocoanut Grove and she had no idea till she glanced at *Variety* one morning and her eyes popped. "Mom, look!" By now it was dawning on Fran that she'd have to have a new dress and the whole works. Which presented no problem, since I make most of her clothes. I whipped up a red lace outfit for the occasion and off she went.

AFTER THE GROVE engagement, Eddie was through for the season and spent most of his two-months vacation around here. I remember the first party Fran invited him to. It was a big party—some movie people, some not. She never has kept her friends in separate compartments. Her Hollywood pals fit right in with the rest and, all together, they make up what's known as the gang. That night everyone knew everyone else except Edwin Jack. He was sort of the newcomer—which, if he'd been a different kind of fellow, might have led to awkwardness. But the informality seemed to be right down his alley. He simply joined in as one of the bunch; they accepted him without any fuss or to-do, and that was that.

From then on, their dates couldn't have been more average. They'd play records, dance, swim, fix hamburgers, go to parties—whatever the gang was doing. Sitting around, they'd take a notion to see a show. Bill and his wife went along, and I'd baby-sit. Once a crowd of them drove up to Arrowhead for the water-skiing. When they got in that evening, Eddie was all of a glow.

"What are you looking so pleased about?" I asked him.

"I didn't fall down," he grinned.

He's just beginning to discover his athletic skill, and it never ceases to amaze him. As a kid, the only thing he played was sandlot baseball. Now, with all his work and about 40,000 benefits, he still doesn't have time for too much of the fun. Last summer, for instance, was his first try at golf and he's already shooting a good game. Franny says he has natural rhythm and coordination. "He won't give Gene Kelly any competition," she admits, "but with practice he'll make a wonderful dancer."

During those months Eddie seemed to feel at home here. He fell in with our way of living as if he belonged. Once he told me he loved this neighborhood because nobody paid any attention to him. It's the kind of neighborhood you'd find in any small town. We've seen joy and trouble together, we've watched each other's children grow up, we're friends for life. I'll tell you who did get excited and that was the kids, but not for the reasons you'd imagine. You know how kids are about cars nowadays. Well, Eddie would pull up in the Thunderbird yelling, "Who wants a ride?" and they'd all tumble in. That's why he rated with them. Not because he's big on TV or records, not even because of the Thunderbird. But he was like a kid himself, getting a boot out of the thrill he gave them, and the youngsters could feel that.

To my husband, he's been Hoss for a long time. I think it may have started with chess. That's my husband's game, and he'd rather play it than eat. There aren't too many chess fans around, so when one of the neighborhood boys got interested, Dad taught him and they'd go at it almost every night. Sometimes Eddie would watch. "Ever play?" asked Dad.

"I used to—in a vague kind of way."

As a rule, Eddie doesn't care much for games on account of you have to sit in one spot too long, so I was surprised to walk in one evening and find them both bent over the board, Eddie just as absorbed as Dad. They played quite a bit after that. I may say there's nothing vague about my husband's game, yet the time came when Eddie finally beat him, which thrilled Ray pea-green. Later, I accused him of letting Eddie win. He's the quietest spoken of men but that brought out a roar. "Don't you believe it! I wouldn't let anyone beat me playing a chess game, not the President himself. That Hoss won fair and square."

I DON'T KNOW JUST when Franny fell in love and wouldn't say if I did. One thing I don't believe in is prying into the children's business. If they want to tell, they tell. If not, I don't ask. I have secrets and keep them. I think they're entitled to theirs. We talked about it, yes, but she never said, "Mom, this is it." She didn't have to. When she started talking negative, that's when I realized how serious it was. People naturally remarked about their going together—especially in this industry where you can't date the same boy twice before bingo, it's romance! Up to then she'd gone blithely along letting rumors just slide off her back. All of a sudden she began to take the trouble to deny them. "Don't be ridiculous!" she'd say. Or, "I wish they'd quit trying to marry me off. I'm happy the way I am." As if she were trying to argue herself into something. Which didn't sound like Franny and kind of opened my eyes.

I think everyone else knew she was in love before she knew it herself. There was a certain look about her that just hadn't been there before. I noticed it, of course, but I didn't realize that lots of others were noticing it, too, until a friend of ours over at the studio mentioned it. "Is it that obvious?" I asked.

"Short of hanging a sign around her neck," he laughed, "it couldn't be more so."

While nothing had been settled between them at the time, the fact that she wanted to go back east last winter seemed pretty conclusive. I have this much to say for the kids. They've tried their level best to do things the way they'd be doing them if they were Mary Frances and Edwin Jack, and nobody had ever heard of them. When a boy and girl get really interested, their natural thought is to introduce the families. We'd had every chance to make Eddie's acquaintance and we'd met his father here. Eddie expected to be able to bring his mother out, but couldn't. So the main objective was to meet her, which made the trip well worth while, for she's one of the loveliest women it's my pleasure to know. As for all the hullaballoo, that wasn't the children's idea. Being public figures, I guess it just couldn't be helped. The limelight has its disadvantages. For instance, their first date was on June 17. On the Fourth of July one of the columns had them married in Las Vegas, which gives you a rough idea of what it's been like, more or less, ever since. In view of all that, I think they've conducted themselves beautifully. I'd have lost my temper. I've *done* it—behind closed doors.

But don't get me wrong. I appreciate everything that has come to Franny through her career, and that certainly includes the warmhearted interest of the fans. Still, I think you'll agree with me that when a girl marries, there are some details she'd like to keep to herself. I've heard her explain her attitude more than once. "We have to do what seems right to us. We realize it's a terrific honor to be given so much attention and we feel very flattered. But in plain, common courtesy, there are certain things you don't do before a wedding, like having pictures taken in your wedding dress, and that's the place where I'm going to draw the line. I can see both sides. I'll just have to try to find that little path down the middle—that's fair to both, and hope everyone will understand."

ONE THING THEY'RE sure of. They'll live in California. Eddie loves the sun and the wide-open country. Last time he walked in, he said, "Oh boy, am I glad to be here!" Of course they will have to spend lots of time in New York because of his record business. And Franny'll have to work out her pictures to be with him. But these are really minor problems.

To wind up, I'd like to answer three questions that people ask most. The first two go together. What was your biggest pre-wedding thrill and your biggest headache? The headache's easy—where to put all the beautiful wedding gifts. But we managed, we managed.

The thrill is a little harder, since there've been so many. But I guess what topped them all was getting a few stitches in on the wedding dress Helen Rose designed. I told them I didn't care what they let me do, as long as I had a pinky in the pie, and they indulged me.

The third question concerns Eddie and the nice things he's done for me. He has done lots of nice things. He does them the way Franny does them—for no occasion, just for the fun of it—then sits back and grins when you're surprised, or more likely, scrams. But it's not the material gifts that count, it's what the person is. The nicest thing he has ever done for me is he's a nice guy.

The rest of the story belongs to them. Our Franny's grown up. The toddler, the schoolchild, the teen-ager—they're all gone now to make way for the bride. We always hoped that in her own good time she'd find her man. She has found him and we're happy. **END**

I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF HARRY



A couple of years ago I visited MGM Studios. I was startled to hear a voice asking, "Aren't you the girl I used to dance with years ago at the Casino Gardens Ballroom?" Turning, I exclaimed, "Harry! How are you and what are you doing here?" He replied modestly that he worked in a picture now and then.

Later I bought a movie magazine, thinking perhaps I'd find something about Harry in it. Imagine my amazement when I discovered that my friend Harry was Howard Keel! And I had asked him what he was doing in a motion picture studio!

Mrs. Lois Nylander
Venice, California

why, susan, why?

(*Continued from page 27*) he would, the girl she had been before Hollywood brought her success and heartbreak. He must have been someone to lean on when things got rough. He must have been many things to Susan. A short time ago Jeff and his wife called off the divorce. No doubt Susan rejoiced for him, glad to see him reunited with Marge and his beloved daughters. But without Jeff there was loneliness again, terrible and empty—most awful because it was familiar.

She was one of the highest paid and most respected stars in Hollywood. When she refused to leave her sons to go to Hong Kong for *Soldier Of Fortune* (she had another legal battle with Jess over taking the boys) the studio arranged for her scenes to be shot in Hollywood. When she wanted *I'll Cry Tomorrow* desperately enough to fight for it, the studio bought it for her. But it was Susan who paid the real price. She had to start rehearsals for it while finishing the shooting of *Soldier.* She hurried from set to set, from role to role, with seeming calm, with great determination—but, finally, with utter exhaustion. So tired was she that the shooting of *I'll Cry* had to be postponed a month —Miss Hayward needed more rehearsal. As worn emotionally as she was physically, Susan had to feel that keenly. And then came the final blow.

The director and the writer of *I'll Cry Tomorrow* decided that they didn't want her at all. She was wrong for it, they said, wrong for the role of Lillian Roth, the girl who had been brought to the point of suicide—survived, and rebuilt a wrecked life. They wanted someone else to play the part.

Of course, the role was not actually taken away from Susan. Instead, both director and writer were replaced. But Susan had been struggling to do her best in two vastly demanding parts, trying to maintain a reasonable outlook on a life gone awry. To say that she was hurt would be the understatement of the year. Her whole world seemed to be crumbling away.

And she was too tired, finally, to try to hold it together.

It was her mother, Edith Marriner, who called the police. Susan had phoned, hysterical, to say that she would be "taken care of" and her mother grew alarmed. Her mother has always been there for Susan when she needed her. Susan has loyal and close friends in Hollywood; they will be there to help her also. And she will need them. But most of all she will need strength within herself to do what Lillian Roth did—to survive tragedy and learn to live again. **END**

letter to debbie and eddie

(*Continued from page 43*) of the whoop-de-do isn't self-created. We're thinking now of your invitation lists, so endless that it looked at one point as if the Hollywood Bowl couldn't hold all your guests. Certainly we sympathize with Debbie's normal desire for a traditional ceremony. But why on the grand scale? It doesn't sound like either of you—Eddie with his diffidence, Debbie whose values remained so untarnished that she preferred the warmth of her parents' modest home to the trappings of glamour. Were you afraid of offending people? Your friends would have understood, and the rest don't matter. The day, with its grace and loveliness, belongs to you, and to your nearest and dearest. We have a feeling that the

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DEBBIE AND EDDIE IN LONDON

■ Chaos and confusion marked the beginning of Debbie and Eddie's trip to London for his two weeks' engagement at the Palladium Theatre. The date of arrival had been changed a dozen times and until the last minute no one was quite sure whether or not Debbie and her mother would come with him.

These two handsome youngsters, whose romance has thrilled the English young people as much as their American cousins, landed in London on the last Sunday in March. They were greeted by the cheers and sighs (with the English accent they both love so much) of thousands of Reynolds-Fisher fans. The London newspapers were on strike during all their two weeks' stay, but the reporters turned out for their first press conference at the Savoy Hotel.

Only Coca-Cola was served. Debbie and Eddie were charming, eyes twinkling as they smiled at everyone and at each other. Debbie looked fifteen in her simple brown-jacketed dress and Eddie looked like a well-dressed schoolboy. They talked frankly and happily about their romance. And they made a big hit.

Eddie had been having a bit of bad luck with his records. Although they are steady sellers in England, they never have achieved anything like their success in America.

With Eddie's engagement to Debbie, the jinx seemed to have been broken. He had a hit to welcome him to England. His "Wedding Bells" had become the top-selling record in England.

Debbie had a part in Eddie's run at the Palladium. It was a minor part, perhaps, for an MGM star, but it was the sensation of Eddie's act. Debbie's was the mystery voice in "A Man Chases A Girl" and after her phrase-echoing she made a brief appearance on-stage with Eddie. The audiences loved it when Debbie, pert and pretty, stepped from the wings for a bow and a kiss from Eddie.

Eddie played to a full house at every performance. The absence of press notices had no effect on the box-office receipts.

Debbie was constantly at Eddie's side. She spent long, dull hours in his dressing room between shows, waiting patiently while he rested or looked over new songs, talked to agents, song pluggers and the assorted cogs of the music business.

Eddie had been in London before, but Debbie was a joyous tourist. Together they "did" the sights, scorning taxis to sit on the top decks of the red busses. They visited the Tower of London, Parliament, Westminster Abbey. For a few minutes they sat on the old bench opposite the Abbey where for centuries the lovers of London have exchanged silent vows.

They hired a car and went off to look at the countryside. They saw Eton, Windsor Castle and, much to Debbie's delight, they were able to see many English provincial houses. It's her favorite style and she hopes to have an English-looking home of her own someday.

Debbie doesn't have much in her hope chest. As she says, "I haven't had a chance to have any showers yet." She has a set of silver, some porcelain she bought in Japan, a bit of linen. Because Debbie wears such a small size and always has to have her clothes altered, she even by-passed an invitation from the Queen's dressmaker to see her collection. She bought only a cashmere sweater and scarf for Eddie ("It gets cold in the theatre."), a scarf for Eddie's pianist, Harry Akst, and small gifts for friends back home.

Eddie's schedule left little time for shopping, but he bought Debbie's birthday presents in London. He gave her an exquisite evening bag and white airplane luggage.

Her birthday, April 1, the first Eddie has shared, gave him a chance for one of those surprises he loves to spring on her. This was a small party, complete with birthday cakes at London's Embassy Club.

They had most of their meals in Eddie's dressing room, sandwiches and hot tea, with doors opening and closing, people shouting, phones ringing, and strangers strolling in and out.

Mrs. Reynolds, always urged by Eddie to accompany them on their nocturnal excursions, usually went home and to an early bed. It's no secret that Eddie and his future mother-in-law adore each other. Mrs. Reynolds never let her presence become annoying or obtrusive. She was there, and it was proper that she should be. But as Debbie said, "My mother understands us because she's so young herself."

At one point Mrs. Reynolds finally became exasperated by the hectic pace and by the presence of so many people. She took Debbie and Eddie aside and said, "Now go off, both of you, alone! Go to a movie, or anywhere you can hold hands in private."

They did. They went to see *A Man Called Peter*; they sat in the balcony and held hands. It was one of the few moments they had to themselves.

When Eddie's work was finished, they went to Paris for a day, to Portugal for three, back to London to meet the Queen and then to New York. Neither Debbie nor her mother had been in Europe before, so they had an extra thrill. Although Eddie worked most of the time, Debbie's real reason for going to England was to be with her fiancé. So the trip was a great success, any way she looked at it.

industry is taking over, we think that's a pity, we hope it doesn't foreshadow what's to come. Only don't get sore at the papers for splurging on it. The bigger the wedding, the bigger the headlines. And we're not sure that headlines are the best send offs for newlyweds.

Debbie, we know you pack more good sense to the pound than many an oldster. You have needed it all to come to terms with Eddie's world of music-making. You've learned it's a frantic world, alive with frantic characters, and that some of its ways are devious beyond the knowledge of a girl so honest and direct. By comparison, Hollywood is a quiet little hick town. Well, you have been saying, if Eddie can get along with it, so can I. But you have watched it operate with growing dismay. You have seen him pulled and pushed and torn between professional loyalties and his private life. What to do?

The answer, of course, is one for you and Eddie to find. We can only tell you, how many friends, anonymous millions there are—all hoping that you will find an answer that brings you back together, to the love that is so much more important than all the picayune obstacles that have been in your path. There has to be a way.

At the moment, things look terribly grim. Debbie, you may even have thought of giving up your own career to make your marriage work. At first you brushed off the problems of twin careers like so much meringue. You'd live in California, arrange your picture schedule so that you could always accompany Eddie to New York for his recording dates. Eddie in turn would transfer his base of operations to Hollywood and broadcast from there. If it wasn't an entirely practical scheme, at least it had the virtue of optimism. But the picture has changed and it seems that double careers may require double homes—Debbie in Hollywood and Eddie on the road, broadcasting from city to whistle stop. There's little optimistic about that. It seems like the crushing blow.

But that roadblock reading DANGER—MAN AND WOMAN WORKING—they've found routes around it before. Look back, if you will, to Ben Lyon and Beebe Daniels whose romance in the 20's paralleled your own. They haven't stopped working all these years, and their marriage is still one of the brightest in all of show business. Don't let this one spectre destroy your chance for happiness together.

Unlike many others, we're profoundly unconcerned by the fact that you're of different creeds. For us, that question dissolved once and for all when Debbie raised clear eyes to Hedda Hopper and said: "So what's the problem? We both believe in God." Our spirit lifted, Debbie, to your quiet, beautiful response that cut through man-made shadows to the substance of faith. If you want to know what we thought, we thought, "Amen. If only the world could go and do likewise."

Maybe we're out of line, trying to hand you wonderful kids any kind of advice. In our fond hopes to see you back on the track, maybe we've taken too much on ourselves. If so, don't hold an error of judgement against us. Our heart's on your side. Everytime we hear Eddie sing "I Need A Girl," we feel a sense of rightness that he, with the mournful look in his dark eyes, should have found a happy ending with his beloved. And when we look at Debbie, the sparkling child who seems born for happiness, we rejoice that she should fulfill her bright destiny. To both of you, we say with all our love and respect—don't let it all fall into bitter memories. It's worth more than that. We know you love each other, we know it was really meant to be. Give it another chance.

THE EDITORS

why frankie can't stop slugging

(*Continued from page 55*) been a victim of violent self-assertion since he was ten. He hates to be laughed at. He wants to be important. Only comedians like to be laughed at and they get paid for it.

But Sinatra's reaction to intended or unintended ridicule has, until lately, been violent.

If you told Bing Crosby he sang like a girl, he'd laugh and say, "What's her name?" Perry Como would yawn or sing "Kokomo." Say it to Sinatra? Pow! Right in the kisser.

For to Frank Sinatra, ridicule in any form is a low blow.

"Some guys just naturally have leaky mouths. I just won't stand being insulted or hearing my friends insulted," he says.

It's regrettable that Sinatra regards anything he doesn't like as either ridicule or insult. It was this attitude toward ridicule which started Sinatra's long war with the nation's press.

It began when Frank, at twenty-three, became a sensation in the entertainment world overnight.

Just as suddenly, for reasons he still does not understand, a whole nation of adults and their newspapers joined in loud laughter at his talent.

He was young and he was confused. They made fun of everything he did. His clothes, his voice, the way he held a microphone, his shape—anything about him was a hook on which to hang a big yock.

And to confuse things more, his fame grew. The more they laughed the more money he made. This should have been a cue to Frank. But it wasn't.

One acquaintance described the impact of Frank's success this way:

"Frank finally got what he had been dreaming of for months. A solo appearance at New York's famous Paramount Theatre. He walked out to the center of the stage, lit his own fuse and exploded. Only the men were left standing. Liberace never had it so good.

"In a few short months Sinatra became the national dream lover, whose voice quivered the hearts of a million women. He was the minstrel in the moonlight, the troubadour of tenderness.

"He was all things to all women. The sweet, wonderful end, the answer to every fanciful yearning that glowed in the secret heart of the American female.

"At the same time something was happening to Frank. He wouldn't be human if it hadn't. Women worshiped him. He liked that. Such a desire exists in all men.

"But the average guy rarely gets that desire completely satisfied, even after he marries. If he does, he gets it with big muscles, a handsome face or a deep voice. Sinatra had none of these things. Yet he made it. Man, he made it!

"So what did Frank think? Kismet! He felt that everything he did was right, no matter how wrong it seemed. He developed the unhappy habit of burning up at anyone or anything that contradicted or criticized him. Why argue with destiny? And he had a point. When a man earns nearly two million dollars in one year, as he did in 1944, how can you tell him he's wrong?"

But the American press didn't care how much Sinatra made. It proceeded to tell him he was a sissy. It had a field day making fun of his bow tie and the bobby-sox cult. They described him as a "straw-shaped phenomenon who has captured the hearts of young girls with a hot glissando." Nightclub comedians made jokes about him, some of them in pretty poor taste. Columnists, hungry for exclusives, pounced on the merest crumb of rumor and made a big loaf out of nothing.

Sinatra must have thought back to his tenth year. The big kids were calling him sissy again and making fun of him.

So Frank gnashed his teeth in a new way and struck back with words. A stinging indictment of "reporters and newspapers and the lies they've printed about me."

UNFORTUNATELY, SINATRA'S charge was interpreted as a condemnation of the entire journalistic profession.

It was no different from before, as far as Frank was concerned. The big kids, this time in the shape of American journalism, struck back again.

The first blow returned came in the shape of the widely circulated and sarcastically written stories about Sinatra's deferment from the World War II draft on the basis of a punctured ear drum.

The stories only enraged Sinatra. The actual deferment had hurt him deeply. It was the first time in his life Sinatra had been told officially that he wasn't a perfect man. And you can't slug a doctor for telling you the truth.

Nancy Sinatra has revealed a poignant incident which shows the heartbreaking bitterness Frank felt at being found physically unfit to wear a soldier's uniform.

It was during the war. A reporter interviewing Frank told him of a War Bond auction in the east.

"They got a bid of $300 for one of your old bow ties, Frank. But then they auctioned off a corporal's tie and got $3000. What do you think of that, Frank?"

Frank looked at the reporter for a moment with all the agony a man can know at such a moment. And he knew the reporter was giving him the needle.

Then Frank said, "Only three thousand? A corporal's tie should have gotten ten, at least."

What the reporter deliberately neglected to tell Frank was that the person who paid $3000 for the corporal's tie was a friend of the soldier and was planning to spend that much in War Bonds anyway.

This possibility never entered Frank's mind. He's too emotional. Some say he suffers from a persecution complex, and, they add, with good reason.

Sinatra, claim his friends, wants to be important. Not just to himself or those close to him. But to everybody. He wants to be important enough so people will think there is a deep or clever or natural reason for anything he might do.

A publicity agent, well known for his own infinite show of energy, has this to say about Frank:

"You can't imagine the near-hysterical drive that works up inside Sinatra when he gets hot on something. And the amazing side of it is that it doesn't show. He looks calm, but all the time it's building, deep down in him.

"Then wham! The morning newspaper carries an account of how Frank clobbered some wise guy in a nightclub. That's because if you kid Frank the wrong way you insult his importance. This he cannot bear."

SINATRA'S HUNGER to be top man is also held to be the reason for his split with Ava Gardner.

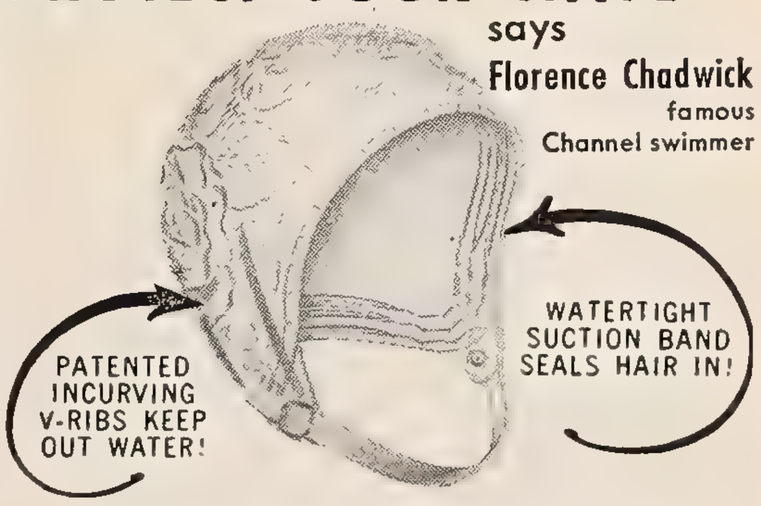
It started, according to the Hollywood tipsters, with his first big row with Ava during a week at Palm Springs shortly after their marriage.

Frank had driven to Hollywood for a recording session. During his absence, Lana Turner dropped in for female chit-chat with the new Mrs. Sinatra. The conversation got around to ex-husbands, of which both Lana and Ava have a couple



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As friends of Linda Christian should know: a gift is a gift is a gift—alas.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

■ Hollywood has been asking lately, "What has Linda Christian got?"

Well, she's got custody of $132,500 worth of jewels, for one thing. Lots of people think she ought to give them back. Mr. Robert Schlesinger does.

Mr. Schlesinger, thirty-six, playboy of a wealthy Milwaukee family, was so taken with Linda that he gave her an Imperial jade ring for her birthday November 13. Then he gave her a platinum bracelet set with emeralds and diamonds—and valued at $35,000. A few days later he sent Linda a diamond ring valued at $44,500. Then a diamond necklace valued at $53,000.

In partial payment for these bagatelles, Mr. Schlesinger made out a $100,000 check. It bounced. New York's fashionable jewelry store, Van Cleef & Arpels, filed a claim and delivery action against Linda for the return of the jewels. At the same time, Schlesinger confessed to Linda that he had been prematurely generous. Would she be a sweet girl and give the trinkets back? His family in Milwaukee was really awfully mad.

Linda's answer: "I told his family lawyer in Milwaukee it was a gift and I was keeping it as a gift. A gift was a gift, I said. I said his family had the means to help him."

A few weeks ago, Linda swept into Superior Court in Los Angeles and won the right to retain possession of her treasure, at least temporarily.

"Mr. Schlesinger always knew," she explained, "and understood that even though I was separated from my husband (Tyrone Power), I was married and had no intention of entering into any romantic engagements of any kind. He knew that and understood it. I was never alone with him at any time. We were always accompanied by friends or family. These gifts were given expressly as a matter of friendship and only in that spirit were they accepted."

Linda is not sensationally beautiful. She is not a full-fledged celebrity. She is not a talented actress.

She is, however, charming, intelligent, carefree, humorous, widely-traveled, experienced in the ways of love and endowed with the kind of figure men stare at twice. That—and the baubles—is what she has got.

Sinatra, returning earlier than expected, came in and overheard himself being compared to men like Artie Shaw, Mickey Rooney and a few other one-time loves.

Allegedly, that's how the fight started. The insiders say Sinatra has never forgiven Ava for this blow to his importance.

IN ANOTHER WAY, however, Sinatra's unswerving faith in his own importance instigated a maneuver which Hollywood won't ever forget. Frank was in Africa when he heard about the Maggio role in *From Here To Eternity*. He had read the book and knew that the character died from a beating at the hands of a bullying Army sergeant.

Sinatra decided that no one knew better than he what it was to be laughed at and beaten up. He flew 7,000 miles to test for the part and won an Academy Award for his trouble.

But not even Hollywood realized how much that Maggio role meant to Sinatra.

In 1946 Frank's popularity as a singer had begun to slip. And in 1947 Sinatra woke up one morning to find that the bottom had dropped out of the heart market.

The bobby-soxers who made him had grown up. The "Oh, Frankie!" era was over. The old delighted squeal at the hot glissando disappeared. To the former teenagers Sinatra was no more than a pressed rose in their scrapbooks.

His records gathered dust on music-store shelves. The critics said his voice was gone and that he had lost his touch for picking the right songs.

His long, spat-studded marriage to Nancy finally foundered on the rocks of a noisy divorce.

Old friends deserted him, this the truest sign of all.

His radio show folded. His television show raised its head weakly and died very young.

SINATRA, HOWEVER, claims that he didn't slide at all. He was just too busy wooing and winning, "the most beautiful woman in the world," Ava Gardner.

"And I had the toughest competition in the world—a brave bullfighter."

But Sinatra hadn't been married to Ava more than a few hours when the old slug-'em-and-leave-'em impulse reared itself again.

Annoyed by one of the hundreds of photographers shooting the wedding pictures, Sinatra threatened to punch the cameraman on an even-money bet. Pure temper.

Other stars who dislike being photographed usually grin and bear it. Not Frank. Pow! Right in front of the bride.

Sinatra apparently doesn't realize (or just doesn't care) that newspapermen are a rigidly clannish group. They are very much aware of the bad apples in their barrel. But they bristle collectively when one of their own is attacked, even one they know has a bad core. It's the way things are.

To make his press relations worse, Sinatra has repeatedly asserted that his private life is nobody's business.

A Los Angeles judge, however, in sentencing an actor arrested for drunken driving, gave sound advice to all entertainers when he pointed out:

"Your career does not belong to you. It is held in trust for you by the public. Every dollar put down at the box office by a theatre-goer is his investment in you.

"Your behavior on *and* off the screen is important to the movie fan. Everything you have, your high income, your cars, your security, comes from him. Don't ever forget it."

Why can't Sinatra stop slugging? The answer comes easy when you know his past. For, like the man said, "Frank's a born battler." And there are other reasons.

Will Sinatra ever change?

"No," say the Hollywood oracles, "he will not."

But maybe they're wrong.

FRANK SINATRA today is the sum and substance of thirty-seven mixed up years. Tough years, easy years. Lean, fat, fabulous. Years of happiness, years of misery. Years of hope, joy, heartaches and headaches. His half-lived life has been crammed with every known human emotion.

Today he is high on the heap. The radio and television interests that deserted him a few years ago would pay staggering sums for his services, good or bad. He refuses.

His friends came back, but he has dropped *them* this time.

His separation from Ava and the resulting loss of importance as the man in her life has shaken his outlook on love.

Now his romantic inclinations seem to be, to the public at least, casual. Most of the women he has been dating are assorted personalities and considerably younger than Sinatra. Actress Mona Freeman, society's Gloria Stokowski, singer Peggy Connolly, model-actress Anita Ekberg, all very beautiful.

Professionally, he has committed his talents to work which can keep him busy for the next five years. He can pick his studio, pick his part, pick his price. Who says he's not important?

His records now gather royalties instead of dust. Sinatra's on top again and he knows it. But this time, avows the kid from Hoboken, things are going to be different.

"Eventually," says Sinatra, "I want to produce and direct. Nobody's interested in the private lives of producers and directors."

Sources close to the actor-singer say Frank is passing through a phase which may be another step toward a well-deserved maturity.

It will be slow, they say. He is still unreliable, still a possible "no-show" on a movie set; still slugging it out with the press or anyone else who tags him with anything reminiscent of the "Francy" bit.

He still yelps in fits of schoolboy petulance over real or fancied insult in print or in person. Sinatra is still incredibly sensitive, unbelievably concerned with wanting people to like him.

YET, THE INSIDERS point out, there are signs. Not too easy to see, but they are there.

He has become calmer and is beginning to think longer before he acts. He is showing serious concern over the effects of his actions on the lives of his three children, especially young Nancy, now poised on the threshold of adolescence.

Though he still disappoints friends, business acquaintances and fellow workers, his repentance is now flavored lightly with sincerity instead of the artificial regret of the old days.

But don't forget this about Sinatra—or any other Hollywood movie star. He is a man exposed to the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity. That set of circumstances would be tough on a saint.

So stands Sinatra today. Moody, but mellowing. Still young at heart. With half his life ahead of him he is slowing down to study the signposts. There is no road map to the next half of his life. The decision is his. The screams of the bobby-soxers are weird echoes of the past. He feels that he has at last escaped from the brass jungle and the sounds of a thousand minor keys that will never quite die down.

There is no Nancy to guide him. No Ava to please him.

Francis Albert Sinatra must go it alone. That's why he can't stop slugging. **END**

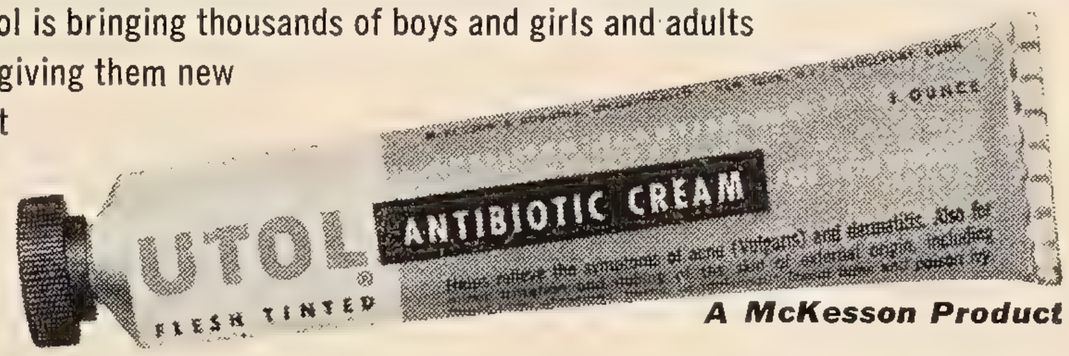
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we say bing will wed

(*Continued from page 31*) Awards presentation, Crosby drove his young date to Romanoff's restaurant. Kathryn Grant was seated at producer Bill Perlberg's table. Newsmen gathered at once.

"Are you and Bing engaged?" one asked.

Kathryn's brown eyes lit up. "He's just a friend."

"There's a rumor, Miss Grant, that you are really the girl friend of Bing's youngest boy, Lindsay."

Kathryn shook her head. "I'm much too old for him."

Presently Crosby, the elder, was located. "What's with you and the slick chick?"

Bing shrugged. "Nice kid. Real nice kid."

Bing never discusses any of the girls in his life. If questioned closely he will acknowledge an acquaintance, as he did in the case of Margot James, a secretary in his brother's office, and as he did in the case of Mona Freeman, the attractive actress. But beyond mere acknowledgment Bing rarely goes. On the subject of his emotions, he is a quiet one.

On the subject of Kathryn Grant, "She's a real nice kid I met at the studio." Nothing more. Nothing about Kathryn's visit to his cattle ranch last September, their time together in Palm Springs and at his Rancho Mirage house.

Kathryn, too, is diplomatically silent.

What does a girl of twenty-one see in a man of fifty-one? What makes them want to be together?

AT PARAMOUNT, where Kathryn made her debut under her real name, Kathryn Grandstaff, they say, "Bing has always been young in heart. He's athletic by nature. Maybe the kidney operation he had a little while back has slowed him up a bit, but not much. He loves pop music, loves the outdoors, loves all the things young people go in for. No wonder he's attracted to Kathryn. She's as bright as a penny, and as a matter of fact, she's much older than her years.

"Another important point is that she's determined to get ahead on her own. She never has once used her friendship with Bing to advance her career. And she could have done so very easily.

"For example, when we told her we were dropping her from the contract list, she could have asked Bing to intervene. After all, he *is* a big shot around here. She never opened her mouth. After we let her go she had tough sledding for a while, but eventually Columbia picked her up and put her in several pictures. One of the latest is *Cell 2455, Death Row.* Another is *Tight Spot.*

"Kathryn is an admirable girl, fine character, good background. Lively but discreet. Peppy but polite. That's the kind of girl Bing goes for. The age gap doesn't mean a thing."

Take the average, young, ambitious actress. If she dated Bing Crosby for a year, the gossip columns would be full of it. But Kathryn has steadfastly avoided this publicity until recently.

In Phenix City, Alabama, where she went on location for *Phenix City* a day after the Academy Awards, she was referred to by reporters as "Bing Crosby's girl friend." When she accidentally tumbled into a river, the headlines announced, "Bing's girl friend falls!" Then she was interviewed and said she liked Hollywood very much, the papers said, "Bing's sweetie goes for Hollywood."

This sort of publicity nettles Kathryn. She doesn't mind being referred to as Bing's girl friend—that's flattering. What she does mind is the stress that is being laid on their relationship. Kathryn doesn't want that friendship to be her sole claim to fame in Hollywood.

EVER SINCE SHE was a child she has wanted to become a famous screen star. Her sights have always been set much higher than being merely the girl friend of a screen star.

Kathryn Grandstaff was born in West Columbia, a small town outside of Houston, Texas, on November 25, 1933. When she was three she won her first beauty contest in Corpus Christi. She was elected "Splash Day Princess."

"From that point on," says one of her friends, "she was an incurable ham." She took part in all the school plays, all the beauty contests, attended dancing school and dramatics classes. Her aunt used to drive her seventeen miles each day for dancing lessons, and her dad, a county politician named Emery Grandstaff, encouraged her acting ambitions.

When Kathryn was fifteen and a junior at Robstown High, she won a three-week visit to Mexico City as "Miss Buccaneer Navy." A year later she was chosen the Texas Rodeo Queen at the Houston Stock Show. This time she won a 1950 Ford convertible, the car she uses today.

Two of the beauty judges at the Houston Stock Show were Roy Rogers and his manager, Art Rush. Art told Kathryn to call him if she ever came to Hollywood. "I might be able to arrange a screen test."

One of the most frustrating conversations in theatrical history is recorded by *Theatre Arts* magazine: A subscriber dialed "Information" for the magazine's number. "Sorreee," drawled the lady, "but there is nobody listed by the name of 'Theodore Arts'." "It's not a person; it's a publication," insisted the subscriber. "I want *'Theatre Arts'*." The operator's voice rose a few decibels. "I told you," she repeated, "we have no listing for 'Theodore Arts'." "Confound it," hollered the subscriber, "the word is Theatre: T-H-E-A-T-R-E." "That," said the operator with crushing finality, "is not the way to spell Theodore!"

Bennett Cerf in
The Saturday Review Of Literature

"Why don't I come out now?" Kathryn asked. "The sooner the better."

"You're only sixteen," Rush pointed out. "You haven't even finished your schooling. You've got plenty of time."

Kathryn was impatient, but her folks talked her into continuing her education. She enrolled at the University of Texas and not only chalked up good grades in her studies but, with her pretty face and excellent figure (38-22-35), again ran off with most of the beauty contests. She was "The Golden Girl" of the Texas Baseball League, "Miss Pecan" of 1951, "Queen of the Texas Lions."

In 1952, when she won second place in the Miss Texas Contest, Bob O'Donnell, one of the owners of the largest theatre chain in Texas, suggested that she make her Hollywood try.

ART RUSH, true to his word, took Kathryn to Paramount. Two days later she was screen-tested for the ingénue lead in *Forever Female* with Bill Holden. She didn't get the role. But Paramount was interested in the five-foot, four-inch, beauty, and signed her. These are the words of a talent executive, "She has personality, sex appeal and a certain winning quality. She's the kind of girl people like to like."

One great advantage a beauty-contest winner has is poise. From the very beginning, Kathryn demonstrated that quality. She never was frightened—or if she was, she hid it beautifully.

Soon she was given small parts in *Casanova's Big Night, Living It Up, Arrowhead* and *Rear Window.* She not only worked like the proverbial beaver, she continued her education. She took courses at the Los Angeles branch of the University of California, where she had her first full-fledged romance. His name is Al Lynch, and he's now in the armed forces. She also became the correspondent for twenty Texas newspapers, writing a column called "Texas Gal in Hollywood."

Naturally, the Hollywood Don Juans began to move in. Without antagonizing the gentlemen, Kathryn outmaneuvered them. This feat calls for skill and tact, such tact, for example, that one morning an actor in describing Kathryn, explained to his buddy, "You know, this girl doesn't drink, doesn't smoke and doesn't smooch. Still, I like her."

KATHRYN MET Bing Crosby while he was rehearsing his role in *White Christmas.* She had seen him on the lot, of course, but on this particular day in December he was riding his bike to Sound Stage Eleven. He spotted Kathryn with some visitors and waved.

"Hi, Tex," he greeted.

"Hi," Kathryn called back.

Bing stopped and got off his bike. Kathryn introduced him to Mrs. Mary Banks, the mother of her roommate. "Aunt Mary" and Kathryn, despite the difference in their ages, had attended the University of Texas together. Bing was at his most charming and Kathryn was most appreciative. But there was no love-at-first-sight. Neither Bing nor Kathryn are love-at-first-sight people. They each take knowing.

Bing, at this point, was just about over his mourning period. He began to go around with Mona Freeman, then Margot James, then Kathryn. The columnists found out about the first two girls, but about Kathryn there was hardly a word.

One person who knew the score was Kathryn's close friend, Marilyn Banks, an assistant in the Paramount wardrobe department. But Marilyn has always refused to discuss her roommate's friendship.

She and Kathryn are old friends from Austin and share an apartment in the Valli Sahara, a modern apartment building a stone's throw from Universal Studios.

Marilyn's fifteen-year-old brother, Gil, worked on Bing's ranch last summer, and when the season was over, his mother, accompanied by Kathryn, drove up to Nevada to get him. Kathryn and Bing spent the Labor Day week end together, chaperoned, of course. The incident was well known in nearby Elko, but it was not mentioned in the metropolitan papers.

A few weeks later when Bing and Kathryn drove down to Palm Springs, they again succeeded in avoiding reporters.

BING TOOK KATHRYN to a party at Bill Perlberg's home, one of the show places of Palm Springs, and several of the guests remarked that they never had seen Bing so happy.

One guest who has known Crosby for years, was asked if there were any possibility of a Crosby-Grant marriage.

"Frankly," she said, "I don't know. Certainly, he seems to be fond of her. And she's really a very well-bred girl. But Bing is no fool. He's a sensible man who doesn't believe in kidding himself.

"He's fifty-one years old. Kathryn is twenty-one, as old as his son Gary. Marriages like that very rarely work out.

"Also there's a religious difference. Bing never has been ultra-devout. But

he always has been a practicing Catholic. Kathryn is Methodist.

"My own opinion is that Bing has always wanted at least one daughter. Most fathers do. I think there's a father-and-daughter relationship between them. Of course I could be wrong. They say that true love doesn't care about age, and certainly Bing is young looking and young acting. But my opinion is that he isn't getting married for some years. Not until he straightens out those boys of his. When the twins, Phil and Dennis, come out of the service, Bing wants to see them securely set on the ranch. Gary's doing all right in show business. But Linny hasn't made up his mind yet as to what he wants."

IT IS THE GENERAL Hollywood impression that Kathryn is not ready for marriage just now either.

One of her associates at Columbia Studios said, "Given the choice of marriage or career at this moment, Kathy would choose career. No matter who asked her.

"This girl is loaded with driving ambition. She wants to become a great actress, not an ordinary housewife. I can't tell you how much this kid loves to work. It's her whole life. We've used her in several of our *Screen Gems* television productions. She's a glutton for work.

"To give you a small idea. She not only works in pictures and television, but she goes overseas to entertain the troops. That's how she spent last Christmas—traveling all over Europe. She has been to Korea. And in addition, she is studying right here at the studio with Mrs. Bartlett, our educational adviser, on several university correspondence courses. She insists upon getting her degree from the University of Texas. She is also a Chi Omega sorority sister. She swims, rides, keeps in touch with hundreds of friends. I'm telling you, she's a little whirlwind.

"They tell me there's a big thing going on between her and Bing Crosby. Maybe there is. Personally I don't see how she could find the time."

EVERY YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, talented girl—and Kathryn is all three—finds time for love when the right man comes along.

Whether or not Crosby is Kathryn's Mr. Right only she knows, and won't tell.

A reporter who found her on location for *Phenix City*—was told, "After I finish this picture I'm going home to West Columbia. Then I go back to Hollywood, and after that the studio is sending me out on a publicity tour."

"That's very interesting," the reporter said. "But how about you and Bing?"

"It certainly is nice of you to ask me about him," Kathryn conceded, "rather than make up things. But any story on the subject will have to come from him. All I can say is that I was terribly excited to be attending my first Academy Awards affair. The evening was made even more exciting by Mr. Crosby's presence."

Bing (who recently signed a contract with Paramount for one picture a year) concedes that, "I might very well marry again if the right girl came along. But then again, who would want me?"

Everything considered, the question could more aptly be, "Who wouldn't?" It doesn't seem likely that Kathryn Grant wouldn't.

Is Kathryn the girl Bing wants? All the signs point to it, and, except possibly for her youth, the intelligent, attractive, brown-eyed actress seems to have all the qualifications of a Wife To Mister Crosby. At the moment, Bing isn't revealing his plans. But MODERN SCREEN is predicting that in all probability, Bing will marry Kathryn. In all certainty, Bing will marry—and soon.

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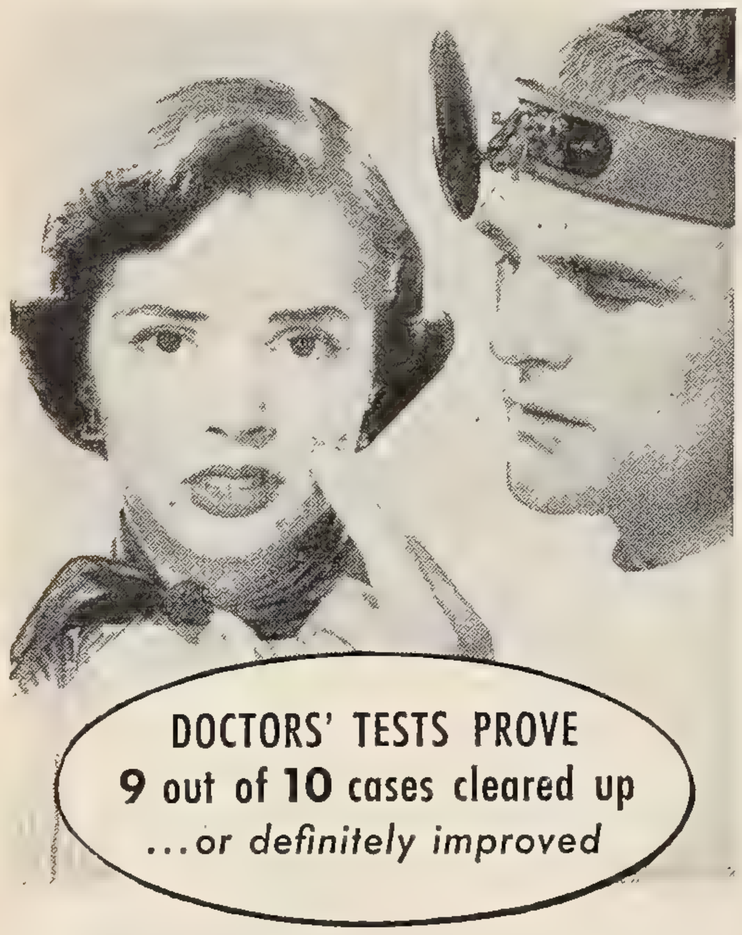
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Right from the beginning the fates —not to mention the folks—were against it.



MY FIRST LOVE
by Kim Novak

■ Let's call him Hal, because that's close enough. And let's say that he had all of the physical qualities I still find attractive in a man. He was tall, which made an immediate hit with me; one of the reasons I was shy was that I was taller than the other girls in my class at William Penn in West Chicago. He was dark, he was handsome.

I had an awful time getting together with Hal, because there was this other boy, George, who liked me. Now, there was an odd one. He knew I didn't like him, but that didn't seem to matter. So, being the richest boy in our neighborhood, he was always buying Hal off.

Poor George and everyone else lost out the night Hal's mother invited some of the kids from the class over for a sweet-corn party. There wasn't anything even George could do about that; he couldn't very well buy off Hal's mother. So we Found Each Other. He was there, I was there, and Fate must have been present, too, because love burst into bloom over the corncobs. Pretty soon the whole school knew we were in love, including the faculty, which was just wonderful. Even when my grades started dropping because I couldn't think of anything but Hal, they were still for us. The rest of the class was seated alphabetically, but Hal got to sit in front of me because he was so smart and could help me with my studies. Just so he didn't give me the answers on tests. We stayed after school to work on my math and writing.

I guess it wouldn't be much of a story if we lived happily ever after, so we didn't. What happened was that my mother and father went away for a week and left me in the charge of my grandparents, who lived in the apartment above ours. The first night they were gone, Hal walked me home from a show and kissed me goodnight.

Unfortunately, my grandfather saw us. He let out a bellow that scared us both out of our wits; poor Hal took off as fast as he could run, and I slunk into our apartment, practically cowering. When Grandfather stomped upstairs, I remembered that if you put your ear to the ventilator in the bedroom closet, you could hear everything that was said upstairs, so I rushed in there to hear what he would tell my grandmother. Plenty. He was so mad he was actually crying; he told her I was a wicked, sinful girl, and Grandmother tsk-tsked and cluck-clucked.

Naturally, I was in disgrace the rest of the week, forbidden to go anywhere after school, getting nothing at home except shocked, reproachful looks until I felt that I really had done something terrible. I was in an agony of guilt by the time my parents came back. Of course, the first thing Grandfather did was to call my mother upstairs—and back I went into the closet, ear to the ventilator. He began to say all those terrible things I was again, and my mother asked, "But what did she *do?*"

When he told her, Mother laughed so long that I was really confused.

The end was in sight. Mother didn't think a good night kiss was terrible, but she did decide that Hal and I were too serious for kids our age, so she said that we would have to go to different schools after we finished elementary school. Hal's mother was offended because I hadn't come to a birthday party

she gave him during my week of disgrace—she didn't know why—so she forbade him to go with me anymore.

It was all so sweet and sad. Our teachers still let us stay after school to work on my grades, but that was the only time we had together. When we graduated, they paired us off on Commencement night, and we walked up hand in hand to accept our diplomas, knowing in our hearts that something beautiful was ending. I didn't even go to the dance afterward; I couldn't stand it, and later I heard that Hal didn't go, either.

Sure enough, I went to another high school that fall, which meant that I didn't see Hal for months. Not until summer. Right now I couldn't say why, but it seemed terribly important to be there the night that the carnival opened that summer, and I went with a girl friend. Almost the first person I saw was Hal; then I knew why I had had to come, and I told him, "I knew you'd be here."

He didn't have to say anything. He had known I would be there, too. That was the only time we saw each other for the next three years; we had a rendezvous those few nights the carnival was in town every summer. Because ours was such a young, pure love, it just wouldn't have occurred to us to sneak around and meet other places—but nobody had said we couldn't go to the carnival.

The third summer I had to tell Hal that I thought I was in love with another boy. To tell the truth, I wasn't at all sure I was when I saw Hal again, but I *had* started going with this other boy and didn't want him to hear it from anyone else. That was a bittersweet moment I'll never forget: the gaudy lights of the carnival, the blare of the calliope, the noisy, pushing crowd—and Hal and I absolutely alone in the middle of it all, saying goodbye. We could never be together as we wanted; our families were against it, even our ways of life were not the same. So I said I thought I was in love with someone else, and Hal said he understood. I think he really did.

I never saw him again. Maybe he went back to the carnival and waited for me the next year; maybe he had outgrown it by then. But Hal was my first love, and I'm no different from any other woman in the world. If I fell in love ninety-nine other times, I would still remember that one clearest of all.

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☐ more than any other male star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE LANA TURNER:
☐ more than any other female star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:
☐ more than any other male star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than any other female star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than any other male star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of THE OPEN LETTER ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I READ: ☐ all of DEBBIE'S MOM'S STORY ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I READ: ☐ all of EDDIE'S MOM'S STORY ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. The number of stories and features devoted to Debbie's and Eddie's romance and marriage was: ☐ too much ☐ just right ☐ too little

11. I READ: ☐ all of THE GLAMOUR STORY ☐ part ☐ none
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I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
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13. I LIKE FRANK SINATRA:
☐ more than any other male star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE AUDIE MURPHY:
☐ more than any other male star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

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fess parker

(*Continued from page 34*) Before that, when Fess faded out of *Davy Crockett At The Alamo,* swinging his powderless Old Betsy to the bloody end, something like national mourning set in across the land. Fifteen thousand tearful protests a week threatened to set Walt Disney's Burbank studios afloat. In Cincinnati three thousand stunned boys donned black crepe armbands and signed a mass petition begging, "Don't let Davy die at the Alamo!" Other sentimental letters edged in black revealed that Mom, Dad and especially Sister Sue had been making Junior move over when Fess stalked heroically onto the TV screen. The pressure finally mounted so high that Davy's epic trio is getting its second *Disneyland* airing at this moment. And soon a version in technicolor hits the movie theatres, titled *Davy Crockett, King Of The Wild Frontier* —a line from the stirring "Ballad Of Davy Crockett," now topping the *Hit Parade.*

WHILE LIBRARIES scrape their shelves for more Crockett lore, stores stock theirs with Davy picture books, playthings, sheet music and records. Nine versions of the "Ballad"—including one by Fess—sell out as fast as they're pressed. In the backwoods, raccoons scamper for their lives lest they turn into hats.

Like Davy, Fess Parker is a freedom-loving, rainbow-chasing adventurer who finally adopted Davy's own motto—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!" The going has not always been easy. In fact, not long before Walt Disney accidentally spotted him, Fess was bunking with a Texas buddy in a basement cubbyhole under a kitchen, and ducking leaky drips every time the dishes upstairs were washed. He was keeping his colossal body alive on peanut butter, crackers and milk, moving stoves at a dollar an hour to pay for that and some nights sorting ladies' lingerie in a Hollywood department store. He had $100 left when Walt moseyed into a projection room to catch another actor, just as Fess' brief bit flashed on in a picture called *Them.*

"Who's that?" gasped Disney, and when nobody could tell him, answered himself. "Why, it's Davy Crockett!" Walt couldn't have been more right, as events have certainly proved. Fess Parker's long term contract at Disney's is the first Walt ever handed a live actor. MGM, Twentieth Century-Fox, in fact almost every studio in town begs for this rugged sensation—but the answer is no. Fess has his work cut out for him at Disney's. *The Legends of Davy Crockett* are already in the works for TV and *Children Of The Covered Wagon* comes up after that, with movies to follow.

But the mantle of freedom still sits on his wide shoulders as it did on Davy Crockett's. "I'm still in a state of shock," he grins gratefully. "It's great to get a break at last and the money sure comes in handy. But I guess the best thing that's happened to me is that at last I'm able to make life meet me on my own terms." That's what Fess has been trying to do—with ups and downs—all his young life. So did Davy Crockett until the day he died at Texas' historic shrine. Fess Parker was born not far away, in Fort Worth, August 16, 1927, and he grew up in San Angelo, which is even closer.

Like Davy, too, Fess comes from fighting, foraging Anglo-Saxon pioneers. The Parkers struck west from Tennessee, Davy Crockett's own home state, to clear raw prairie in Comanche County, Texas. His great grandfather fought in the Civil War —"on the right side, of course—the South" —Fess boasts, and afterward made his

living sawing out coffins. His grandfather couldn't read or write until he got married. His mother's line, the Allens, came from Arkansas, the state Davy's partner, Jim Bowie, called home. And there's Cherokee blood in the Lightfoots, another family branch.

Fess will reveal that his unique name really means "Proud" in archaic English, and he can quote an Elizabethan line to prove it: "The lass looked fess and fine in her new gown." The ancient tag is his dad's name too, and it crops out way back in the family tree. Fess balked like a steer when they talked about changing it. "I'm Fess Parker and Fess Parker I'll always be, no matter what happens to me." Which declaration could serve for his consistent creed as well.

WITH THIS BOLD heritage, Fess E. Parker, Jr., was a conspicuous young maverick even in a state that's loaded with those. Rules and regulations bounced off the brown-haired, barrel-chested boy from the start. "Guess I was what you'd call a problem kid," he drawls now, "not *really* bad, but just ornery. Didn't mean to be," allows Fess, "but—well—the way I saw things wasn't always the way other people did, especially teachers." As a result, Fess was always beating a path to the principal's office at Steven F. Austin Grammar School. His status as an "erratic" student was further complicated by girls and books.

Fess confesses to being an awkward but ardent Romeo from first grade on, when he flipped for a dainty little brunette named Evelyn Tyler. He can still name all his early sweethearts, forerunners of a pretty parade. Ask him why he's never tied a marriage knot and he ruffles his rebellious thatch, "Guess I've got a restless heel," hazards Fess. "I generally move along—or I get moved."

Books were less fickle, both ways. The minute Fess learned to read he devoured three or four volumes a day, always about heroes of the West. "Shucks," he says now, "It's not hard for me to play Davy Crockett. I've been doing that all my life—Jim Bowie, Sam Houston, Steve Austin, too. And you could add Jim Bridger, Daniel Boone and a few others. Those fellows weren't just book heroes to me—they were my best friends."

As things turned out, this vivid hero worship was lucky for Fess. But back then when the teacher asked a question, "Well—I just wasn't there," grins Fess. "I was exploring the Yellowstone with John Colter or shooting the Grand Canyon rapids with Major Powell."

Each summer when Fess got sprung from "this den of miseree," as he used to chant fervently, he had a chance to translate his adventuring dreams into action. He'd go up to his Grandpa Parker's farm in Comanche County and sometimes to his Grandma Allen's in Erath County.

Fess still invests Comanche County with the pearly glow of Paradise. His dad owns a 250-acre stretch right next to his grandpa's old place now and when Fess got a few bucks together making *Battle Cry* just before he turned into Davy Crockett, he plunked it down on 150 acres of his own where he aims to settle in his old age. "It's got sweet spring water and sandy loam," he purrs deep, "and a little ole stone house with a tin roof. There's a hill in the middle. Someday I'll build me a big house on that hill. You can look all up and down Onion Valley and watch the cows graze on those wild scallions. Gives 'em a mighty strong breath, sometimes," concedes Fess, "but I never minded that a bit."

The only thing good-natured Fess Parker ever minded, to be frank, was people telling him what to do—and of course that situation rolled around regularly every September. He wasn't fractious exactly—it was just those rules. Whatever he tried, it seemed, there'd be discipline somewhere along the line and that's where Fess invariably balked—just like the most beloved pet of his boyhood, a one-eyed, cantankerous donkey named Jenny. Fess spotted her one day on a farm outside of town and just had to have her. His dad made the deal and Fess said he'd ride Jenny back. It was five miles and along about sundown he had to holler for a tow-truck. He staked Jenny out on a vacant lot and climbed aboard for a battle of wills. "I guess you'd call it a draw," grins Fess. "She wouldn't move and neither would I. Somebody stole her one night and that's a pure mystery. I never could figure how they got her goin'! But I loved that stubborn donkey better than anything. Maybe that's symbolic."

It was hard to move Fess Parker, too, when he wasn't so inclined. As a result he admits he goofed a lot of his opportunities to shine around San Angelo High. For instance, he tooted hot trumpet and aimed at the solo spot in the school band. But the director insisted on regular practice sessions, so instead of working his way up he worked his way out. Then he got the lead in the big high school play, but he saw no good reason why he should give his all to art and turn in his homework, too. The day it opened Fess showed on the flunk list, got canceled, and his deadly rival played opposite Fess' dream girl, Nancy Cransford.

In his senior year his dad wangled him a principal appointment to Annapolis. In the face of Parker's chronically insurgent record that would seem like asking for trouble. But Annapolis was his dad's dream and, curiously enough, became Fess' too. So he was pretty rocked when they rejected him because he was six feet, four then and overweight for the Naval Academy. "After that, to tell the truth," says Fess, "I never was real sure what I wanted to do—until I hit this town of Hollywood." For the next eight years he rambled in and out of four separate colleges as well as a three-year hitch in the service, trying to find out.

HIS FIRST TRY, Texas A & M, didn't take. Summer after graduation, Fess worked on a roofing gang at Concho Field Air Base, saved up $600 and traipsed up to College Station where most of his San Angelo High pals headed. He took liberal arts, his card said, but really A & M is a cow college, and a tough one. Fess liked both agriculture and animal husbandry—free style on his grandpa's ranch—but as a rigid science—well, it was the old story. At the end of the first semester he came up with a perfect report card—five "F's."

"Mister Parker," inquired his English professor, Mr. Kidd, shortly afterward, "I'm curious. Why do you come to class?"

"I s'pose because I'm s'posed to," answered Fess innocently.

"Well, if I were you I wouldn't bother," advised the prof. "You were dropped from school five days ago."

"And do you know," drawls Fess, "that Mister Kidd wasn't kidding." He left A & M with few regrets, though. "Eight thousand men on that campus," Fess explains. "And no women. Imagine!"

Next stop was Hardin-Simmons College in Abilene and, with feminine scenery and more liberal arts, Fess did better. But that was 1943 and able-bodied young Texans figured winning the war was a Lone Star State affair. Fess traveled up to Dallas with six friends volunteering to be Naval Air Corps pilots. All eventu-

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ally were—except Fess Parker. "Too tall," they told him again. These rejections finally handed Fess a slight complex about his height. "I wish photographers would stop asking me to walk through doorways," he complains mildly today.

The G.I.'s Navy had no objections to able young giants, however. In fact, during his three years in the Navy Fess Parker's astronomical stature came in handy more than once, starting at boot camp in San Diego. Being tallest they put him in command of a sixty-man color guard of six-footers. He strutted out and snapped them through the manual of arms each afternoon while the bugles played. After that wherever they routed Seaman Parker—aviation radio school at Millington, Tennessee, general detail in New Orleans, Camp Pendleton, California, for Marine combat training or San Francisco's Tanforan Race Track for overseas staging, he was usually squad leader, because he towered over everyone else.

It was at those California bases that Fess Parker first discovered Hollywood, although the discovery was strictly unilateral. A friend he had met on a train, named Jack Walsh, had been to prep school with Jim Jordan, Fibber McGee and Molly's son. Through Jim, Jack and Fess got a close look at the studios, met stars and even bagged dates with movie cuties. With that personalized treatment it's no wonder the Hollywood bug started boring into the tall Texas sailor's noggin. One Easter week end, he and Jack were hitchhiking back to San Francisco when Walter Huston and his wife Nan gave them a lift as far as Bakersfield. He answered their questions and they asked him to visit them at their ranch next time he was down.

"You know," Fess told Jack as they trudged on north, "I like these Hollywood people. They're real friendly, and they seem to do all right with ranches and things. I reckon I'm going to be a movie actor myself someday."

"Get conscious, Tex," his buddy trimmed his sails. "You're too damned big and too damned stupid!"

Fess never got a chance to accept Walter Huston's invitation because before he knew it he was cruising around the Philippines aboard *YMS 334*, a 132-foot, shallow-draft sweeper, popping Japanese mines. The action was noisy and exciting for a while but it soon got boring.

FESS HAD ABSORBED all the regulation book life he could handle. The war was over and he had enough points to get home. But Navy red tape was mighty slow looping out to the *YMS 334*, and Seaman Parker began to worry how long he'd last without blowing his top right into the brig. So he ground his noodle and came up with a gimmick: The reason, Fess figured, that the Navy didn't like tall sailors was because ship overheads were so low—six feet, and he was five inches over. To get around he had to bend like a bobby-pin. Next time they put in to the Islands for mail he reported to the orthopedic officer. "Got a mighty sore back," Fess groaned, "and my neck's about broke." He bent over like Rip Van Winkle. It was a convincing performance. It sent him to a series of Naval hospitals. They discharged him finally at Lido Beach, Long Island, in April 1946, telling him, "You never should have been in the Navy in the first place—you're just too big."

Fess headed for Texas instead of Hollywood. He wasn't crazy enough to tackle that town with nothing more than a wild idea—and he had plenty of no money. On the other hand, he had his G.I. Bill to finance school and his folks had moved up to Abilene, where his mother, Mackie, could keep him in spoonbread and Mexican strawberries (red beans). That spelled Hardin-Simmons again for him. He salvaged three courses out of the pre-war wreckage and aimed his credits at speech and dramatics, with some football planned on the side. He owned a $40 Model-T Ford, found a pretty girl to woo and started his college career all over.

One afternoon, chugging the Model T and the best girl home from a movie, Fess got his plans cut to pieces along with his face. A belligerent motorist who may have been drinking bumped him savagely off the street, then gunned around hurling an epithet no Texan can take. Fess took out after him, walked up his driveway and started to remonstrate. Next thing he knew a knife bit into his neck and gouged across his cheek. Luckily the blade missed his jugular vein by a whisker, and broke on his rugged jaw. He could have been killed.



LITTLE BOY DAMP

As Dorothy Lamour, Debra Paget and a few others associated with a publicity tour approached the bandstand where they were to appear, a small boy of three or four, sitting on the steps, refused to let them by. Showing no disapproval, in spite of a heavy rain, Miss Lamour picked the child up and carried him to the platform, where she had her picture taken with him.

Marcela Gravel
Lewiston, Maine

Spouting blood, Fess landed in the hospital. He was there ten days. Twenty veins had been severed and they pumped him with transfusions. Today there's a deep hole back of his left ear and scar zigzags like lightning under his beard.

That injury cooked any thought of college athletics, and the puzzling aftermath spurred a change in Fess' curriculum. Because at the Grand Jury investigation, it developed that the half-murdered victim had no legal complaint against his stabber. English common law still said a man could defend himself with anything handy on his own property. "All of a sudden I got very interested in the law," says Fess. "I figured I'd better to survive in this world."

THE INSPIRATION steered Fess to the University of Texas Law School at Austin. After a whirlwind start he ran into a course in contracts and flunked it flat. Fess always has been allergic to anything binding. There were other distractions besides knotty studies. The best girl at Hardin-Simmons followed him to Austin with marriage on her mind. He pledged Pi Kappa Alpha and they give pledges a rough time. To ease the pressure of his private life Fess switched again—this time to Business Administration. But he found that dull and collected four more "I's." No wonder he refers to his college career as "checkered." He hopped all over the board before getting his plain B.A. in 1950, which he still regards as a minor miracle.

Still, Fess Parker looks back with pleasant memories on his protracted stay at Texas University. He enjoyed campus life at the fraternity house, got elected Sweetheart of Alpha Chi Omega, played Mars in a Greek God campus show, played basketball and pecked out provocative pieces of philosophy for the school paper. Through these, one professor, Dr. Arthur Colman, took a liking to him. When movie star Adolphe Menjou came through Austin narrating *Peter And The Wolf* with the San Antonio Symphony, Dr. Colman delegated Fess to take him around. Fess surprised himself by answering yes to Menjou's question: "Would you like to work in western pictures?"

"He gave me some good advice," remembers Fess. "Graduate first!" But Menjou also promised to introduce Fess to his agent if and when he arrived in Hollywood. Fess suspects that's what kicked him through to his sheepskin. A month after he got it he was in Hollywood to claim the bounty.

Fess' first awkward pass at a picture career didn't quite set the Boulevard ablaze. Menjou made good his word and introduced him to agent Bert Allenberg. "It's a thousand to one you'll ever get anywhere," he said. "You're too big, you're too green and that Texas accent is too thick. But don't let me discourage you." Fess heard essentially the same opinion wherever he poked, although talent scouts sent him over to drama coach Natasha Lytess of Fox Studio. He ultimately succeeded in getting into her office, and, as he entered a sexy blonde swished out—Marilyn Monroe. But Monroe's Svengali punctured the head of steam. "I wouldn't dare try to teach you anything," she sighed. "You're so—er—elemental that I'd just ruin whatever you have—whatever that is."

IT TOOK FESS several more foravs from Texas to Hollywood in the Model T before he figured a way to stick and find out. "I'm mighty resourceful," he claims, "when it comes to pursuing my interests." He had a year coming on his G.I. Bill, so he went after his Master's degree in William DeMille's School Of The Theatre at U.S.C., figuring that if the movie dream winked out he could always teach. Fess completed his classwork for the M.A., but he never got around to writing his thesis, because that spring he heard they were after big men to play sailors in the road company of *Mister Roberts*. He was just an extra but three months in San Francisco and Los Angeles gave him the professional feel—also an idea when the job ended.

Fess picked twenty of Hollywood's top agencies out of the phone book and spent a few dimes. "This is Fess Parker," he proclaimed importantly. "I've just closed at the Biltmore with Henry Fonda in *Mister Roberts*. I might consider some Hollywood picture offers—that is, *if* I decide to stay."

"You know," grins Fess, "that never failed once. They all said, 'Come right out.'" There was usually a big letdown when he did, but finally the Wynn Rocamora agency took him on and Fess was in business at last. A mighty precarious business for a long time, to be sure, because even for experienced glamour boys Hollywood is a hard nut to crack,

and Fess looked and acted like Panhandle Pete. "But there comes a time when a man has to make a stand—like Davy Crockett—and I figured this was mine," says Fess. That's when he holed up with an old Texas U. pal, John Rice, in the leaky basement apartment, hefted stoves and sorted pink panties to buy his peanut butter and milk.

Fess finally got inside a studio as a sharecropper in *Untamed Frontier* at U-I, speaking three short lines. That led to a bumpkin role in *No Room For The Groom.* Then he snagged a short spot as a Confederate sergeant with Gary Cooper in *Springfield Rifle.*

"Major," he growled, "I had you in my sights, suh. Don't know why I didn't shoot you!" Coop was so impressed by his own gooseflesh that he toyed with signing Fess on a personal contract. But nothing happened, so Fess went on with his bits—usually Texans in action movies like *Thunder Over The Plains, Island In The Sky, Them* and *Battle Cry,* in which he had a fair part. Television helped with bits in *Dragnet, Death Valley Days, City Detective, My Little Margie* and others.

"Trouble acting? Why, no," drawls Fess. "I took to this stuff like a duck to water. It's just gettin' the idea and bein' yourself." Pretty soon he was solvent enough to trade his Model-T in on a convertible, move out of the leaky basement to plush Peyton Hall with two other pals, and buy a $175 guitar. But his odd name still drew blank stares around Hollywood until Disney spotted him in the atomic thriller about ten-foot red ants with their irradiated genes gone haywire. "First time I ever was up against any actors taller than I was. Maybe that's what caught Mr. Disney's attention."

Anyway, Fess couldn't have been more surprised or delighted. He first learned the good news dropping by his agent's one Friday after a *My Little Margie* job, where he'd played Lennie Krunchmeyer, an All-American dumbbell. Fess hustled right out to the Disney studio, signed that day. "How soon can you leave for location in North Carolina?" Walt asked him.

"I'd say in about twenty minutes," replied Fess. "Soon's I throw my stuff in the back of the car and park it."

Except for a new TV set, Fess Parker could make the same promise today. He's still traveling light, literally and figuratively. But the airiness hasn't crept to his stubborn head.

RIGHT NOW HE'S camping in a tiny one-room apartment with a midget refrigerator, toaster, electric mixer and pull-down-bed over which his toes dangle. For pure comfort's sake, Fess is acquiring a rustic-modern house up off Benedict Canyon. "That is," he qualifies, "if I can dig up the $6000 down payment." The house, by the way, has heat in the floor which intrigues Fess mightily. "Heat rises," he explains. "All my life my head's been hot and my feet cold!"

Up in the canyon, too, it's woodsy, birdsy and squirrelly as he likes it, with some pals living across the gulch who, with Fess, make up "The Whippoorwill Rising And Walking Club." Fess is an early riser who likes "the fresh, wet, optimistic smell of morning," as he puts it poetically. In fact, most of his habits and tastes are old-fashioned and plain. When he steps out of character he's in trouble.

Last winter, for instance, Fess let a Hollywood friend tout him onto a skiing week end in the mountains. He went for $30 worth of snow clothes and a pair of runners. First take-off, Fess smashed the skis, split his new pants, wrenched his back and sprained his ankle. It cost him $250 in doctors' bills.

He has had a look inside the Sunset Strip nightclubs but each time fled fast. "Oh, I like to caper around," Fess allows, "but those places are just too uncomfortable. A man can't breathe." Since he's in the spotlight his Disney advisers have talked Fess into some made-to-measure suits to replace the skimpy numbers off racks that made him look like Ichabod Crane. That was fine with Fess. "But," he puzzled, "how do you go about it?" He got his first tuxedo to take in television's recent Emmy awards. Actually, at this point, all Fess really needs is his fringed buckskins and his coonskin Kelly.

Like most bachelors, Fess forages for his meals wherever he happens to be, or cooks up a savory mess himself at home. On festive occasions, however, he favors farm kitchen Texas fare—beef roasts, corn pone, hominy, hot biscuits and such, but for some reason he hates chicken. He doesn't smoke and you wouldn't call Fess a drinking man—although he does like his beer, and one week end at the beach with four other huskies consumed $92 worth. Fess likes to get his eight to ten hours of sleep but he'll cheat sometimes to sit up all night reading (he still loves heroes and folklore) or strumming his guitar to work out a ditty, of which he has composed six. Right now he is cooking up another Davy Crockett ballad with Buddy Ebsen.

Fess still drives his "Stude-Ferrari" as he calls his '51 Studebaker. He'd like a real sports car if he could afford it and could cram himself inside one. He still goes Sundays to the Church of Christ, to which he was converted from Methodism one night by a friend's convincing theosophical arguments. And he still sticks with his one and only Hollywood girl, Marcella Rinehart, a singer he met at Peyton Hall, "exchanging poolside philosophy." Marcy is a pretty, dainty brunette and while it's steady Fess claims it's not serious. "But when I do get hitched," he swears, "it'll be for keeps and a big family, Lord willing."

FESS IS TALKING truly when he says, "Right now they've got me jumpin' sideways." He hasn't had time to sort out what's happened to him, or draw an accurate bead on what lies ahead. He has been hustling off on personal appearance tours and posing as Davy Crockett so steadily that he hasn't had a respectable haircut in about ten months now. He favors a crew cut but it looks like he'll never get one again. As for his studio plans, Fess is understandably all out for anything Walt Disney tells him to do. He has only one worry. "I just hope," he says soberly, "that I can measure up to all this hero worship with the kids. I'd sure hate to do something reckless now and disillusion them."

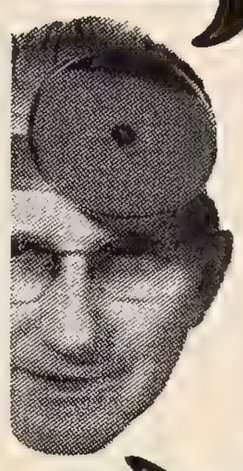
At this point that seems practically impossible. On the Hollywood frontier Fess Parker is king right now and the king can do no wrong. But there's a personal reason, too, why Fess yearns to measure up to the stature fate has thrust upon him. He figures he still carries the banner of the Lone Star State.

"I love you, California," he says, "but I guess I'll always be a Texan. That's where my roots are and where I'll go back some day. I want the home folks to be proud of me. Out here it's like the poem, *Farewell,* that old Davy himself wrote away back yonder—'in the land of the stranger I rise or I fall . . .'

"I took a long time risin'," allows Fess Parker, "and I'm not aimin' to fall now."

It doesn't seem likely. Not for a man, who, like Davy Crockett, seems to be destined to live out a hero's legend in his own lifetime. **END**

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there's another side of the coin



Think you know Monroe? You don't even know what she looks like!

■ Now that Marilyn Monroe has settled down in the densely populated east, it has been observed more and more that there are really *two* Marilyn Monroes.

On one side of the golden MM coin, there is the familiar mint—the most famous face and figure in America. The other side is the private Monroe.

These are the reports from the areas Marilyn has visited most while in and around New York City. The first site is the Waldorf Towers, where Marilyn has taken up residence. The second spot is the Actors Studio in Manhattan, where many less glamorous if not harder-working actors and actresses attend classes. Marylin is among them at the famous school-workshop.

The third place is Weston, Connecticut, where Marilyn visits frequently as house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Greene. He's the photographer who is vice-president of Marilyn's own production company. While Marilyn lived there, incidentally, she used as a bedroom half of Milton's photographic studio. It was divided down the middle with a large canvas curtain, and Marilyn's room was a temporary makeshift that included a plain double bed, a canvas back chair and a dressing table.

The first Monroe, and the easiest to spot, is the glamour girl the public knows. She is carefully made up, and her hairdo takes hours to set. She is dressed in clothes of the MM stamp—low-cut gowns or attractive sweaters and tight skirts. This Monroe walks with the awareness of making a public appearance. Every gesture is well-calculated and deliberate, even the eyelash flutter.

In this version, Marilyn's speech has the intonation of a naive, questioning child unlike her schoolmates, who use their voices with more vigor and versatility because of their Broadway, radio and television backgrounds.

The second Monroe is a casual, everyday Marilyn who leaves off her make-up, wears slacks and turtle-neck sweaters and sometimes covers her tousled hair with a bandana. Her speech becomes more matter of fact.

Women who have caught a glimpse of this second Monroe have admired her clear, beautiful complexion ("like a doll's").

This Monroe was at a Connecticut party where one of the other guests told his wife: "You remember what I told you about women wearing slacks? That those who shouldn't, do? And those who can, don't? Well, there's a gal in slacks in the corner there who never should wear pants!"

The gal, of course, was Marilyn Monroe.

There was the time last April when Marilyn made her television appearance on *Person To Person.* The CBS crew was setting up the cameras. They had seen no one from the household when Milton Greene and a girl came in. They had been out riding a small motorcycle.

"When are we going to see Marilyn?" some of the men asked Greene.

Greene's companion was Marilyn. Most of the crew had thought she was Greene's wife. It was only later that they saw Amy Greene, the brunette beauty who won a screen test after the television visit to her home.

This was the Monroe with the Greenes when their car was held up by a crowd in Manhattan. "What's the trouble?" they asked. A man said, "They're expecting Marilyn Monroe!" They were expecting the wrong one!

she'd do it all over again

(*Continued from page 39*) inside you screams, 'I can't go on.' But I never heard a waitress say it was any fun to stand on her feet all day, just to make ends meet. I can afford a beautiful home and the help to run it. I can afford to travel. I can afford to build for Cheryl and the future, instead of living from check to check. Neither Lex nor I wants to rely on motion pictures alone. We have four oil wells, all pumping like mad. He has pulled off a couple of other good deals. Without pictures, we never would have had the money to put into them. So I'm eternally grateful. Because now, after a good many years, I can afford the luxury of *not* working. You know what happened the other night?"

The other night Lex said, "We're having dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Soandso."

"Who?"

"This man is very important to my business."

"But what have *I* got to do with it?"

"You just go along and be charming."

"That's all?"

"That's all."

She was charming at dinner that night and next day on the golf course. The deal went through. "You think I helped?" asked Lana.

"Of course you helped," said Lex, and found her clinging to him in helpless mirth. "What's so funny?"

"After all these years, *me* being the little woman. It slays me, but I love it. And I'm laughing so as not to cry."

AS AGAINST THE big pay-off, the big beef is lack of privacy, a common complaint, to which Lana contributes her mite, though without much hope. "It makes any marriage more difficult. I don't care whose it is. The spies, the eyes, the windows, are always on you. They tell you you're news; whatever you do makes headlines. Granted. But whatever you don't do makes them too. Even before I married Lex, they broke out the glad tidings that it couldn't last. Even when everything is going great, somebody writes, 'What's wrong in the Barker household?' The way some people play it, they can't wait for you to lose."

Not long ago they attended a dinner party at the Ed Gardners'. Lana, with a sick headache, wanted to beg off. Lex, who doesn't much care about going out, felt like going that night. "We'll leave early," he promised. Her headache seemed better, so they went. But the sight of food, the din of talk and laughter brought it on again, and she asked to be excused. Mrs. Gardner took her upstairs to lie down. Temples throbbing, she wanted only to slip out of her clothes and into her own bed. Unwilling to create a disturbance in the dining room, she left messages for Lex and her hostess and went home, which was just around the block. Next morning she opened the paper to discover that she had walked out after a big brawl with her husband. Silently, she handed him the sheet. "Well," he observed, "I see they're going down the list. They've worked on Tony and Janet, given the Grangers the business, now it's time for Lana and Lex again. Forget it."

She understood the wisdom of his advice. "If you feel good, you brush it off. If not you start your day on the wrong foot. *You* know the truth, so that's not what bothers you. Just that you're sitting ducks for anyone who feels like taking a potshot. All we ask is a fair shake."

ON THE CREDIT SIDE, glamour is supposed to rate high. According to Lana, it's a much abused word. "Webster calls it

false magic, and I think he's got something there. Apart from the dictionary, I'm not sure I know *what* it means. Pretty clothes? Jewelry? New cars? All very nice, but only the goop on top. Under the goop, you'll find plenty of miserable people. If it means being the center of attention, yes, that's exciting at first when you're not used to it, but it palls pretty quickly and it leaves you pretty empty. I look back to my party days, and they mean nothing. I look back to Europe and Acapulco with Lex, and they're full of good memories."

In Europe they shied away from public places, stopped at little pensions, set off each morning with a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, some cheese and a newspaper to cut the cheese on, and drove all day through the sun-drenched countryside. In Acapulco they rented a house for three weeks. No hotels with the routine of pretending unconsciousness of heads that turn and eyes that stare. Taking towels and magazines, a beach umbrella, a portable ice box stuffed with their favorite Mexican dish of raw fish marinated in lime, they'd sit on the beach until six, go home to shower, change, dine by themselves and read.

"That's glamour?" asks Lana. "Then fifty million Americans are just as glamorous."

ON THE DEBIT SIDE, there has been romantic failure. While resenting pokes from the press, she thinks too straight to charge them with her own blunders. A likable trait in the Turner gal has been her acceptance of responsibility, her tight-lipped refusal to spread the blame even to her partners in failure. Nor does she flinch from facts. "I'm not proud of having been married four times. I'd like to say yes, this is my one and only, but you can't erase the past. I've made an awful lot of mistakes. I'm not so stupid that they haven't taught me something. And I'm not so smart that I think I know all the answers."

At sixteen she began to earn her living. Ten years ago she got into the big money. For marriage, she considers this a hazard —not only in Hollywood, but in modern life generally. "I can see it both ways. On the one hand, I love my independence. It's hard not to, once you're accustomed to it. On the other hand, it can be a woman's worst enemy. When she leans on a man for her very existence, necessity keeps them together. When things don't always go right, they're more likely to learn patience. But let her be self-supporting, and it's too easy to say, 'Here are your walking papers. See you around.' The minute an altercation comes up, she can zing him over the head with her independence and hurt him so deeply. There've been times in my life when I always had the quick comeback. Well, I was wrong, but that doesn't change the picture. Only I know now that adjustment is a continual process, not something you can polish off in a year and relax.

"Let's face it, I'm no Miss Meek, and my husband has a firm mind of his own. But neither of us holds grudges and we don't sulk. When it's over, it's over. What's more, he makes the decisions round our house. Big and small. If he wants to go out, we go out. If not, we stay home. Sometimes I think *I'm* doing all the adjusting. But I swallow the comebacks. I wait till the lights are low and the music's on and the fire's going and the mood is soft. Then I take up whatever is bothering me. It's a good technique. Gets you a lot further."

Whatever hurts she has inflicted, equal, if not deeper hurts have been inflicted on her. She never has discussed them; she won't discuss them now. But she went abroad resolved to think things through, leaving Hollywood gladly not because she felt the solution lay in Europe, but hoping that distance might lend perspective to her problems. The solution, she came to realize, lay within herself. It was up to her to find some new way of life, since the old way certainly hadn't made her happy. All the Barker publicity notwithstanding, she spent much of her time alone, exploring whys and wherefores. What did she want? Simple. What everyone wanted. A measure of inward peace. Where had she looked for it? In crowds, crying, "If I have to stay in tonight, I'll go crazy," deluding herself that maybe tonight she would meet the miracle-worker who would bring her peace. What had she found? Razzle-dazzle and disenchantment.

LANA IS NO INTROVERT who can dissect, stage by stage, an altered outlook. "I took time to meditate. I discovered that quietness gave me strength. The merry-go-round which I used to think meant so much to me ran down, and I realized I'd been chasing a brass ring. It was like a slow awakening to different values. I can't honestly say that Lex did it for me. No person can change another's attitude that much. You've got to do your own growing. But it helped to find someone who could meet me on the same ground —and someone *I* could meet. If I had still been a scatterbrain, we'd have had a couple of dates, I'd have said thanks a lot and that would have been it. As it turned out, we were both sick of the tinsel. Only I didn't know how to explain to Lex what went on in me, and he wasn't glib either. We're both short on fancy words. So it was a long-drawn-out process, getting acquainted with the other's personalites and ways of thinking. We're *still* getting acquainted. That's what I mean by adjusting every day. But on the basic things—home, kids and future," she crossed her fingers, "we're like this."

Their life together is quiet. They entertain at home with small dinner parties for friends like the Mike Wildings, the Ben Gages, the Cubby Broccolis. Occasionally they'll be seen at a big wingding, but Lex loathes them and Lana has had her fill. He's an outdoors guy, an early riser and a devotee of golf. She's a golfer too, though less ardent. When he's not working, he'll still be up at some unearthly hour for a day on the links. Averse to breakfasting without his wife, he'll drag her out of bed, moaning, protesting, dead to the world until she has had her second cup of coffee, by which time she can almost understand what he's saying. Sometimes she'll trot along and, once out under the morning sky, enjoys it. More often, bed seems pleasanter and she crawls back in. Whether they've spent the day apart or together, they're home by six. If Lex had his way, that's when they would eat. If Lana had her way, they'd eat at nine. Splitting the difference, they eat at seven-thirty. The girl who used to streak like a moth for the bright lights settles down in relief to a placid evening at home. They watch TV, listen to records or just sit and gab—over memories of the past and plans for the future—sometimes until four in the morning.

Straightforward about her feelings, she dislikes goo. Sentimental anecdotes embarrass her. "We're not kids, it sounds silly," she demurs, and this hesitation seems oddly touching. But with her native good humor, she gives in.

There's the horn bit. Neither ever leaves the other without honking three times, which means "I love you." Should Lex forget, Lana's day would be ruined. Once she was mad about something.

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Cheerily the horn tooted its three blasts. "I'll *bet* you do," she retorted to the empty room, which piece of absurdity promptly gave her the giggles.

Another time, leaving late for work, it was she who forgot. A message waited at the studio. "I don't know what it is, but please call Mr. Barker right away. He sounded terribly upset."

Heart pounding, she dialed. Who was suddenly sick? Cheryl? Her mother? Not Lex himself, hale and hearty just twenty minutes ago. "What's wrong?" she quavered, as he came on the phone.

"You didn't honk I love you." Like a six-year-old abandoned by his mother.

She wanted to shake him like a six-year-old, too, for scaring her half to death. Instead, she picked up a brush and clunked it against the receiver three times. "Okay?"

"Well, it's not as loud as the horn, but I guess I'll survive."

Their talisman is a tiny ceramic donkey named Baby, acquired for his outstanding personality. Wandering around Capri, they discovered him on a knick-knack table. Unkempt, bedraggled, looking as though he'd worked overtime all his life, his face was still split in a wide and seraphic grin. Baby goes everywhere with them, and for a specific reason. Sometimes you can't quite say, "Yes, I was a stinker." Sometimes you're dying to say it and it sticks in your throat. Baby's the mediator for whichever one has lost his temper. Lana has found him smiling from the bottom of her coffee cup, Lex in the toe of a shoe. Baby can say, "I'm sorry," with ease and grace, always glad to help them over the hump.

THEIR DAYDREAMS include more children, if possible. Lana is a natural with kids, blending humor, warmth and authority. Linn and Zan, who've just spent six months with the Barkers, call her Bunny. Cheryl calls Lex "Po," her own abbreviation of Pop. She and Linn are best friends, visiting back and forth, taking turns to stay overnight with each other.

Many tears have been shed for the offspring of Hollywood stars, and you take your pick of two popular views. One, they're ruined by overindulgence. Two they're ruined by neglect, shunted into the care of strangers, allowed to see mama long enough night and morning to peck her on the cheek. Both views are extreme. Neither happens to be true of Cheryl Crane. "I can't speak," says Lana, "for anyone but myself. For myself, I'm a working mother, so I couldn't spend all my days with Cheryl. But *my* mother had to work too, and couldn't spend her days with me. Nor afford the care I gave Cheryl. Yes, she has had nurses and governesses, but always under my close supervision. Mine was the final word, and we all knew it. I don't think she has suffered from my being in the movie business. I think her childhood has been happier than mine."

Which is understatement. An engaging and well-adjusted youngster, Cheryl is the product of her mother's very definite ideas on child-rearing. She attends a parochial school, and for two sound reasons. Lana respects the values taught by the sisters. And she wants her daughter, to make friends with kids on all economic levels. At Cheryl's school, it's character that counts, not how many Cadillacs your father owns. "I don't like snobs," says Lana briefly.

She is consistent about discipline. In return for her allowance, Cheryl has certain chores to perform—like hanging up her clothes, making her bed, caring for her bird and dog. If she slips up, she hears about it from Mother. Nearing twelve, she's too old to be spanked, but young enough to be crushed by no TV or no ice-skating next Saturday. And even though it hurts her worse, Lana makes it stick. "Unless you keep your word for good or ill, why should they trust you?"

She has reached an age where they have fun doing things together, as with the riding lessons. Last Christmas Mrs. Turner gave them their first mother-daughter outfits. Two-piece numbers in pale blue, blouse, sweater, identical belts, little full skirts with lots of petticoats. Thus arrayed, they went shopping in Beverly. Since they both love to window-shop, Lana noticed nothing odd until Cheryl lingered before the hardware store, which she had never before honored with a passing glance. Only then did it dawn on her mother that the child was studying in each windowpane the reflection of two figures, dressed exactly alike, and getting a big bang out of it. Pretending absorption in nuts and bolts, Lana watched the look on her daughter's face and got a big bang out of that.

AS HER FLEDGLING begins to edge out of the nest, she is seized by the usual maternal qualms, which she squelches—with an assist from Lex. Cheryl was all steamed up over a projected camping week end with her Girl Scout troop. Lana conjured up visions of fearful perils, like snakes. Lex said: "If she can't do what the rest of 'em do, why let her belong at all?" She saw his point. She had seen it before he made it, but needed bolstering. Feeling heroic, she piled twelve little girls into the station wagon, drove them to the camp site, spent the week end with her heart in her mouth and drove back to collect them. Not till she glimpsed Cheryl all in one piece, did she breathe freely again.

But what-the-rest-of-them-do isn't her yardstick. Right now she's getting the lipstick routine. "Lipstick?" she gasps, not nearly so shocked as she pretends. "Why, you're not even twelve yet."

"Well, when? When I'm thirteen?"

"No. Maybe fifteen."

"Oh, *Mom*-my!!" on a long wail. "All the other girls—"

"You're not all the other girls."

"All the other mothers—"

"I'm not all the other mothers and, honey, let me tell you something. There aren't any tricks you can think of to pull that I haven't pulled myself, and not too long ago. So why don't you just float with the tide?" To this dialogue, Mrs. Turner listens with interest. "What are *you* humming about?" demands Lana.

Which gives Cheryl fresh fodder. "I bet Grandma let *you*."

"I don't want to hear any more about it," says Lana in the tone that means no kidding, and with a final "Oh, *Mommy!*" Cheryl subsides. For the time being.

Having grown up with it, Mommy's position in Hollywood cuts little ice with her except as it is reflected among her associates. When she was smaller, she enjoyed visiting the set. Now, deep in her own interests, she couldn't care less. Only once, a couple of years ago, did a small cloud develop. She came home from school, obviously down in the dumps. "What's wrong," asked Lana.

"Nothing, Mommy." But at length she allowed the truth to be coaxed out. "The kids had been teasing her. "They kept saying Lana Turner's your mother. She's a movie star."

"Well, honey, you've known that right along. It's a job, that's all. No different from Mary's mother, only she works in a department store." But the small face refused to brighten and, with sudden insight, Lana detected the difference. For the first time Cheryl was seeing her through the eyes of others—a glamour queen high on her throne, set apart from the rest of the world, maybe even from herself. She gathered the child up. "Don't you believe it. You're my baby and I'm your mother. Lana Turner's got nothing to do with *us*." Which was all her troubled daughter wanted to hear.

Now she's discovering that to be Lana Turner's daughter carries distinct advantages. Cheryl is in the sixth grade. The sixth graders idolize the eighth graders. If an eighth grader says hello to you, you float. Well, they've done more than say hello to Cheryl. One of her classmates brought a picture of Lana and tacked it to the wall. This made her feel rather self-conscious until recess time, when an eighth grader approached respectfully. "If it's all right with you girls, we'd like to borrow that picture of Cheryl's mother and hang it in our room for an hour."

Choking with pride, she spilled out the tale at home. "Eighth graders! *Imagine*, Mommy! Aren't you *thrilled?!*" And don't think Mommy wasn't.

LANA HAS BEEN PUBLICIZED from the spectacular angle, which makes news. What doesn't make news is, she's got a brain in her head—and not only in dealing with youngsters. Put on any symphony and she'll tell you its name, its composer, who's playing, who's conducting. Always a hungry reader, she's more so now. *The Prophet* may not be your cup of tea, but it's hers and it lies on her bedside table. Books on every form of religion fascinate her, not with the notion of changing her own faith, but to understand what others believe and why. Knowing all this, you're not surprised when she tells you:

"I've got four more years under contract to MGM. Then I'm just going to do other things unless some story comes along that I can't bear not to do. There's so much to learn that I haven't time to learn while I'm working, and when a picture's finished, I'm too tired to care. I want to try painting again, which I started once and gave up. I'd like to know more about music. I'd like to study languages. The world's so small nowadays. It's stupid to go abroad, expecting everyone else to speak your language without returning the courtesy. If a story never comes along, okay. I'll have that much more time to learn and learn and learn."

She speaks unpretentiously, with the quietness that carries conviction. One lesson she has learned well—the folly of wasting regrets on the past. Looking back at the inexperienced girl of years ago, she knows she'd follow the same road again and, through her mistakes, come up with the same answer. It's the past on which you build your future. She has no quarrel with life. She thinks it's been good to her. She'll go on living with her head up. **END**

TEACHER'S PET



While Vic Damone was stationed in San Antonio he sang in Harlandale High. He sang a song to teachers under thirty. In the crowd, however, was a sad looking teacher, definitely over thirty. Vic noticed her and called her up to the stage. He sang "September Song" to her and then said, "I bet I could kiss you." He did, and the crowd went wild, especially we girls.

Betty Nava
San Antonio, Texas

memoirs of a small texan

(*Continued from page 56*) truck driver and I, eyeball to eyeball."

He is most amusing when he kids himself, reminiscing about the funnier side of his days in uniform.

The uniform itself, of course, was a worthy subject. When Audie arrived at Camp Wolters in Texas, he was five feet, five inches, weighed 112 pounds even after dinner, was seventeen and looked twelve. They issued him the uniform and when he put it on, both his hands and his feet were invisible. Khaki seemed to flood all over him. From within the folds of it, he remarked to the supply sergeant that he thought the outfit might be too big for him.

"You'll grow into it," growled the sergeant, giving the standard Army reply. Private Murphy, however, was smaller than most, and found it necessary to have six inches chopped off the arms and legs.

It took him longer about the shoes. He wore a size eight and had been issued a size ten, and his feet wallowed around inside. As Audie puts it, "I could do an about-face and take two steps without moving off the ground." But Murphy wasn't one to gripe. He had wanted to be a soldier more than anything in the whole world, and now there was a real war going and he intended to get into it. Furthermore, he was eating three meals a day, a heretofore unknown pleasure, and he allowed as how the Army was being real good to him. Already he was farther from home than he'd ever been, and he figured if he kept his mouth shut and did as he was told, he might get even closer to real action.

So for a while, he remained content to rattle around in the shoes. Then, a week later, came a thirty-mile hike to a spot known as Baker's Hollow. The weary troops were knee-deep in sand burrs, which meant that Murphy was up to his waist in them. When he got back to camp and pulled off the shoes and found his feet were bleeding he finally got the nerve to ask for the smaller pair.

That was a day he would gladly have collapsed by the wayside, but he didn't dare because he had already blacked out once. It had happened on a day that promised to hit 110 degrees, and in the morning the new soldiers had been lined up to receive their shots from a weary medic. Audie himself was soon to have a temperature of 105, but as he stood waiting he thought only of the two enormous men preceding him in the line. They were huge and hairy, and Audie hoped they would faint, because if they did, he wouldn't feel so bad about doing it himself. Already he looked, and felt, as if he needed a blood transfusion. "But the doctor had a lot of trouble finding a muscle," says Audie. "I didn't have much meat on me, and the needle kept ricocheting off the bone." The two big men walked off under their own steam, so Audie gritted his teeth and did the same. In another hour he was on the field doing close-order drill and this, plus the combination of sun and fever, stretched Murph flat on his face.

That was when Sergeant Black first noticed he had a lamb in his fold. The sergeant was one of those robust characters who lived up to his rank—an ex-fighter with a voice like a pile driver.

He was the first of many hundreds of uniformed men who would not believe Audie was old enough to be in the Army. As a matter of fact, he wasn't. A bare seventeen, Murphy had feared the war might be over before he turned the legitimate soldiering age of eighteen, and so he had mapped out his campaign. He was delighted to learn that his birth certificate was unavailable, having burned to a crisp some years before along with the county courthouse. This opened the way for fake documents and Audie happily secured the proper forms and went to call on the old doctor who had delivered him seventeen years ago.

"Would you fill this out for me?" Audie wanted to know.

The white-haired doctor smiled at Audie over his spectacles. "Want to get in the fight, eh, son?" He scratched his head, trying to recall the dim years. "Now, let's see, when *were* you born?"

"1924," lied Audie pleasantly.

THE INK WAS BARELY dry before Murphy streaked into a Marine recruiting office. The sergeant in charge looked unbelievingly at the small scarecrow who stood before him. "Now look, kid," he said. "The Marines build men, sure. But we got to have something to start with!"

His Irish temper boiling, Audie consulted the Navy, whose local representative said practically the same thing the Marine sergeant had said. Audie was frantic, certain the war would be over any day. He went to the Air Force, knowing his education was insufficient, but hoping by some miracle he could slide in. After all, he wasn't going to be humiliated by joining the Infantry—the Infantry would take *any*body. There was no miracle at the Air Force. Audie's aptitude tests were high, but he had quit school to help his mother with the brood at home. And so it was that Murphy, fuming, landed in the Infantry at Camp Wolters. He tried transferring to the Paratroopers (not heavy enough) and a glider outfit (no soap). And he spent much thought in ways and means to get himself out of the Infantry.

In the interim, the Infantry was trying to get rid of *him*. Sgt. Black, running an experienced eye over the inert form stretched out on the drill field that day, decided this bit of humanity was not for soldiering. And after Audie was discharged from the hospital, the sergeant made a suggestion.

"Baby," he said, using the nickname that made Audie wince, "you're not for this war stuff. I'm making arrangements to send you to cook and baker school."

"*What!*" yelled Audie. "I don't want to be a cook! I want to get into action!"

"Look, I'm doin' you a favor," said the sergeant.

"I don't want any favors! Just keep your nose out of it and we'll get along great."

He looked like the prototype of every mama's boy ever seen in a movie—the baby-faced character who folds at the first sign of danger and yells for his mother—and it seemed that every other man in the Army was dedicating himself to get Private Murphy sent to a nice, safe place.

"Besides which," says Audie, "they figured I'd foul up the whole platoon."

That was why, on the hike to and from Baker's Hollow, the small Murphy kept telling himself to stay conscious. The threat of cook and baker school hung before his glazed eyes like a well-honed axe. By this time he was an addict of the Infantry; he had absorbed the *esprit de corps* and would sooner have been shot than transferred. He made it that day and he kept on making it, but it took some doing.

AUDIE WAS ALREADY a crack shot, but the only gun he had ever fired was his own .22 rifle, a lightweight weapon to which the Murphy family had often owed its dinner. The first gun the Army handed him was an '03 G.I. rifle and when Audie took it his knees buckled under its weight. The first time he fired it, the kickback gave him a bloody nose. And ensuing days found him on the drill field, performing rifle calisthenics by jerking the

BLONDES!

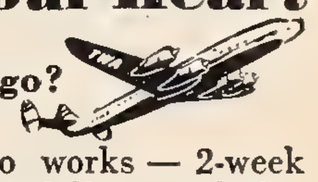
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'03 to the north, south, east and west, and wondering why he didn't collapse.

"Our country was in a hurry in those days," says Audie. "And I had the determination, but not the physical equipment."

By the time he was transferred to Fort Meade in Maryland he was gaining weight rapidly; also considerable strength. At Meade he got the best score in the entire battalion on the Browning Automatic Rifle which is heavier than the '03.

Still, he was a little guy, and the nickname "Baby" stuck to him like flypaper. He hated it, and his only consolation was that they never found out that the L in the middle of his name stands for Leon. They didn't call him Tex, because at Fort Meade nobody knew he was from Texas. "I hate blabbermouth Texans," says Audie, "and besides, they wouldn't have believed it. I wasn't big enough to be from Texas."

While he was at Fort Meade he got a seven-day pass and went to New York with a buddy. Audie figured New York was real fine and gawked at the tall buildings like the country boy he was. When he ran out of money, he simply went to a shooting gallery and fattened his wallet by fifty dollars. His sharpshooter medals, of which he was immensely proud, dribbled all over his chest and eventually caused him much embarrassment. Wherever he went, passersby laughed at him, certain he was a Boy Scout dressed up in his father's uniform.

Back at camp, kind-hearted officers continued standing on their heads in an effort to keep little Murphy out of the line of fire. Cook and baker school no longer threatened, but now they had ideas about keeping him at Ft. Meade as a permanent member of the cadre. And for all their efforts they got nothing but screams of anguish from Audie, who was steaming to get into battle.

IT WAS AT FORT MEADE that he first gave an inkling he had the makings of a soldier. One day he drew prison guard detail and was instructed to escort two prisoners to the quartermaster for new shoes. Both were great hulking men, one up for murder, the other for rape. Audie tackled his job fully aware of the Army legend that says if a man allows a prisoner to escape he will serve the remainder of the term himself. Adhering to rules, he herded them in stony silence, following them like a small shadow, until suddenly they tried to split up on him. Audie flipped off the safety of his gun, and the click had a menacing sound. One of them turned to look down at him, sneering. "What would you do if we tried to get away?"

Audie eyed him coolly. "I'd shoot you," he said matter-of-factly. "Both of you."

Later, he told his captain about it. "What would you really have done?" asked the officer.

"I told you," drawled Audie. "I'd of killed 'em. I don't cotton to spending the rest of my life in jail for something two other guys did. Besides, I want to see action."

He finally shoved off, bound for North Africa, and on the ship's arrival in Casablanca Murph committed his only act of insubordination. Except that he didn't consider it as such to his beloved Army, the Army that had fed him so much food that in thirteen weeks of basic training he had gained twenty-five pounds. He thought of it, gleefully, as an act of defiance to the Navy, that branch of the service to which he had once yearned to belong. After three weeks at sea, the Navy took care of docking operations and took off, *en masse,* to enjoy Casablanca. They left Murph, as acting sergeant, in charge of both the ship and a bunch of furious men. So Audie locked up the ship, removed himself and his fellow soldiers, all but a couple of guards, to also enjoy Casablanca.

North Africa proved to be a tough training ground. The German force was falling apart, and instead of action Audie was put through rigorous training, an ordeal which he is sure now saved his life. Among amphibious exercises and a lot of etcetera was the infliction of living on as few calories as possible. For this toughening-up process the Army chose marmalade, and for days on end the men had nothing to eat but marmalade and more marmalade. "That orange kind," says Audie with an expression of revulsion on his face, "with the awful peelings." He never has eaten it since.

It was in North Africa that Audie's pals learned he meant it when he said he didn't drink. The fact amazed them all, particularly when they learned he was a Texan.

"You mean there's somebody from Texas who doesn't drink?"

"I just don't like the taste of it," said Audie.

Marlon Brando began as a student in a drama class taught by Stella Adler. Yesterday Miss Adler was asked if young James Dean, star of "East of Eden," ever had been one of her pupils, too. "Frankly, I don't know," Miss Adler said. "In my classes the students are either 'John' or 'Darling.' We remember them by talent, not by name."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

They weren't content until they had him down some homemade red wine, homemade, that is, by a barefoot native. Dutifully, Audie got down half of the dose in his canteen cup, turned green and then grey, and made it back to camp only by crawling on all fours. Murphy puts wine in the category with orange marmalade.

FROM NORTH AFRICA his outfit landed on Sicily, then Salerno, then the Anzio beachhead, then northward to Rome. After that came the landing on the southern beaches of France, the march to the north, the final, stiff and awful resistance in Germany itself. And through it all, despite his newly acquired toughness, Audie was eternally mistaken for a recruit just out of high school. His helmet refused to fit his head, slipping down over his eyebrows. "All they could see was eyeballs and G.I. shoes," grins Audie. They pleaded with him, in and out of battle, to adjust the lining, and Audie only replied, "I can see you guys, and that's all that counts."

He occasionally settled the problem by removing his helmet entirely, sometimes even under fire, an act which gave other soldiers the jitters. Once, on the Anzio beachhead, a colonel noticed the bareheaded Murphy and handed him his own. And Audie still laughs when he remembers the lieutenant who began giving him orders and stopped cold when he spotted the silver eagle on Murphy's helmet.

Eventually, Audie did achieve rank while in the lines. He was a lieutenant by the time he was wounded and lay on a litter three days before they could get him to a field hospital. Sick as he was, raging with fever, he heard the medics who were carrying him. "This kid must have somebody else's dog tags," a voice said. "According to them, he's a lieutenant."

"He ain't no looie," said another. "This joker's not over fifteen." And so they put him in the enlisted men's ward.

Before the war was over, there were some who knew that Audie Murphy was like no baby they'd ever seen. That was the day his buddy was killed. Murphy's reaction to that got him a Congressional Medal of Honor.

But the battle with his baby face lasted all through the war. Toward the end, when the army was taking older men, new officers in their thirties would report to Audie's outfit. "We're looking for the old man," they'd say and Audie, restraining a grin, would tell them, "I'm the old man."

"You?" they'd say in amazement, and Audie says now they looked disgusted at what the Army was coming to.

Once, he went to a replacement depot for a new carbine. It was six o'clock in the evening and he was due to leave for the front again the next morning at four. Audie's raincoat covered evidence of his rank. The sergeant at his desk behind the small window grunted at Audie's entrance.

"We're closed. We close at six."

"You join some damn union or something?" inquired Murph. "I want a carbine."

"You don't say," said the sergeant. "Carbines are only for first three-graders and officers. And I'm closing up."

"Give me a carbine," said Audie coolly.

"I suppose you're going to tell me you're some damned first sergeant."

"I'm not telling you anything," said Audie. "Just give me a carbine."

The sergeant's face grew purple with rage and his fist shot through the small aperture, connecting with Audie's eye. Then he stumbled out to where Audie stood and as he shot through the door Audie clobbered him. The sergeant fell, striking his head against a shovel, which inflicted a cut in his forehead.

"Now," said the irate lieutenant, "are you going to give me a carbine, or would you rather bleed to death?"

And the sergeant, soft from his long regime in the rear echelons, croaked as loud as he could, "Hey, Joe, get this guy a carbine—quick!"

"And so," says Audie now, "I went back to the front with my carbine and my black eye."

IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN many times, and it is true, that Audie Murphy has an uncommon and becoming modesty about his extraordinary valor in the war. He was lauded far and wide as the most decorated soldier in the American Army, long before he knew it himself. In his own words: "I had no idea I had any more medals than any other guy. I didn't even know what I got for what. I was too busy to think about it. I remember when I went back to Fort Sam after the war, the town had a big blow-out, with a parade and flags and banners and the whole works. I didn't know anything about it—I guess everybody figured somebody else had told me. Anyway, I went to the hotel and had dinner in my room and hit the sack. And there was this crowd, and a general to introduce me, and the general stood up and talked about how proud everybody ought to be of this native son of Texas. I hear he got all the way to the end, where he said, 'And now it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Lieutenant Murphy!' And nothing happened. I was blocks away, sound asleep. Boy, did I get chewed up for that!"

Even a year ago, Audie found it impossible to discuss any phase of the war. Making the movie *To Hell And Back* was rough on him. Many of the scenes brought back his nightmares. But it also seemed to serve as a sort of therapy, for by now he can bring himself to talk about it. And it is good to watch him, now five feet ten of solid muscle, the Irish grin lighting his still youthful face, speaking easily of that.

The only subject that makes him freeze is any reference to his being a hero, particularly in reference to his two sons. Then Audie suddenly becomes restless and a disturbed look enters his eyes. "Them?" he says. "They're Roy Rogers fans." **END**

everywhere that ava goes

(*Continued from page 28*) to be more and more frightened by them.

Typical, was Ava's location trip to Pakistan to make MGM's *Bhowani Junction* with Stewart Granger.

THE GIANT DC6-B arrived at Karachi airport thirty minutes early.

Ava emerged first. She looked cool and crisp. She wore a handsome two-piece suit she had picked up in Rome and a two-strand choker necklace of pearls. She carried a fur stole.

But Granger, the great white hunter, looked green about the gills.

In a matter of seconds the aircraft was surrounded by Pakistan Government officials and swarms of movie fans.

Paul Mills, an MGM publicity man, got to Ava first. She threw her arms around him, and he kissed her.

"You look wonderful!" he said.

"Thank you, sweetie," Ava answered.

Then the party headed for the Immigration Room.

"How did you like it?" Mills asked Granger. Two days before, Granger had left Los Angeles aboard a Scandinavian Airlines flight which had taken him by the polar route to Copenhagen. Ava had gone up from London and caught the same plane in Copenhagen. They had flown half way around the world to Pakistan.

Granger, hot and uncomfortable even in his open-necked polo shirt, said frankly, "I was airsick the whole way while she"—and he nodded enviously toward Ava—"while she sipped claret or slept. I don't know how she does it!"

Once Ava and Granger stepped inside the VIP room at Customs (VIP stands for Very Important Persons) the Pakistan movie fans made a concerted rush toward them. The room suddenly became stifling.

"Won't you please give us a breath of fresh air?" Granger called out.

Ava began to turn white. The fans pressed closer, thrusting pens and autograph books under her face. The currency control man asked Ava how much money she was carrying. Ava said she was broke. Granger, however, pulled out a wallet bulging with Egyptian and American banknotes.

"Honey! You are rich!" Ava cooed. "Where did you get all that loot? I don't have a cent on me."

More fans swarmed into the already packed room. Ava wiped her brow as Granger began to fill out forms.

"I can't stay here any longer," Ava said. She looked faint. She slipped out into the ladies' room and presently it was announced that she had left for her hotel. She hadn't. She was just hiding until the crowd thinned out. But the crowd of Moslems refused to go away. They moved in on Granger. He autographed books, the evening newspapers, even banknotes.

"But this is money!!" he said to one fan. "Sure you don't want to spend it?"

"No," said the fan. "Just sign it."

From that point on the fans offered one-rupee notes, and Granger signed them.

The reporters began to complain about Ava's absence. "Why did she sneak away?" one asked. "It wasn't exactly polite," another told Paul Mills.

In a matter of three minutes, Mr. Mills produced Ava. "Just a very few questions," he suggested. "Miss Gardner will have a press conference at the Hotel Metropole on Tuesday."

"Isn't it very hot for you?" Ava was asked.

"It certainly is," she agreed.

"Then why don't you take off your jacket?" a reporter asked her.

Ava smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"Have you ever been to Pakistan or India before?"

"I've passed through twice but this is the first time I've been in Karachi."

"How long do you plan to stay in Pakistan, Miss Gardner?"

"About two months, I think."

"After you finish *Bhowani Junction*, what would you like to do here?"

Ava shook her head. "I'm sorry, no more. Please. I'm so tired I can't think. I just want to get to the hotel for a bath and a rest."

The reporters turned to Stewart Granger.

No, he said, he never had visited Pakistan before, although his father, an Army officer, had been "in these parts about twenty-five years ago."

He raised his faded brown Alpine hat. "A very good hat!" he announced. "See you all later." And with that the two stars were whisked away in a car to the Hotel Metropole.

HERE AGAIN hundreds of fans were waiting. As soon as Ava got to her room, the telephones began to ring. She called the manager and the phones were disconnected.

Newsmen learned the number of her room and made a dash for the door. Hotel porters tried to stop them, but one reporter made it. A sturdy waiter grabbed his arm.

"I'm sorry, sir," he asserted. "You can't go in there. The lady is in her tub."

Ava dined alone, took two sleeping tablets and went to bed. Downstairs, after shouting themselves hoarse, the fans began to ooze away. Then Stewart Granger and Paul Mills slipped out of the hotel by a side exit and toured the city at night.

The next day, Ava, dressed lightly and demurely in pink georgette, was ready for her press conference. To her great horror, mobs of fans burst into the hotel. These were not reporters and cameramen. These were movie-goers howling for more autographs, crying for another look at the Hollywood stars. Ava grew frightened.

A group of hefty policemen rushed to Ava's side and smuggled her out a back door and upstairs. The reporters screamed.

"Is this press conference to be abandoned?" one shouted. "Are we to be stalled indefinitely? We were told Miss Gardner would be available today."

Poor Paul Mills ran a handkerchief over his sweating brow. After a struggle that went on for thirty minutes it was assumed that Ava wanted to call the whole thing off; she just couldn't take it. Mills was able to arrange a press conference in a small room upstairs. Only holders of genuine press cards were admitted.

Inside the stuffy room, Ava, flanked by Granger, regained her composure. Someone set a little Pakistan girl next to her, and she smiled. Ava has always loved children.

As the reporters began their questions, Ava put her feet on the coffee table.

"Would you tell us the secret of your health?" a reporter asked. "How can you travel all over the world and still look so fresh? Mr. Granger here takes one long air trip and he gets deathly sick."

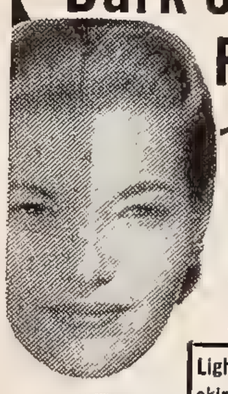
Ava grinned. "My hobby is sleeping. I sleep every chance I get. That's how I maintain myself. That's the secret of whatever good health I enjoy."

"You can say that again," Stewart Granger interjected. "She went to bed at midnight yesterday and got up at three this afternoon."

Granger was asked, "Why did you bring your gun with you on this trip? Do you need it for *Bhowani Junction?*"

"I'm extremely fond of big game hunting," Granger explained, while Ava looked

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at him, a wry little smile on her lips. "And I'm hoping someone will invite me to go shooting on my days off."

"Besides Stewart Granger," Pakistan newsmen asked Ava, "who is your favorite screen hero?"

"Wait a minute," Granger interrupted. "She hasn't played with me yet, brother. I've been frantically trying to get her for years."

"All of them have been very nice," Ava hedged. "Gregory Peck is a fine actor, and James Mason was just wonderful."

"Why were you chosen for *Bhowani Junction?*" That was the next question tossed at Ava and it stumped her.

"Well," she began. "I guess it was—well, frankly . . ."

Stewart Granger came to the damsel's rescue. "The picture needed a girl who would be rather plain," he explained. "We had to have Ava. She's a superb actress, so I came for her."

"Is there any chance that you and Frank Sinatra will reconcile?"

"Please, gentlemen," Paul Mills said.

"Very well then," continued the reporter. "What do you hear from Frank Sinatra these days?"

"Please, gentlemen," Paul Mills said.

"Are any of your ambitions unfulfilled?" Ava was asked. "Do you plan to get married again?"

"I still have time," Ava replied.

"Are you technically still married to Mr. Sinatra?"

"Please, gentlemen," Paul Mills said.

THE REPORTERS turned to Stewart Granger, hoping for a little more personal information. "Your favorite actress?"

Granger's reply came like a bullet. "Jean Simmons," he said. "She's my favorite everything. I'm sorry she's not with me."

"Would you say, Mr. Granger, she was a better star than you are?"

"No doubt about it," he answered.

Back to Ava the interrogators turned. "Your best picture, Miss Gardner?"

"I would say," Ava nodded, "*The Barefoot Contessa.*"

"Before we leave," a reporter asked, "I wonder if we might see the Contessa barefoot?"

Ava Gardner answered with a sweet, sultry smile but kept her shoes on. The press conference was over.

Ava was up at six A.M. next morning. She packed her bag and joined Granger in the ride to the airport. They were to catch a seven A.M. flight to Lahore in the interior where the location shooting for *Bhowani Junction* was to begin.

Ava was tired and nervous. Sleep was still in her eyes. "I'm glad we're leaving early," she said to Granger. "We'll get away from the crowds."

No such luck. As soon as Ava and her escort hit the airport, another mob, this one consisting largely of female fans, bore down on the VIP room.

Ava and Granger locked themselves inside, but not before a flock of ladies had forced themselves in.

They presented their autograph books at once.

"Please," Granger pleaded as Ava nervously began to puff a cigarette. "We need a few minutes to relax. Don't think I'm rude—but won't you please leave us alone?"

"You have no right," a Pakistani lady screeched, "to make such a request. This is Government property." Ava shook her head and sipped a cup of coffee. She lit another cigarette and sat on the bench as Granger warded off the persistent women.

Finally the flight to Lahore was announced. Ava and Granger breathed a sigh of relief, ran for the plane. END

can grace teach hollywood?

(*Continued from page 33*) desire. Not Grace Kelly. She never asks anyone to do anything she can do for herself.

OTHER KELLY COLLEAGUES report that she's unique in that she calls people Mr. or Miss until she's acquainted well enough to shift to a first-name basis. This is extremely rare in Hollywood where such terms of endearment as "darling," "honey" and "sweetie" are bandied about two minutes after introductions.

The men on the Paramount lot marvel at the fact that this year's Oscar winner seldom smokes and never swears.

"Sure, I've seen her get angry," one publicity man recalls, "but it's usually because some reporter is trying to put words in her mouth. You can tell when Grace is mad by the set of her lips. She boils inwardly and clams up so completely that the fresh reporter can't get any kind of a story out of her. And what's more, she doesn't care."

"Another significant facet of the Kelly personality," claims director Alfred Hitchcock, "is that Grace never tells risqué stories. Now that I think of it," Hitchcock adds, "I don't believe anyone ever considers telling her off-color jokes, either. Any more than you would tell one to Mrs. Eisenhower or Queen Elizabeth or any other real lady. This is not to say that she doesn't have a sharp sense of humor."

Cary Grant found that out when he starred with Grace in *To Catch A Thief.* Whenever the script called for serious, straight-laced acting, Grant would take mischievous pleasure in breaking Grace up with a gag. They'd get ready for a scene. Just as the cameras were prepared to roll, Grant would make a wisecrack, and Grace would break into uncontrollable laughter.

Prudence Wise, Grace's roommate, points out that nobody ever asks Kelly whether she sleeps in pajamas or a nightgown. "There is something about Grace," Prudence says, "that makes such questions forbidding or even a little silly."

BEING SUCH A PARAGON of virtue and such a pillar of propriety also has its drawbacks. Women, especially, just don't believe she can be as perfect and refined and upright as the men claim.

"That certainly was my own wife's reaction," says Wally Westmore, the famous movie make-up artist. "I raved about Grace so much after working with her that my wife thought I was nuts. Finally when I wanted to invite her and Prude home to dinner, my wife was agreeable but not excited. She had seen Grace on the screen and like lots of other people, thought she was lovely but cold.

"Meeting Grace in person changed her opinion completely. Grace is so natural and unaffected you can't help liking her. She doesn't project, as they say around Hollywood. She lets people warm up to her gradually. In fact, she doesn't talk much at all, but she surely is a flattering listener.

"If you're the one who's talking she politely pays attention. A lot of other actresses I know must be the center of attention or their eyes begin to wander toward a mirror. Not Grace. She never does or says something for the purely dramatic effect. She can converse intelligently about practically anything—travel, current events, sports—but there's never a hint of a snobbish manner about her.

"She's just herself and anyone who meets her falls in love with her—especially my wife."

Wally Westmore also likes to tell about Grace's thoughtfulness. When she went home to New York last winter after finishing her movie work, she sent him a Valentine's Day gift that knocked him for a loop. It was a case of assorted delicacies from S. S. Pierce, the well-known Boston grocery. She had personally selected all the New England specialties that Wally and his wife crave and somehow can't find in California.

Simultaneously, she sent gifts to everyone she knew at Paramount. Then she sat down and wrote Wally asking him for the address of Ann, his recently married daughter. Wally ignored the request because he figured that Ann and her Air Force husband would soon be transferred to another base. "Besides," he says, "I didn't want Grace to be bothered sending the kids a wedding gift."

When Grace Kelly arrived in Hollywood for the Academy Awards, she disembarked from the plane carrying a large white package. It was a wedding present for Ann Westmore.

"I had to go to New York to do my shopping," quipped Grace, grinning. "There aren't any stores in Los Angeles."

BUD FRAKER, Paramount's ace portrait photographer, believes that few of Grace's photos do her justice. "So much of her appeal," Fraker asserts, "lies in her charm and personality that I find difficulty in catching such elusive qualities. I have to make sure not to use anything but street make-up with Grace or she looks artificial. You can't use trick lighting or hokey poses with the girl. The secret of her personality is naturalness."

Bud smiles when he recalls that a year ago he practically had to beg magazine art editors to put Grace on their covers.

"The first magazine to give her a break," he grins, "was MODERN SCREEN. Since then she has made the cover of practically every magazine in the country. I've shot her in all her own clothes, all her movie clothes and still the requests snowball."

As she is about most things, Grace is relaxed in her portrait sittings. She arrives promptly, takes direction superbly, never fidgets in front of the camera.

"The only time she gives me any trouble," Fraker admits, "is when the proofs are ready. She kills all shots that show too much leg, too much cleavage or soulful, sexy eyes. They're not her cup of tea. I kid her and say, 'Grace, if all the actresses in town were as particular as you are I'd be out of the cheesecake business in the morning.' But with Grace Kelly, believe me, you don't need cheesecake. She's loaded with charm."

Edith Head, one of the great fashion designers, knows Grace well. She has a theory about the young actress. She believes that the youngest daughter of John Kelly was born with a fairy godmother to watch over her.

"I've traveled with Grace in this country and in Europe," Edith declares, "and I've never seen her in an awkward spot. She doesn't get runs in her stockings or colds in her head or misplace her pocketbook or lose tickets like the rest of us. Life's embarrassing moments seem to pass her by."

As a case in point Edith refers to the night of the Academy Awards. After the Oscars were presented; and the press boys were clamoring for pictures of Grace and Marlon Brando together, Grace who never had met Brando until that evening, moved obligingly nearer to the happy actor.

"How about kissing him?" a news pho-

tographer shouted.

A flicker of a smile played over Grace's patrician features. "Why doesn't he kiss me?" she answered sweetly. Brando did.

IN HER OWN WAY and according to her own standards, Grace handles the press, the local wolves and all threats to her way of life with polite but firm gentility.

As for Hollywood's established customs, she refuses to compromise. When she's working on the west coast she rents a furnished apartment and kitchenette with another working girl. She drives a rented Ford sedan and wears horn-rimmed glasses except when she's on camera. As a result, people don't recognize her, and she is rarely stopped for an autograph. Only at premières do the fans know who she is.

On such occasions Grace really stands out by virtue of being unostentatious. She wears very little make-up, and clothes of simple elegance.

In a society where so many women wear mink-lined chinchilla and oversize diamonds, Grace doesn't own a fur piece. She has a fabulous collection of silk, organdy, velvet and brocaded evening coats but no mink. Her customary jewelry consists of a single strand of pearls and perhaps a flower or a snip of ribbon in her hair.

This restrained fashion sense doesn't mean that Grace doesn't like clothes. Quite the contrary. On her last trip to Europe she traveled with three trunks and half a dozen suitcases. For the most part she buys very expensive suits and name-designer evening clothes. She chooses magnificent bags and shoes, and she has a weakness for gloves. The rest of her wardrobe consists of sports clothes, cottons and the casuals most girls of her age can afford.

GRACE STANDS OUT from other actresses in that she never commits an error in taste. For example, she never wears high heels with slacks. She was in Las Vegas recently with Cary and Betsy Grant, and she wore sports clothes, naturally, but always with flats.

Her cashmere sweaters fit easily, not like adhesive tape. And she prefers blue jeans, Bermuda shorts and tailored slacks to matador pants. Her blouses are made of crisp cotton, rather than clinging fabrics. She wears a hat, stockings and white gloves when she's invited out, and she always carries two clean handkerchiefs.

"When you look at Grace," Bing Crosby says, "she reminds you of a cool breath of fresh air."

That's exactly what Grace is bringing to Hollywood. **END**

miss saint regrets

(*Continued from page 53*) Jeffrey has worked on such shows as Max Liebman's NBC *Spectacular* and Fred Coe's *TV Playhouse*. His center of operations is New York. To accept a long-term contract from any studio, Eva would have to leave him for long periods of time. She would have to also leave her brand new baby boy, Darrell. Nothing Hollywood has to offer, even to a girl who loves her career, is worth the separation—nor the chance that absence might put a dent in their wonderful marriage.

Also, she doesn't much care for the prominent way of life.

"Once you make any kind of impression," she says, "you can be driven out of your mind. There are hundreds of people on you, wanting you to do one thing or another, none of them having anything to do with acting. It's difficult to hold your own, but you must if you want to stay happy and do the things that are important to you."

Of course, she has said, all that could change if Jeff were to switch from TV to movies. Then they would happily make the long trek west. Eva has no fears about two-career marriages. "It's wonderful being in the business together." She and Jeff share many interests, but one of the most important is learning everything there is about their profession.

By now they know each other so well that they need only look at one another to know how the other did at work that day. Jeff watches Eva's television performances on their set, and for every good job, he pastes a small star on the door of their apartment so that she knows his opinion before she enters.

"One day," Eva says, "I was in a terrible play. I knew it was a dog, and so did the director and everyone else. After it was over, I went home feeling tired and depressed. There on the door was pasted a small picture of the saddest dog you ever saw. That shook me out of my depression. I laughed until my sides hurt.

EVA AND JEFF met eight years ago at Radio City, in one of those network meeting places for actors. He was immediately attracted to her, but since he was only an assistant director at the time he thought he didn't have much of a chance. So he halfheartedly invited her down for coffee several times, hardly hoping that his invitation would be accepted.

Then one day, Jeff asked Eva to lunch. She accepted. She laughs when she recalls the incident. "I wasn't going to go out with him for just coffee," she says. "I wanted a complete lunch."

They were married October 27, 1951, and went to Mexico for their honeymoon. While they were there, Jeff directed Eva in the only drama they have ever done together. It was a short pantomime that Jeff filmed with his home movie camera. Called *The Dream*, the sequence had a story line of a peasant girl who dreams she is free from work and drudgery.

"Jeff's a stickler for realism, just like Kazan," Eva says. "He had me running around in my bare feet until they were cut up. I complained so much that he finally let me wear sandals. When I want to tease him, I call him Gadge, Junior." Kazan is nicknamed Gadge because of his fondness for gadgets.

The Haydens live in a three-room apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. They like the small-town atmosphere of the Village, its tree-lined streets and the good-neighbor attitude of the inhabitants. Even the shopkeepers treat Eva less like a star and more like a friend. She knows them well because she does her own shopping. She also is a fine cook. "Jeff likes to eat at home," she explains.

Many of Jeff's and Eva's friends live in the Village. Among them are many who also work in television, such as Arthur Penn, another *TV Playhouse* director, and Kim Swados, a set designer. But Jeff and Eva like to meet people who are not in their profession, and they have great opportunity to do so when they go skiing and boating.

In winter, they try to get away for a week or two of skiing in Canada.

In summer, they spend all of their spare time on their boat, *The Vignette*, a twenty-one-foot Chris-Craft powerboat moored at New Rochelle, New York.

The boat gave them their first sailing experience. They have had it three years.

"One Saturday night," Eva recalls, "we saw an ad in the next day's New York *Times*. We agreed to look at the boat the

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next morning. So early on a rainy, miserable Sunday morning, we dragged ourselves up to New Rochelle. But when we saw the boat, we didn't have to say anything. We both wanted it and we both knew it. We just shook hands and told the man we'd buy it."

It took them two summers to get used to the boat and to each other as sailors. They planned for a year before they tried their first big overnight trip out on Long Island Sound. But by the end of the second summer, when they saw a new couple bickering about running their boat, Eva and Jeff realized that they had become well adjusted.

"We saw the familiar pattern of quarreling and small fights," Eva says. "We thought to ourselves, 'That's us a year ago!' We pulled alongside and gave them a few words of reassurance, told them about ourselves and gave them a copy of *Getting The Most Out Of A Powerboat.*"

WHEN SHE MET Eva Marie Saint for the first time, Lillian Gish thought that the name was fictitious. The first lady of the screen, who pioneered with D. W. Griffith in the silents, later told a friend that she was furious that anyone could have wished such an improbable and harmful name on an actress.

"Why would someone want to handicap the girl like that?" Miss Gish asked. "How could she get good parts when she was so type cast? She looked so saintly—and then to have such a name!"

Then Miss Gish discovered two things.

First was the fact that Eva was so named because she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Merle Saint (he's a B. F. Goodrich executive).

Second, Eva Marie Saint could act. In fact, Miss Gish thought so much of the youngster's ability that she called Eva, "one of the most talented young actresses in America." The tribute was all the more remarkable because at that time (1953) Eva had to her credit, aside from a long and rather undistinguished list of radio and television appearances, only a short part in Horton Foote's *The Trip To Bountiful,* first on television and later less than a month on Broadway. But since she was the star of both versions of the Foote play, Miss Gish had first-hand knowledge.

Those who are acquainted with the two actresses, however, see more than mere recognition of talent in Miss Gish's accolade. They say that in Eva there's much of the young Miss Gish, who took her work seriously in an era when much of Hollywood was wild and frivolous.

EVA, FOR INSTANCE, is tender to look at but tough-minded enough to get what she wants out of life. She, too, is serious about acting as an art and a career, and she seems to care little about the material rewards that come with success in the field. She frankly admits her birthdate, July 4, 1924. She thinks that some standard publicity stunts are "degrading to a person, and not for an actress."

Today she is an outgoing person, easy with people. It wasn't always that way. As a girl in Albany, New York, Eva was a shy child who drifted into acting mainly on the basis of good looks. She had no great desire to be an actress and even failed to get a part in her senior class play.

It was only at Bowling Green State University in Ohio that she turned to dramatics, under the influence of a wise and responsible teacher named Mr. Smith. She admits his influence in her life, but she also believes that "people influence you, but you don't change your basic course." Until that time, she had a vague idea that some day she might become a teacher.

At college, in spite of her shyness, she was one of the most popular girls on campus. She was voted queen of just about every school beauty contest. She enjoyed it, but popularity had its drawbacks.

"It's meaningless now," Eva says, looking back on those days. "Not that it was meaningful then. It's just that that kind of thing means too much in college. Getting along on beauty tends to spoil you. You expect it to be like that always. The worst part of it is that graduation day, which should have been the happiest day of my life, was terribly sad. I thought, 'All the fun is ending.' I didn't believe that life ever would be better than school."

Whenever Eva thinks back to those early days, she shakes her head with humorous amazement at her own naivete. After graduation, she went to New York carrying a letter of introduction to Dr. Frank Stanton of CBS from her dramatics teacher, who had known Stanton in their school days. She presented the letter at CBS, fully expecting a personal interview and audition by Dr. Stanton. It was weeks later that she discovered that Dr. Stanton was president of CBS and never auditioned anyone personally. "It's wonderful the things you expect when you're so naive," Eva now says.

"When I first came to New York, I wanted acting just about the way any person wants a job. But I didn't realize that there was so much to study. Now I know that acting is endless and that I'll be learning the rest of my life. I know now that when you're an actress, you and acting are one, and that you must grow as long as you live."

EVA ARRIVED at her first milestone of maturity eight years ago when, as the play *Mr. Roberts* went into rehearsal, she had her first big opportunity and her first big disappointment.

Mr. Roberts had only one feminine part, and Eva won it. But in the rehearsals it was decided that she looked entirely too innocent for the role. (She agrees with the judgment today.) So she was replaced by Jocelyn Brando, Marlon's sister, who could look the part of a young nurse who has been around.

The loss of the part almost crushed Eva. She cried bitterly and for days she didn't care whether she lived or died.

"I got over it," Eva says. "And then I got to thinking how unhealthy it was for a job to become a matter of life or death. I decided that I would adjust to my work so that would never happen again. I don't mean that acting is less important to me now. It's even more important. But it's not the whole world. If I had only the theatre, I'd feel confined."

Six years after the *Mr. Roberts* experience, Eva got her second chance on Broadway—in Foote's *The Trip To Bountiful.* And *Bountiful* proved the right word for it, for out of the play came *On The Waterfront.* Director Elia Kazan saw Eva in the play, and hired her to play opposite Marlon Brando.

To Eva, everything was wonderful about *On The Waterfront.* Long before she won her Oscar as best supporting actress of 1954, in her first and only picture, she said, "I suppose I'll never be that excited by any other movie." She liked taking the Hudson Tubes to work, about a ten-minute ride from her Greenwich Village apartment to Hoboken, where the picture was shot. She had the utmost admiration for Kazan. "I feel safe with him." And this time she got to know Brando.

ASK EVA ABOUT *On The Waterfront,* and she might tell you about the time she and Jeff were almost denied admission to the New York première. They thought arrangements had been made and when they showed up without tickets the doorman, who had not seen the picture or Eva before, refused to admit them. When they insisted, the doorman threatened to have them thrown out. Fortunately, the theatre manager came along, recognized Eva and straightened out everything.

Even the presentation of the Academy Awards, broadcast last March over NBC television, was a triumph for Eva.

In order to liven the proceedings, nominees were given the task of announcing the winners in other categories. Even though she was a nominee, Eva had the best possible excuse to bow out. She was momentarily expecting her first child. But she appeared as scheduled. She walked proudly and radiantly in a chic maternity dress across the NBC stage in New York City, and read her brief announcement.

In her second appearance of the night—this time to collect her own award for *Waterfront*—she bubbled with excitement, "I may have the baby right here!" Her radiance inspired Sidney Skolsky to burble himself, in an ecstatic column of second thoughts on the affair that, "Eva Marie Saint is a doll, a living doll."

Three days later on April 2, Eva did have the baby, at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City.

AS FOR THE FUTURE, Eva sees no conflict between family and career, even though her family will always come first. She expects to have more children—and also expects to continue her acting.

Hollywood is not entirely ruled out in Eva's thinking, but it will have to be on a one-picture basis if at all. She will stay in television, which she finds exciting. She has been working in TV since 1946, when she made her debut in a show called *Campus Hoopla.* That program was memorable because she wore a pink bathing suit. There were screams from the control room. Pink, at that early stage, didn't register on television.

Eva also would like to do many Broadway plays. "They're the best," she says.

Most of all, what lies ahead is a lot more of studying. Eva, as she has done for years, still attends classes at Actors Studio. "Acting is endless," she has said, "and I'll be learning the rest of my life." **END**

COUNTER ENCOUNTER



I believe it was 1946 when Van Johnson was on location at Coronado, California, making High Barbaree *off Point Loma. A friend and I attended a local theatre and stopped in a drugstore before going home. The fountain was closed and as we started to leave, who should walk in but Van Johnson, accompanied by three or four other men. He asked for a chocolate ice cream cone and when the girl gave it to him we asked why she wouldn't wait on us, as long as she had waited on him! He heard our conversation and came over to us and asked if we would like ice cream cones, too. My friend and I said, "Sure!" Mr. Johnson paid for them and as he was going our way, he and his friends walked us to our street car.*

Mrs. Herman J. Zoppa
Cumberland, Wisconsin

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